JULY 1965

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY, NUMBER ONE

GERMAN UNIFICATION

Prospects and Merits

OSCAR GASS

A WEDDING IN B'NAI BRAK: Herbert Weiner

SATURDAY NIGHT IN HARLEM: Claude Brown

THE JEW: SUBJECT OR OBJECT? Milton Himmelfarb

PALMERSTONIAN AMERICA: George Lichtheim

PEDDLERS IN ELDORADO: Louis Berg

PORTRAIT OF A REVOLUTIONARY: Harold R. Isaacs

URBAN RENEWAL:
George M. Raymond / Malcolm D. Rivkin / Herbert J. Gans

BOOKS IN REVIEW

George Dennison Hilton Kramer
J. F. Powers Marvin Fox Harold Steinberg

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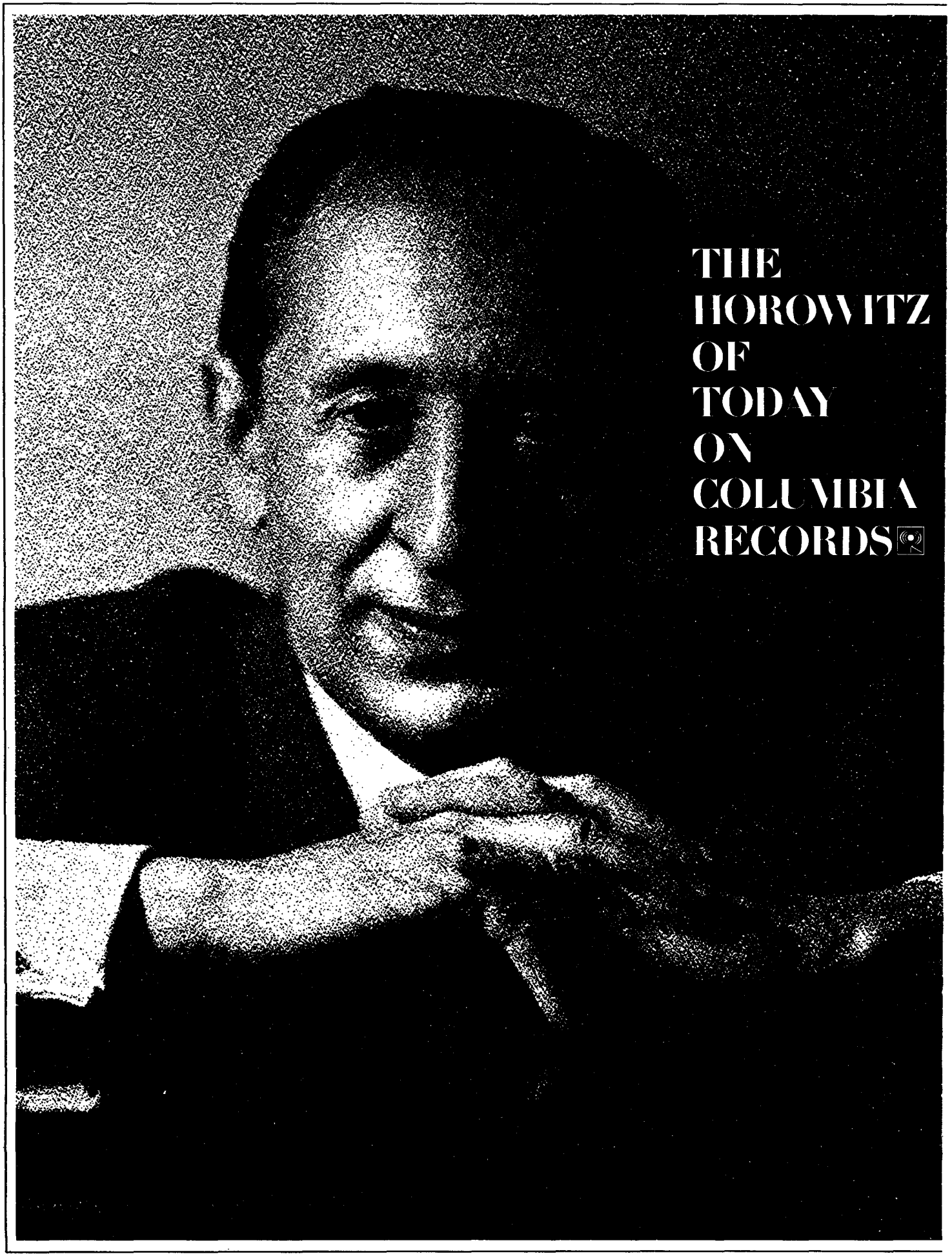

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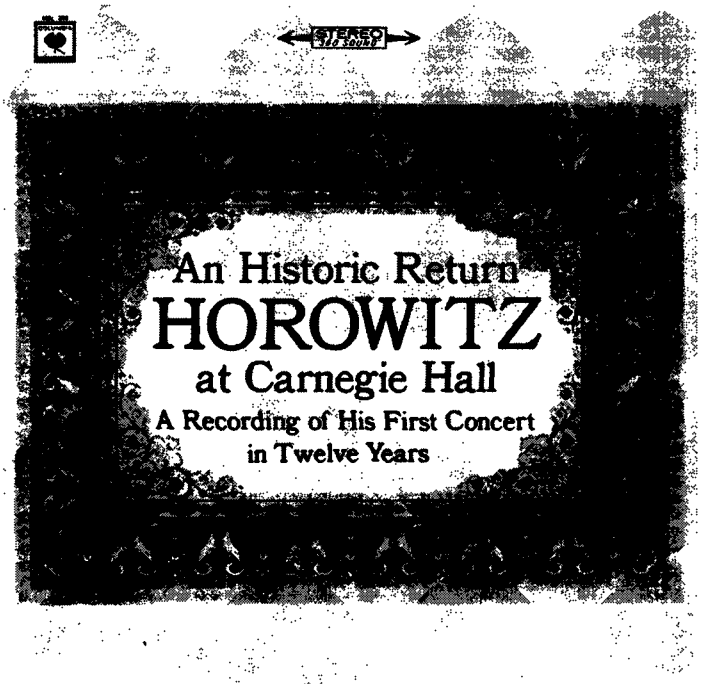

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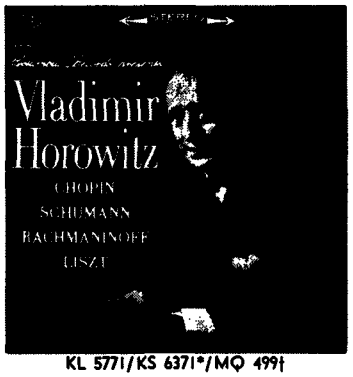

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Commentary

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NUMBER 1
VOLUME 40

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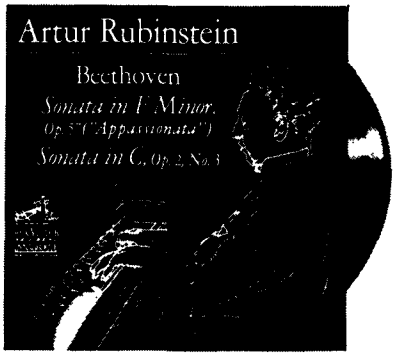

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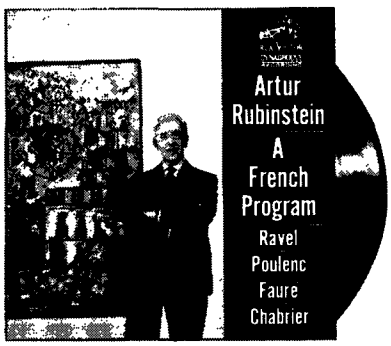

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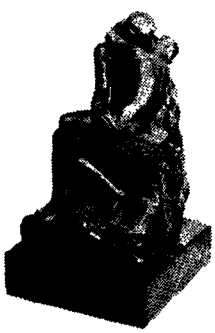

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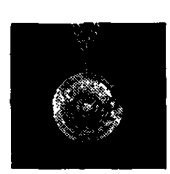

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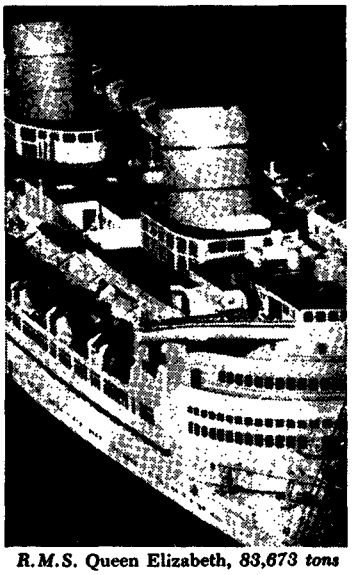

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Author's Reply

To the Editor of Commentary:

In reviewing my book, *The Holocaust Kingdom* [April], Warren Coffey makes a number of base and baseless accusations and criticisms which call into question my integrity. Though he grants that I am a "master chronicler," possess "an intelligence and humanity that one can only honor," and am "an extremely honest observer well above the average memoirist," he also announces that there is a "certain final falseness" to my book. This "final falseness," Mr. Coffey maintains, arises from an implied but never defined view he holds of what a memoir "should be" as distinct from "history" and/or "apologetics." Beneath somewhat vague verbiage and cloudy logic he seems to be saying that I am a splendid and honest reporter of physical events but he dislikes my "attempting to explain (and justify) why the Jews of Eastern Europe reacted as they did." I do not claim to have complete or perfect understanding of what happened in the holocaust, nor do I assume that I have probed to the roots of why and how every individual Jew in Eastern Europe behaved, but I applied the same detachment and understanding to motive and intent that I did to behavior.

Mr. Coffey also reproaches me with having written my book as an answer to Hannah Arendt and as a sequel to the *Diary of Anne Frank*. . . . But in fact, the manuscript of *The Holocaust Kingdom* was completed in 1960, before the Arendt book was published, and not a word was changed because of that book's publication.

Mr. Coffey further accuses me of "trumpery journalism" and "manipulation" in presenting my son's reminiscences, saying that they "could not possibly have been written by an eight-year-old boy, for they are too pointed and connected for that." He mysteriously avers that how the boy's experiences were recorded and by whom is not revealed, an "omission . . . deliberate, calculated . . . to set the Anne Frank reverberations going." That is as nasty and unjustified a blackening of my character as I have yet experienced, and fabricated out of whole cloth. Wlodek's recollections were told to and recorded by me, his father. My son was a very bright eight-year-old and Mr. Coffey might be surprised to find how three years of ghetto life and two years of hiding and dodging as a *marrano* matures children and their observations. Not a word was changed or added to the boy's story and the original records are in my possession. They were interspersed in Mrs. Maginski's and my wife's stories precisely because they were not by themselves a clearly articulated story; they made sense only with the testimonies of the two adult women combined. . . .

I do not question Mr. Coffey's integrity, but I do question the credentials of study or experience which enable him to make such ill-informed charges against someone who experienced the holocaust in his own skin and has spent a considerable part of his life in reflection on that experience. I also find his literary and critical manners seriously wanting.

Alexander Donat

New York City

Jacobson on Singer

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his essay, "The Problem of Isaac Bashevis Singer" [February], Dan Jacobson sensitively and affectionately explores the range of Singer's work. . . . Then he goes on to raise the "problem": the limitation of Singer's work, he says (and "that of all the Yiddish writers"), lies in his dealing with the "corners of the world only" so that he is thus able "only to symbolize or comment upon corners of ours." But this indictment of parochialism does not follow when Mr. Jacobson has before made it abundantly clear that Singer's genius lies in his treatment of the human condition, and has pointed out. . . . that "it is the special duty of fiction to remind us that the burden of society, culture, history, or any other of our grand abstractions is individual or nothing, felt in a particular mind and heart or else not felt, not known, at all." If Mr. Jacobson can still conclude . . . that Singer's work holds some special limitations (i.e., the "problem"), what then would he say are the "big" issues of literature . . .?

Gilbert R. Davis

Geneseo, New York

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PREFACE

or

HOW TO READ THE NEXT SIX PAGES

THE following report on the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan is reprinted from the December, 1964 issue of *Road Test*, a magazine that accepts no automobile advertising, the better to remain unbiased. The editors *are* biased of course, in that as automotive experts they can't abide a shoddy automobile. The report was written by the Technical Editor of *Road Test*.

GLOSSARY

GT—"Grand Touring" or "Gran Turismo", depending on whether you speak English, Italian, or Enthusiast. A high-performance, closed, production car.

BRAKE FACTOR—Square inches of brake lining (or equivalent for disc brakes as on the 2000) divided by car weight. The larger the figure, the greater the safety factor.

TIRE FACTOR—Pounds of passengers and luggage (in addition to car's curb weight) required to exceed tire manufacturer's load rating.

ECONOMY FACTOR—Cost per 1,000 miles of operation (fuel, lubrication, and amortized repair and upkeep based on 12,000 miles per year.)

ERRATUM—Under "Engineering Features", paragraph three, line four: "(ducts are also used)". Ducts are not also used on models subsequent to that tested.

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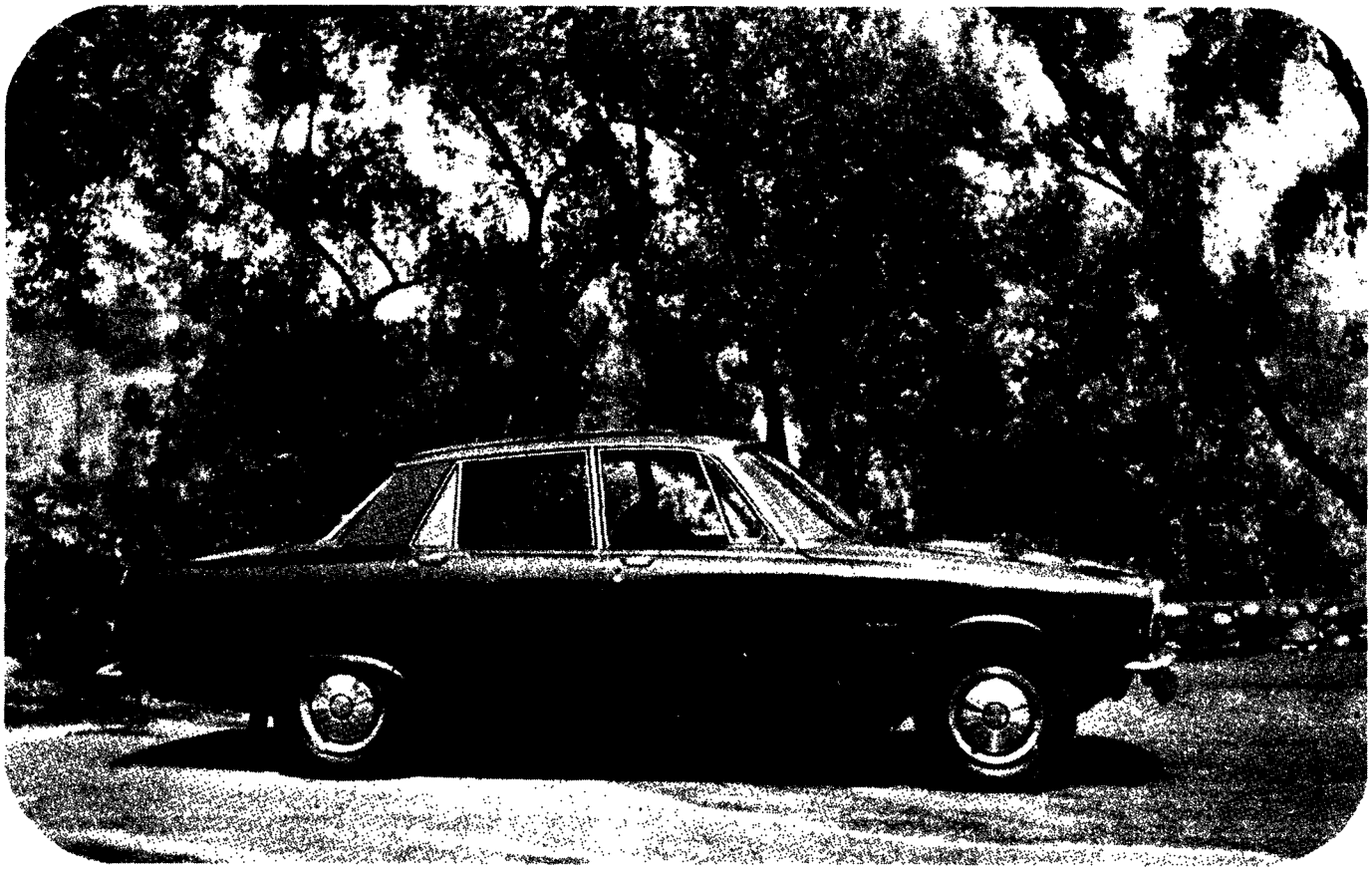


Rolls Royce has the reputation but was engineered during the dark ages. Can this car be the world's best?

ROVER 2000

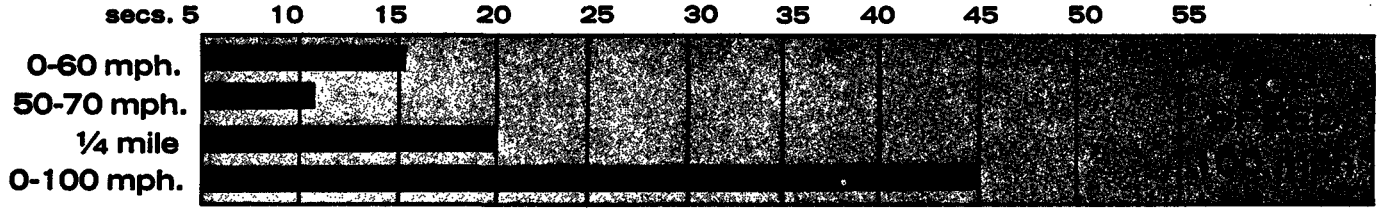
RETAIL: $3,985

There are very few cars which are directly competitive with the Rover 2,000 or even try to be. It could best be described as a GT car, designed to carry four passengers in supreme comfort at high speeds over all kinds of roads, with considerable economy. It is of course useful for general family puttering, but this would seem to be a waste of a good thing. It could also be described as a sports car, inasmuch as it will handle corners and curves with an agility completely unexpected in a sedan. Most of all, it is a quality car, built to exacting tolerances by craftsmen with a proud heritage. We regret that we can't say as much about some of its British cousins which cost more money..

ENGINEERING FEATURES

■ When Rover set an advanced design group to the task of developing the 2000 five years ago, they had the future in mind. This car abounds with features which make obsolete many current design concepts. The automobile is so revolutionary that an entire new

PERFORMANCE



(Note: Just in case you didn't read "PREFACE" on a preceding page and wonder at this apparent departure from "Commentary's" usual editorial content, we would point out that this is really an advertisement, although it was once a part of the editorial content of another magazine--The Rover Motor Co. of No. America Ltd.)

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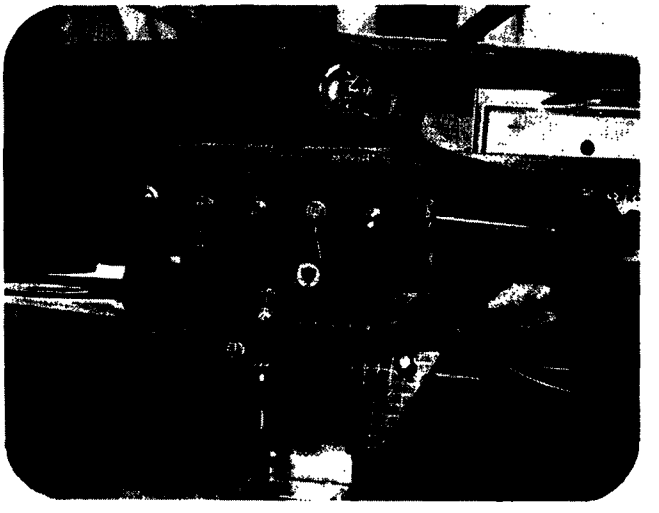
$30,000,000.00 plant had to be built in order to produce it. Rover's adequate plant which builds normal motorcars was simply not suitable. It is to the credit of their directors that they decided to spend the money for plant, for equipment, for engineering, and for design rather than follow the lead of Americans who would rather spend thirty million in advertising to sell warmed-over previous models.

☐ What makes the 2000 different to start with is its unique unit construction which combines light weight with immense strength. The body/chassis structure is a skeletal entity in itself and the body panels are hung on this structure and bear no weight. The ability to replace individual panels makes minor accident repair easy and inexpensive. The rigidity of the main structure makes it possible to absorb front suspension loads on the strong bulkhead instead of upon comparatively weak fender pressings, as is common with normal unit bodies. At the rear, full independent suspension is also used, with the differential assembly mounted on the chassis instead of being a bouncing member supported by the springs. Wheels, however, do not lean and scrub. A light tubular axle keeps them in constant alignment except for minor movements from side to side easily absorbed by the radial tires.

☐ Equally up-to-date is the braking system. Dunlop disc brakes are used on all four wheels. At the rear, discs are inboard at the differential case. This increases airflow for cooling (ducts are also used) and further decreases unsprung weight for superior ride and handling characteristics. A warning light is incorporated in the handbrake system to prevent leaving it on while driving. This light is also connected to the master cylinder of the hydraulic system to warn of low brake fluid. This is a safety feature which could well be required by law on all cars.

☐ The engine of the 2000 is all new, a free breathing overhead camshaft design in which the intake manifold is cast in the head and the piston tops are recessed to form the actual combustion chamber. Displacement of the four cylinders is 120.8 cu. in. Bore and stroke are square and the crankshaft runs in five copper lead precision type mains. Considering displacement, its output is generous . . . 100 hp by U. S. standards, 90 when rated by the more conservative British.

☐ Of particular interest is the fact that the complete car was designed around radial cord tires. Originally developed by Michelin in France, the radial (or belted) tire offers vastly improved road holding and up to three times the tread life of conventional American tires.



INSTRUMENT PANEL features functional switches, drop-down, padded parcel shelves replace conventional glove box.

●OTHER CARS IN THIS CATEGORY●

MERCEDES 200SE, JAGUAR 3.8 S, LANCIA FLAVIA, FORD THUNDERBIRD.

FULLY RECLINING SEAT has positive lock at any position. Access to rear seat is good.

SEAT TRAVEL is extreme and infinitely adjustable rather than by notches in rack. Seat can be pushed so far back that average person cannot reach toeboard.

(Note: Just in case you didn't read "PREFACE" on a preceding page and wonder at this apparent departure from "Commentary's" usual editorial content, we would point out that this is really an advertisement, although it was once a part of the editorial content of another magazine—The Rover Motor Co. of No. America Ltd.)

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CREATURE COMFORTS

■ Ergonomics, a coined word meaning the consideration of human reaction in technical design, was a prime mover in this new car. For example: The speedometer is located as far away as possible from the driver's eye because most people have difficulty in changing focus from road to instrument with rapidity. Medical advice was sought and used in the bucket seat design, and never before have there been automobile seats which give such proper support in the small of the back.

□ Instead of the conventional glove box there are tilt-out bins for driver and passenger which are not only padded to protect the knees, but also designed to collapse slowly on impact. The steering gear box is located on the firewall, instead of low down on the chassis. Result? In case of collision, the column is less likely to impale the driver like a pig on a spit. Even the ventilation system is different; for a purpose. Two outlets direct cold air to the face to help prevent drowsiness, even when the heater is used. Above and beyond these features are seats, arm rests, panel controls and so on, which might be expected for thousands of dollars more, but for $4000.00 they are quite unusual.

INSTRUMENTS AND DRIVING CONTROLS

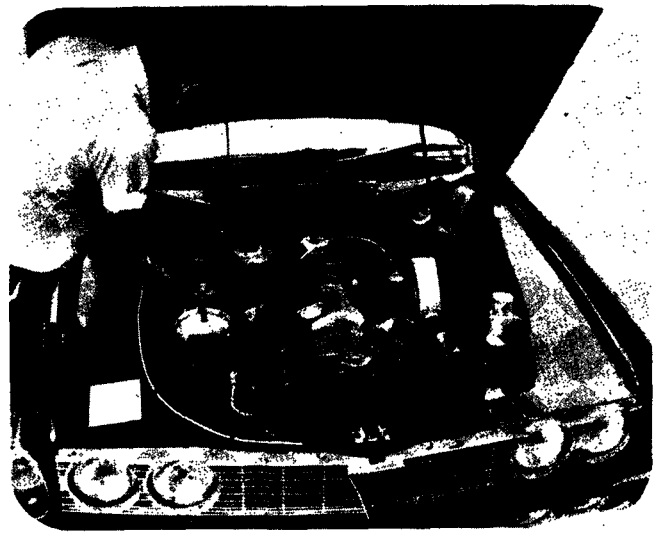
■ The Rover uses gauge type instruments only for speed, fuel level and engine temperature. All other indications are by warning light. Before making this decision, their engineers took a long, hard look and discovered that most drivers ignore gauges but pay attention to signals.

□ All knobs on the dash are within easy reach from the driver's seat. Function is difficult to confuse, because no two knobs adjacent to one another work the same way. Form follows function, as it were, so that to turn the wipers on, the switch is turned, but lights turn on by a flip of a toggle switch, much the same way as we are all used to in our homes.

□ Clutch and brake pedals are well located and easy to use, as is the throttle. Combined with the front seat adjustment for reach is the seat back adjustment for angle through a separate lever which positively locks the back to prevent the back seat passenger from crushing the driver in the event of accident. The steering wheel is also adjustable for angle with a convenient knob permitting infinite positions within its range. Gear control is through a short lever mounted on the transmission tunnel. All four speeds are synchronized and reverse is locked out by a convenient flip-up control on the side of the lever. Also incorporated on the tunnel is the parking brake handle and its pull-up-to-apply arrangement is very convenient and easy to use. Windproof ash trays for front and rear passengers are located on the center console over the tunnel.

SEATING CAPACITY, ROOM AND INTERIOR COMFORT

■ The front and rear bucket seats of the Rover are designed to carry four passengers in comfort, but five is not a crowd providing the rear center arm rest is raised.



ENGINE IS 120 cubic inch overhead cam four. Accessibility is good, maintenance simple, repairs infrequent.

For the driver and front seat passenger, room is more than ample and the seats have such a vast range of adjustment that a 5 foot 10 inch person cannot touch the toeboard when the seat is all the way back. Obviously, this restricts the rear seat to people with no legs, but when properly adjusted for a 5' 10" driver and passenger, there is adequate room in the rear for people of the same size. The seats fit the form of the body to perfection and prevent even the most vigorous drivers from being slid out of place during violent cornering.

LUGGAGE ACCOMMODATION

■ The spare tire on the 2000 is normally mounted vertically on the right side of the trunk, but it may also be laid down on the floor in a well in order to make room for items which will not otherwise fit. As an extra cost option, there is also a rack which mounts the spare on the rear deck. Trunk proportions are good and the space is all useable, since the gas tank is mounted well

ROVER SUSPENSION was designed around raidal (belted) tire which has greater stability and longer life than conventional type.

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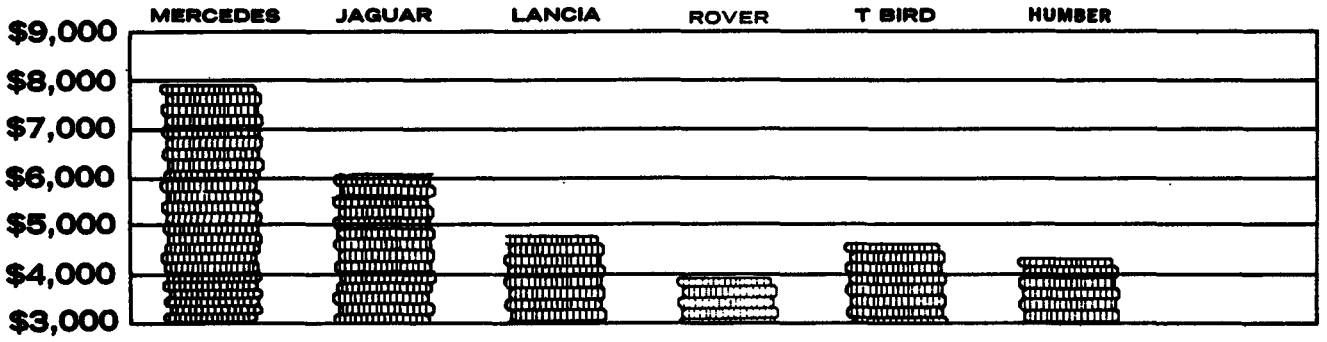
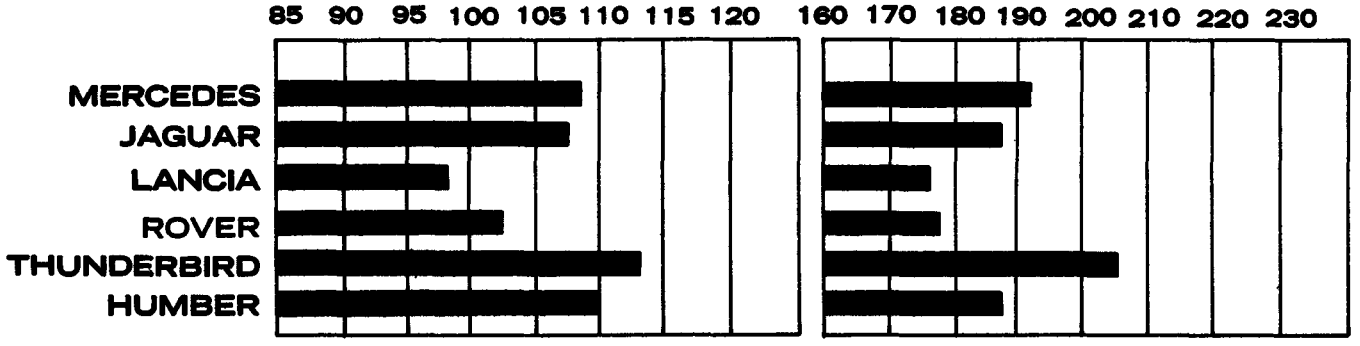
HOW THEY COMPARE

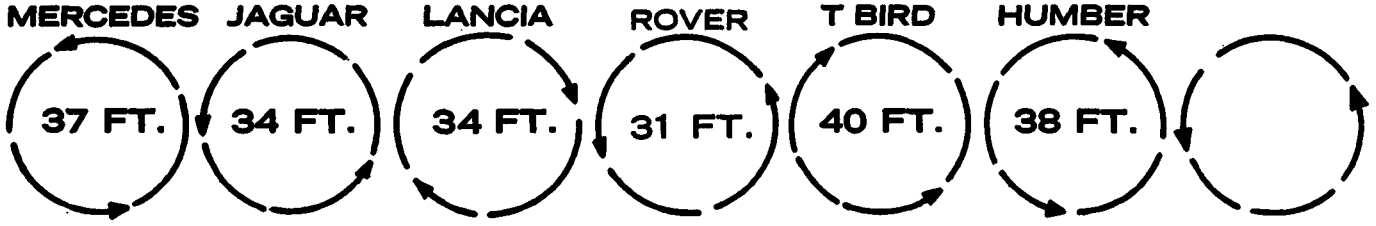
PRICE



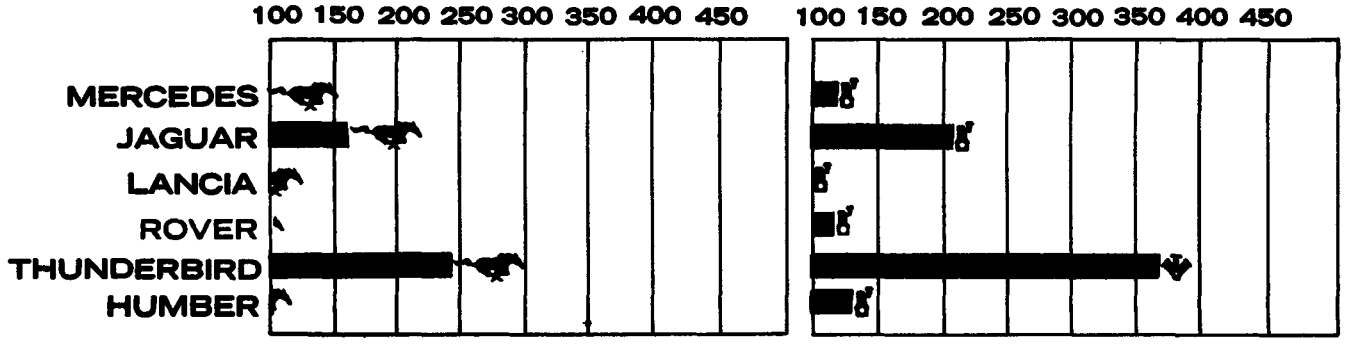
WHEELBASE OVERALL LENGTH



TURNING CIRCLE



HORSE POWER DISPLACEMENT



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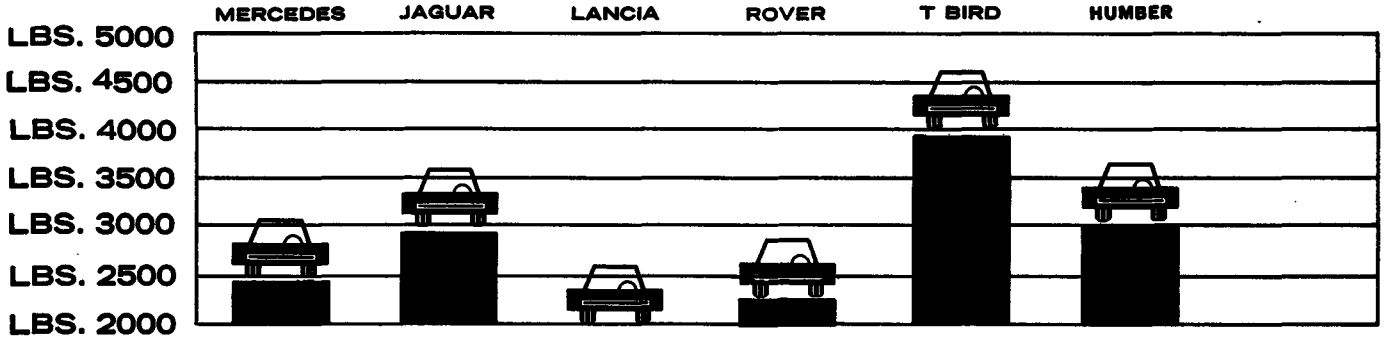
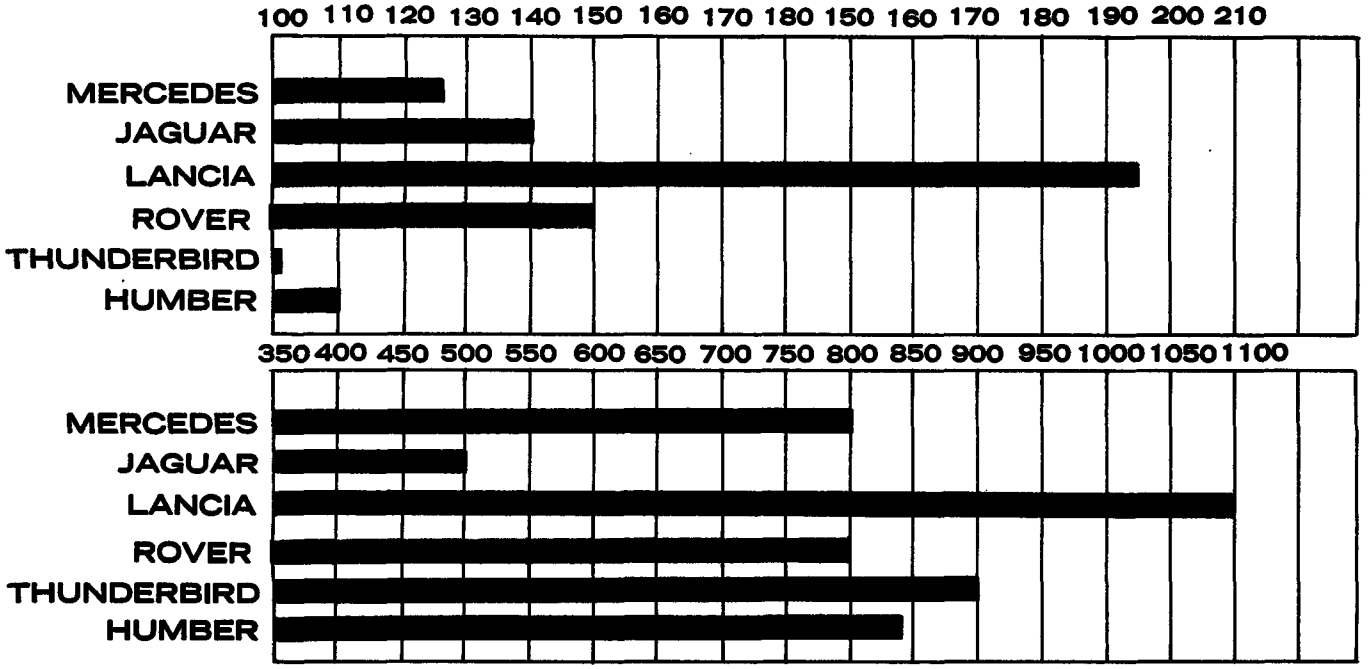
HOW THEY COMPARE

WEIGHT

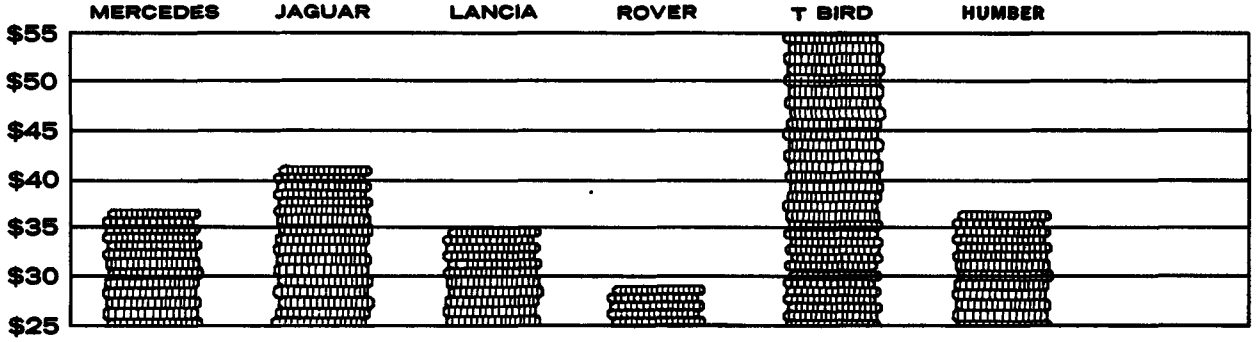


BRAKE FACTOR

TIRE FACTOR



ECONOMY FACTOR



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ALTHOUGH ROVER'S relatively soft suspension allows considerable body lean, handling is excellent. De dion rear end and belted tires are big factors in stability.

forward and the independent rear suspension does not have to allow for differential movement. In our tests, we were able to arrange all the luggage for four passengers for a weekend with room to spare.

DETAIL AND FINISH

■ Rover cars have long been known in England as "The Poor Man's Rolls Royce". This has not been because of their status appeal, for Rovers have never been high priced, but more because the refinements of detail, finish and workmanship have been of a quality not usually expected in other than very expensive cars. Everything fits. Our only area of criticism in the car tested was that the heater controls (and face-level fresh air controls) would not turn off completely.

RIDE AND HANDLING, PERFORMANCE AND FUEL ECONOMY

■ Although it is usual for our testers to break road reports down into town, freeway and touring categories, this procedure is something of a waste of space in an article about the Rover, as this car is equally at home in any situation. In town, the steering is slightly heavy during parking, but not objectionably so. At any speed above a crawl, control is light and quick and positive. Town ride is also good, with no feeling of excess stiffness or short wheelbase. The engine has good low speed pulling power and gear shifting need not be indulged in to excess. Clutch action is light and easy and the transmission control is short, direct and positive with no clash at any speed. All in all, it is very much at home in traffic. No matter how it is driven in town, gas mileage will be above 22 miles per gallon.

□ It is on the freeway, the highway and the byway that the 2000 really comes into its own. It will cruise at 65 to 70 and consistently record nearly 30 miles per gallon, yet it can be driven roughshod over mountain passes or cruise at nearly 100 and still record 25 mpg. In one phase of our test, 150 miles were driven at 70 mph, 40 miles at 80 to 110 mph and 56 miles over deserted mountain roads as fast as possible. Corrected fuel consumption was 25.973 miles per gallon!

□ The basic Port of Entry price on the model 2000 is $3885.00 (East Coast) and $3985.00 (West Coast). Included as standard equipment at no extra cost are the following items for which most Americans are accustomed to pay extra.

1. Bucket seats, front and rear
2. Reclining front seat backs.
3. Genuine leather upholstery.
4. Four speed transmission.
5. Four wheel disc brakes.
6. High speed tires (radial cord).
7. Handbrake warning light.
8. Deluxe wheel covers.
9. Electric clock.
10. Power brakes.
11. Back-up light.
12. Variable speed wipers.
13. Windshield washer.
14. Trunk interior light
15. Low brake fluid warning light
16. Cigar lighter.
17. Adjustable angle steering wheel
18. Visor vanity mirrors.
19. Day/night interior mirror.
20. Reserve fuel tank & control.

□ Also included is a fresh air heating and ventilation system, but since most domestic manufacturers include this, it is not deemed an "extra". Although this list of equipment which is included in the price of the Rover is nearly enough to make any of our $2500.00 cars cost $4000.00 when similarily outfitted, something should be credited to the 2000 Rover for its independent De Dion rear suspension. which can't be had at any cost on domestic brands.

■ The editors of "Road Test" rate the Rover 2000 as a best buy.

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IN THE EVENT THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE OR DRIVE A ROVER 2000,

our dealer organization is listed below (Rover (R) and Land-Rover (LR)). If you don't see a dealer near enough to you, we are appointing them daily, so you might write us either at our New York headquarters or at one of our regional offices. If you happen to be going to Europe, and you would like to take delivery of a car there, please write to the attention of David Hunter at our New York office. He will give you all the details.

THE ROVER MOTOR COMPANY OF NO. AMERICA LTD.

NEW YORK	Regional Manager: Henry B. Douglas, (National) Overseas Delivery Manager: David R. Hunter, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017
SAN FRANCISCO	Regional Manager: George L. Glover, 373 Shaw Road, South San Francisco, California 94080
LOS ANGELES	Regional Manager: Henry Noppe, 10889 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024
FORT LAUDERDALE	Regional Manager: L. W. Wheeler, 1040 Bayview Drive, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33304

. . . we also have regional headquarters in Toronto and in Vancouver, and dealers across Canada.

ALABAMA

MOBILE
Whites Imports (LR)

ALASKA

ANCHORAGE
Universal Motors (R & LR)
FAIRBANKS
Gene's Auto Service, Inc. (LR)
JUNEAU
Dawson's PT Atmtve. Serv., Inc. (R & LR)
KETCHIKAN
Karlson Motors (LR)

ARIZONA

PHOENIX
Town & Country Chrysler Plymouth (R & LR)
PRESCOTT
Mangerich Lincoln Mercury (LR)
SCOTTSDALE
Scottsdale Imptd. Cars Inc. (R)
TUCSON
Bill Edel's Motors (R & LR)

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK
Continental Motors (LR)

CALIFORNIA

ALTURAS
Tierney Ford Sales (LR)
BERKELEY
English Motors of Berkeley (R & LR)
ENCINO
Frank Millard Sports Car, Inc. (LR)
EUREKA
McCrea Motors (LR)
HAYWARD
Hayward Auto Imports (R & LR)
MONTEREY
Bob Baird Motors (R & LR)
NAPA
Gasser Motor Co. (LR)
OAKHURST
O'Rourke Motor Sales (R & LR)
PASADENA
Peter Satori Company, Ltd. (R & LR)
SACRAMENTO
Von Housen Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
SAN CARLOS
Competition Motors (R & LR)
SAN DIEGO
British Motor Sales (R & LR)
SAN FRANCISCO
Paul Felton Imported Cars (R & LR)
SAN JOSE
San Jose Imports (LR)
WEST LOS ANGELES
Ted's Imported Cars (R & LR)
WILLITS
Carbrey Motors (R & LR)
WOODLAND
Central Motors Co. (LR)

COLORADO

BOULDER
W. F. Reno, Inc. (R & LR)
DENVER
Buckley Brothers Motor Co. (R & LR)
GLENWOOD SPRINGS
J. V. Rose Co. (LR)
GRAND JUNCTION
Moss Motorama, Inc. (R & LR)
MONTROSE
Carrington Chevrolet Co. (LR)
SALIDA
Stotler Motor Company (LR)

CONNECTICUT

CANAAN
Morgan Motors Inc. (LR)
DARIEN
Frank Miller Ford (LR)
FARMINGTON
Faiola Brothers Imported Cars (LR)
GREENWICH
Greenwich Automobiles, Inc. (R & LR)
HAMDEN
The Nelke Motor Co. (R)
LITCHFIELD
The Nelke Motor Co. of Litchfield (R & LR)
LYME
Reynolds Garage and Marine (LR)
MIDDLETOWN
Berkeley Motor Co. (LR)
NEWINGTON
Faiola Brothers (LR)
QUAKER HILL
Scotch Cap Service Station (LR)
WESTPORT
Hackett Imported Cars (R & LR)

FLORIDA

BELLE GLADE
Hendry Tractor Company (LR)
DAYTONA BEACH
James Motor, Inc. (LR)
DE LAND
Daytona Park Estates Auto Sales (LR)
FORT MYERS
Overseas Motors Corp. (R & LR)
FORT PIERCE
Sunrise Rental & Leasing Co. (LR)
GAINESVILLE
Santa Fe Tractor, Inc. (LR)
GREEN COVE SPRINGS
Roberts Chevrolet (LR)
JACKSONVILLE
Brumos Porsche Car Corp. (R & LR)
LAKE WORTH
McCoy Motors (R & LR)
LEESBURG
Lake Ford Tractor Co. (LR)
LIVE OAK
Suwannee Valley Tractor Co. (LR)
MELBOURNE
Bill Lowery Motor Company (LR)
MIAMI
Charles Stuart Motors (LR)
ORLANDO
Hood Tractor Co. (LR)
SANFORD
Sanford Motor Co. (LR)

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SARASOTA
Harrison Motors, Inc. (LR)
SEBRING
Pioneer Tractor Co. (LR)
TAMPA
Cralle Hall Motor (LR)
WEST PALM BEACH
Hal Jones Ltd., Inc. (R & LR)
WINTER HAVEN
Polk Tractor Company (LR)
ZOLFO SPRINGS
Gilliard Tractor Co. (LR)

GEORGIA

SAVANNAH
DeRenne Chrysler Plymouth Inc. (LR)

HAWAII

KAMUELA
Mauna Kea Motors (R & LR)

IDAHO

COEUR D'ALENE
Pool Motors (R & LR)
HOMEDALE
Homedale Tractor & Equip. Co. (LR)

ILLINOIS

LAKE FOREST
Knauz Continental Autos, Inc. (R & LR)

LOUISIANA

SHREVEPORT
J. B. Lee Tractor & Implement Co. Inc. (LR)

MAINE

BANGOR
Atwood Motors (LR)
FARMINGTON
The Oliver Stores, Inc. (LR)
ISLAND FALLS
Lougee (LR)
LEWISTON
Davis Cadillac Co. (LR)
PORTLAND
Maine Motors Company (LR)
ROCKLAND
Miller's Garage, Inc. (LR)
RUMFORD
Taylor Buick Pontiac Co. Inc. (LR)
WATERVILLE
Proctor's Garage (LR)

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE
A & R Imported Motor Cars Inc. (R & LR)
CENTREVILLE
Renshaw & Emory Equip. Co. Inc. (LR)
CUMBERLAND
Woods Foreign Motors (LR)
HAGERSTOWN
Antietam Motors, Inc. (LR)
KENSINGTON
Altemus Servicenter (R & LR)

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON
Britannic Motors (R & LR)
BOSTON (Milton)
Hoover Motors (R & LR)
BEVERLY
Naumkeag Auto Sales (R & LR)
CANTON
Haynes Garage, Inc. (LR)
EDGARTOWN
Depot Corners Serv. Sta. Inc. (R & LR)
NANTUCKET
Island Motors (LR)
NEW BEDFORD
Gracia's Foreign Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
NORTHAMPTON
Hampshire Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)
ORLEANS
Orleans Motors (LR)
PITTSFIELD
Haddad Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)
PLYMOUTH
Midway Motors, Inc. (LR)
SPRINGFIELD
Professional Garage (R)
WEST BOYLSTON
Maim Auto Sales Inc. (LR)
WEST STOCKBRIDGE
Dana L. Baldwin & Co. (R)

MICHIGAN

GRAND RAPIDS
Performance Cars, Inc. (R & LR)
HOUGHTON
Wenberg Sales (LR)
IRON MOUNTAIN
Jacobs Motors (LR)
ISHPEMING
Hebbard Rambler Sales (LR)
MANISTIQUE
Mark Rambler Co. (LR)
OAK PARK
Imported Auto Distributors, Inc. (LR)

MINNESOTA

HIBBING
Adventures Unlimited, Div. of Hilligoss Chevrolet Inc. (LR)

MISSOURI

ST. JOSEPH
Hatfield Hardware & Sport. Goods (LR)
ST. LOUIS
Ed Debrecht Imp. Cars Ltd., Inc. (LR)

MONTANA

BILLINGS
Dan's Auto Sales (R & LR)
BUTTE
Knievel's (R & LR)
HELENA
Motor Mart of Helena (LR)
MISSOULA
Rambler City (LR)

NEVADA

ELKO
Wright Motors (LR)
ELY
T & G Motors (LR)
LAS VEGAS
Pat Clark Pontiac (LR)
RENO
Von Housen's Motors Inc. (R & LR)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

AMHURST
Millward Motors, Inc. (LR)
BERLIN
The Auto Mart, Inc. (LR)
COLEBROOK
Crest Auto Sales (LR)
JAFFREY
Boutwell's Garage (LR)
MILTON
Milton Garage (LR)
NEWPORT
Chase and Avery (R & LR)
NEWTON
Morse's Garage (LR)

NEW JERSEY

FRANKLIN
Franklin Foreign Cars (LR)
HANOVER
Chapman & Stormer, Inc. (R)
RED BANK
Continental Cars, Andersen, Inc. (R & LR)
SOMERVILLE
Town & Country Motors (LR)
TENAFLY
Menzer Motors Inc. (R)
WAYNE
Bob Lesko, Inc. (LR)

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO
Alamo Motorsport, Inc. (R & LR)
ALBUQUERQUE
Durand Tractor & Equipment Co. (LR)
GALLUP
Navajo Motors, Inc. (LR)
ROSWELL
Roswell Imptd. Cars (LR)
TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES
Central Motors (LR)

NEW YORK

AMITYVILLE
Trencher Motors Ltd. (R)
ELMIRA
Lyman D. Gridley, Inc. (LR)
FLORAL PARK
Swedish Sport Car Center (Div. of Motor Mart, Inc.) (R)
GLENS FALLS
Burton Equipment Co. (LR)
HUNTINGTON
Coldspring Enterprises (R & LR)
JAMESTOWN
McFadden Ford, Inc. (LR)
MARYLAND
Morris Garage (R & LR)
MONTGOMERY
Manzari Auto & Boating Center (R & LR)
NEW YORK CITY
de Langton Ltd. (R & LR)
NEW YORK CITY
Martin Motor Sales, Inc. (R & LR)
NEW YORK CITY
Wolf Sales & Service Corp. (R & LR)
PORT WASHINGTON
Johnson Motors (R & LR)
POUGHKEEPSIE
Mid-Hudson Continental Motors Imports, Inc. (LR)
ST. JOHNSVILLE
Capece Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)
SOUTHAMPTON
Grattans (R & LR)
UTICA
Elliots Imported Cars (R)
VESTAL
Jim Forno Cont. Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
WELLSVILLE
Ransom-o-tive (LR)
WHITE PLAINS
East Coast Imported Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

OHIO

CLEVELAND
British Engineering (R & LR)

OREGON

BURNS
Granger & Grover Motor Co. (LR)
COOS BAY
Robust Motors, Inc. (LR)
EUGENE
Arthur I. Flower (R & LR)
GOLD BEACH
Olsen Motors (LR)
PORTLAND
The Motor Mart (LR)

PENNSYLVANIA

ALTOONA
Jack Beasley Ford Sales, Inc. (LR)
BERWYN
Keystone Motors (R & LR)
CLEARFIELD
Stratton Motor Co. (LR)
DALLAS
Kunkle Motors (LR)
DOYLESTOWN
Keystone Motors (LR)
DUNMORE
Fred Skaluba (LR)
GLENSHAW
Malone Motor Car Co. of Glenshaw (R & LR)
GREENSBURG
Snyder Motor Sales (LR)
READING
Lindgren & Manske, Inc. (R & LR)
STATE COLLEGE
Jack Beasley Ford of State College (LR)
STROUDSBURG
Baylor Motors (R & LR)
WARREN
Keystone Garage of Warren, Inc. (LR)
WILLIAMSPORT
Har-Wel Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
YORK
Carl Beasley Co. (LR)
YORK
Whiteford Motors (R)

RHODE ISLAND

NORTH KINGSTOWN
Kingstown Motor Co. (LR)
NORTH PROVIDENCE
Wigwam Sport Center (R)
WARWICK
Marley Motors (LR)

TEXAS

AUSTIN
Travis County Equipment Co. (LR)
CORSICANA
Navarro County Tractor Co. (LR)
CORPUS CHRISTI
Gunderland Marine Supply (LR)
DALLAS
Precision Motors (R & LR)
EL PASO
Yaqui Motor Company (LR)
HOUSTON
D. B. Allison Company (LR)
SAN ANTONIO
Alamo Sports Car Inc. (R)
VICTORIA
Go-Trac, Inc. (R & LR)
WICHITA FALLS
Birge Motor Company (LR)

UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY
Mate Sports Car Clinic (R & LR)

VERMONT

BRATTLEBORO
Hometown Motors, Inc. (LR)
BURLINGTON
Lakeview Buick (LR)
FAIRLEE
Fairlee Auto Sales (LR)
RUTLAND
Russ Smith Sales & Service (LR)
ST. JOHNSBURY
Vinton Motors, Inc. (LR)
SWANTON
Handy Truck and Tractor (LR)
WOODSTOCK
F. A. Richmond (LR)

VIRGINIA

ARLINGTON
European Motors (R & LR)
BERRYVILLE
Foreign Car Service & Sales (LR)
CHARLOTTESVILLE
S-K Motors (R & LR)
GOSHEN
Goshen Garage (LR)
GRUNDY
Modern Sales & Service Inc. (LR)
RICHMOND
Mooers Motor Car Co. (R & LR)

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN
Bigelow Chev. Co. (LR)
HOQUIAM
Guy's Auto Sales Company (LR)
SEATTLE
Rowland Motors Inc. (R & LR)
TACOMA
A B C Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

WEST VIRGINIA

APPLE FARM (Southeast 15 miles from Grantsville) (LR)
BECKLEY
Plantation Motors Inc. (LR)
BLUEFIELD
Yeager Auto Sales, Inc. (LR)
CHARLESTON
Tag Galyean, Inc. (LR)
FAIRMONT
Dale Huey Auto Service (LR)
HUNTINGTON
Tag Galyean of Huntington, Inc. (LR)

WISCONSIN

WEST ALLIS
Daum Motor Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

WYOMING

CHEYENNE
Halladay Motors, Inc. (LR)
LANDER
Hallam, Inc. (LR)
POWELL
Okay Chevrolet (LR)
ROCK SPRINGS
Anselmi's Fine Cars (LR)
SHERIDAN
Poll Motor Co. Inc. (LR)
WORLAND
Cook Sales & Service (LR)

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CURRENT ANNUAL RATE, COMPOUNDED DAILY, WHEN MAINTAINED FOR A YEAR EARNS 4.97%

Get this high rate from the *oldest* savings-and-loan association in Los Angeles—where an interest payment has never been missed in over 78 years of growth!

Mail your check with this coupon. Funds postmarked by the 10th earn from the 1st.

Air Mail Postage Paid Both Ways

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Dept. C 7-65 9250 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Main Office: 5th and Olive, Los Angeles

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Jacobson acknowledges that he does not share Mr. Singer's "predispositions" in the matter of demonic spirits. . . . He speaks as an inheritor of the Enlightenment, as an emancipated man and as a modern writer, and one cannot help but get the impression that, at bottom, he does not feel that the world of the *shtetl* and hence Isaac Bashevis Singer have anything to say to contemporary man living in a time that has been so bewilderingly changed. . . . However, as Mr. Jacobson conceded earlier, Singer's stories revolve around questions of life, evil, faith, and death—themes that are surely relevant to men of every age. . . . Jacobson seems to . . . forget that Science and Culture and Progress have meant a limiting of our horizons and a shrinking of our vision. And it is Mr. Singer's special accomplishment that he has reminded us with simple beauty and stark imagery that there are other dimensions to our existence.

MARTIN LEVIN
Ithaca, New York

Civil-Rights Strategy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Bayard Rustin's "From Protest to Politics" [February] is the most perceptive—and potentially most important—piece on the civil-rights movement I have ever seen. To manage so inclusive and suggestive an analysis in a mere seven pages is something of a miracle. Congratulations to him and to you. May the article be widely read.

MARTIN DUBERMAN
Dept. of History
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . How can Mr. Rustin be so sure that the Negro who, through capitalist "motivation" becomes economically successful, will in fact "favor a greater expansion of the public sector of the economy"? Could it not be that in a few years time the assimilated, prosperous Negro will emerge as a class very much akin to his white counterparts, who will favor very little other than . . . his own newly won class and economic interests? . . .

Mr. Rustin writes with a profound grasp of the economic and political realities of the civil-rights movement, but why does he not comment on the fact that the change from protest to politics could fatally transform the heart of the movement into an institutionalized minority *Apparat*, . . . thus forever losing the raw sweeping power of a million effective voices. . .?

NEIL ABRAMSON
North Hollywood, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While there is much that is penetrating and thought-provoking in Bayard Rustin's article, one suspects from his first sentence that he has become a "white liberal." The "period in which the legal foundations of racism in America were destroyed," was, contrary to Mr. Rustin's assumption, the moment of ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment. Since the overthrow of the First Reconstruction we have been a nation of criminals, nothing less. Unless and until we have a "confrontation" with this, we shall never be prepared to pay the price of the crime. . . .

HOWARD N. MEYER
Rockville Centre, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his plea that the Negroes seek an alliance with the liberal establishment in the present stage of the civil-rights movement, Bayard Rustin counsels what I believe to be a strategy of defeat. . . . He presents a picture of the Democratic party as the embodiment of a benign liberal consensus. All that is necessary is to drive out big business which, he unconvincingly states, "does not belong" in the same party with Lyndon Johnson and Walter Reuther. But Big Business does belong to the American consensus, which has as its fundamental aim the containment and not the satisfaction of legitimate Negro demands.

In assuming that the "forms of political democracy exist in America," Rustin denies in effect that the future task of the civil-rights movement is to move to more profound forms of democracy, including the development of indigenous Negro leadership in a democratic way. Bayard Rustin himself would be an early casualty in such a development.

MARVIN E. GETTLEMAN
Dept. of History
Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Bayard Rustin's approach is quite ingenious, for he presents quite conservative and moderate theories in the guise of a newly

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thought-out social radicalism. In reality, his outlook would direct the movement into cooperation with the dominant system, and thus block its growth into a broader and more radical opposition to the existing structure and organization of American society. . . .

He accuses the radical black leadership of substituting a posture of militancy for a strategy, but this is unfair. The black militants, centered in the city ghettos, advance their concept of black political power as a result of their understanding that the American elite is doomed, and that protest groups which whites view as allies of the Negro cause are so integrated into the existing structure that they function as enemies of social change. These black radicals maintain that the goals of the Negro cannot be realized within American society as it now exists, and that by definition the Negro revolt must finally evolve to a revolutionary position. These militants do not seek to win power in order to become part of the structure. Rather, they seek to use the power of the black community, as James Boggs defines it, not to "put white men in office, to whom they can go and ask for things, but rather to develop their own power to dispose over things."

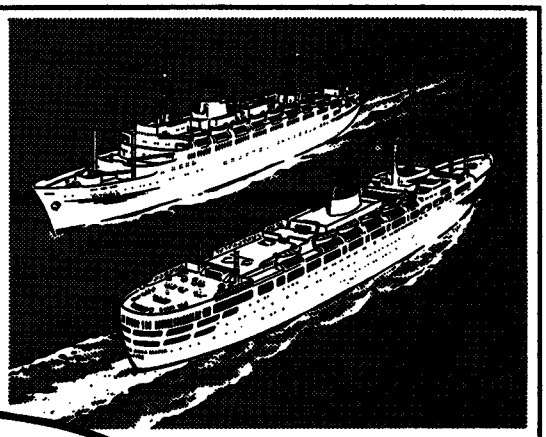
An approach based on building up centers of black political power differs markedly from Rustin's, though the proclaimed goal of both is to achieve a fundamental reconstruction of the entire society. Actually, the type of realignment which Rustin proposes can only occur if the Negro movement uses its power and its base in the Northern ghetto to force unacceptable alternatives upon the major parties, particularly by threatening withdrawal of the automatic endorsement given the Democratic party. . . .

Rustin would have us believe that coalition inside the Democratic party is more desirable than independent action outside of it. Cognizant of the fact that President Johnson is pursuing what he terms a "centrist course," trying to hold both the Negro and Big Business as part of his consensus, he urges that the electoral mandate be seized by his mythical coalition to set fundamental changes in motion, and that reorganization of the consensus party take place so as to make it a vehicle for social reconstruction. But if the Democrats are assured of the unequivocal support of the Negro population, those in the center will not have to respond to the desires of those who are on the Left of the alleged coalition. With the assured support of this Left, the center will have to cater only to those on the Right, which is, in fact, the very course President Johnson has taken. . . .

IN PRACTICE, Rustin's political approach leads to a direction quite the opposite of what he says is desirable. The depths to which the movement can descend if it follows Rustin's advice is illustrated by what happened at the Atlantic City Democratic Convention. In theory, Rustin's connection with the Freedom Democratic party was meant to break the stranglehold of the Southern Democrats on the party, so that the Democratic organization would be transformed into an organ of progress responsive to "coalition" forces. But his tactics led only to dependence on traditional Democratic politics of compromise.

By advising the FDP delegates to compromise and not demand that their entire delegation be seated in place of the illegal racist delegation from Mississippi, . . . he was asking the FDP to give up its very reason for existence—since it was precisely a Dixiecrat walkout that the FDP originally had in mind. As the FDP explained, "The compromise was an effort by the administration, led by President Johnson, to prevent a floor fight on the issue at the convention. The compromise was not designed to deal with the issues raised by the FDP in challenging the regular delegation. The FDP delegation came to Atlantic City to raise the issue of racism, not simply to demand recognition. It could not accept a token decision which has as its goal the avoidance of the question of racism." . . . So Rustin joined Walter Reuther and Joseph Rauh in urging what SNCC leaders termed a "back of the bus" settlement. Accommodation to liberalism led to the uncritical support of traditional Democratic politics, and finally to disavowal of Rustin's own tactic of realignment. . . .

One alternative to Rustin's tactics would be the creation of black political centers based among the ghetto poor, *combined* with the building up by white radicals of a



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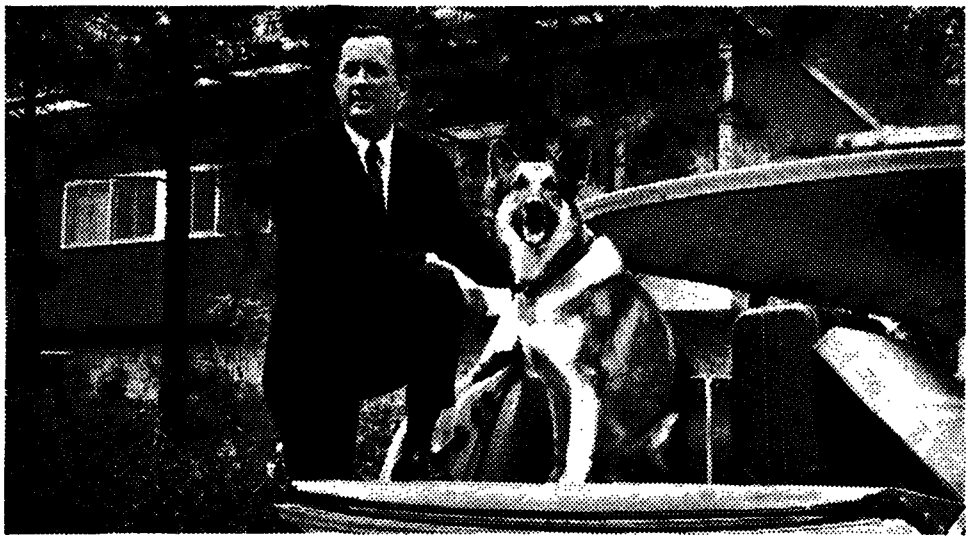

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series of movements in the white community to parallel those developed by new Negro movements. . . . These processes, however, will be severely hindered if the movement gives up its independence and allows itself to be absorbed into the Johnson administration—and if the liberal ideology which puts coalition ahead of independent action becomes the movement's guideline for strategy.

RONALD RADOSH
Associate Editor
Studies on the Left
New York City

Being Jewish

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

George Steiner has written a frontal attack on nationalism while defending Jewish nationalism as qualitatively different and infinitely purer ["A Kind of Survivor," February] . . . His article reflects the dual personality that we secular, non-Israeli Jews possess. . . . It is absurd today to demand a separatist Jewish nationalism and, simultaneously, political equality and social integration. . . .

The danger of anti-Semitism has not diminished with the founding of the State of Israel. This small state cannot ever offer us any real protection other than as a place of refuge. However, if we should tie ourselves uncritically to the admittedly "venomous" and "bitterly" archaic nationalism of the present Israeli regime, are not the objective bases of anti-Semitism strengthened?

We diaspora Jews cannot have our cake and eat it too. We must decide to face the fact of our eventual assimilation, develop a non-national Jewish religion (if this is not really a self-contradictory term), or build our futures in Israel as Israelis who could fully participate in Jewish nationalism and fully share the responsibility for halting the hyper-nationalism and militaristic tendencies developing today in that young country.

DONALD S. MALAMENT
Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . George Steiner brings up the question of Jews who have turned Unitarian. As one of those "halfway house dwellers," with equal dollar donations regularly to the Unitarian Church and the local temple . . . for memberships in each, I feel some sort of rejoinder is required.

As a rational American, living in this century, the only other alternatives, it seems to me, are the Williamsburg ghetto—i.e. a retreat to medieval mysticism—or . . . an attempt to maintain very expensive membership in an organization whose basic ideas I only partly believe in. Maybe the Reform movement as it existed from 1925 to 1940 was a reasonable answer. Certainly it seemed more sensible than . . . the *cheder* and *shul* of my first decade and a half. . . .

Currently for me and my children . . . the only choices open are a return to the *shul* slightly prettified, with an English sermon but the same theology and an unchanged basic service, or the Unitarian approach. . . . My membership in the local Jewish congregation assures my ethnic group participation . . . with the others who attend only on High Holy Days. . . . For religion, I prefer the Unitarian answer. It speaks my language. The synagogue does not.

Mr. Steiner's context was that "America is no more immune than any other society from anti-Semitism. To deny this is to assert . . . a utopian claim which . . . the actual development has rebuked." I don't deny this. However, I feel confident, as sure as God made little apples, that in the concentration camps (if and when) I will find plenty of good non-Jewish liberal neighbors. To deny this is to neglect the history of all anti-libertarian movements of the 20th century and of popular responses to them. . . .

ALLEN BERNSTEIN
Augusta, Maine

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am a Jew of the American brand of which Mr. Steiner speaks. . . . I am as well educated as he is, though no as distinguished. And I agree with most of his description of the Jewish "outsider." But what does one say to one's children when they talk about the grandeur of a church interior, the organ music, and the splendor of the Christian ritual? When they—college educated—speak about the great traditions of Christian art and Christian music? When they ask why Jews have no comparable traditions, no splendor, no requiems and masses, no stained glass and monuments in stone? When they lament that Jews are

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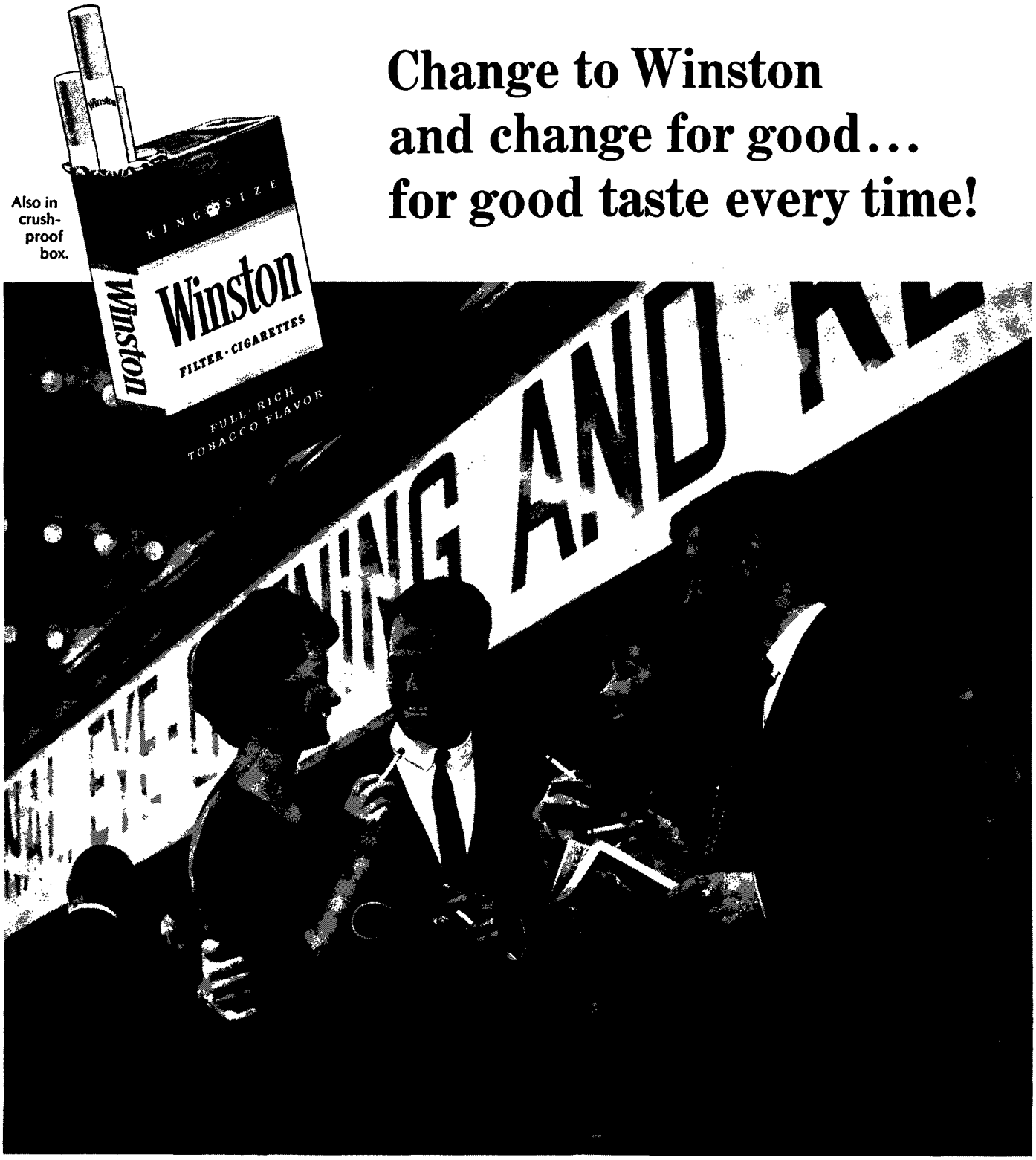

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smart and solve mysteries of the mind, but that this cannot eradicate their own feeling of not belonging to the great Jewish tradition?

Does one answer: go to the texts and resuscitate our great tradition? Or do I say, I, too, am a mere survivor, and you are my son?

G. S. ROUSSEAU
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

George Steiner . . . appears to be . . . an intellectual romantic. . . . Though his argument for the end of national states . . . may be a convincing one, there is no sign in the near or remote future that the national state will yield to the international state envisioned by good men like himself, Clarence Streit, and others.

To compare the state of Israel with the nations of Europe born out of the rising tide of 19th-century nationalism is equally absurd. The nations of Europe had several centuries of preparedness for their roles as sovereign nations; centuries of political, religious, and social changes prepared the way for the ultimate thrust. And if we look at the current scene: what state, other than Israel, has the guns of four nations trained on it? What other country will have to live as a crisis state for so long, unless the Arab nations give up their schemes for its destruction? . . .

DAVID ANTMAN
Forest Hills, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Steiner defines the Jews as ". . . a people whom totalitarian barbarism must choose for its hatred." But this is not a definition. Nor is the fear that lies "near the heart." Totalitarian states have chosen others. And since when is fear the exclusive legacy of the Chosen People? It may be true that any definition of "Jew" must include the taint of alienation: it is certain that the alienated European Jewish intellectual *did* help define and nourish the "Central European humanism," and that we did produce some of the great outsiders.

But is the task of the Jewish people to provide a "Jewish leaven," to create an atmosphere "both quintessentially European and off-center"? Is that all that is left for us? Does poetry come only from the furnaces of death? Is diaspora literature really that good? Can we create only at the threat of extinction?

"By proclaiming himself a Ghanaean, a Nicaraguan, a Maltese, a man spares himself vexation." What nonsense! Are the Jews the only alienated people in America? Does the Italian immigrant to Manchester become one of the "armed, coherent pack"? Is American or British society so homogeneous that it is only the Jew who stands apart from the mob? . . .

JOHN R. GARSON
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . George Steiner's powerful essay will probably cause shouts of annoyance . . . but I can only thank the author for expressing a fear I feel deeply and would like to ignore, but cannot.

LEONARD J. EPSTEIN
Manhattan, Kansas

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

George Steiner eloquently contends that the special civilizing contribution of the Jew . . . makes him an object of hatred to the barbarian elements in the culture . . . thus raising disturbing questions about the basic value of that culture. But applied in another context, doesn't this same thesis raise disturbing questions for the Jew as well? . . .

"Men are accomplices to that which leaves them indifferent," Mr. Steiner writes. What, then, are the implications for the American Jew of his attitude, which historically has been largely one of indifference (if not worse), toward the situation of the American Negro?

DAVID SHABER
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . George Steiner's article is one of the most moving documents I have come across in recent times. It is a work of art and as such it proves once more that only by speaking deeply out of himself and for himself can a man speak for all of us.

WILLIAM PACHNER
Clearwater Beach, Florida

Kudos

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

George Lichtheim's "China, Russia and the Experts" [March] is by far the most intelligent and penetrating essay on post-Khrushchev Russia I have seen so far in any periodical.

MAURICE FRIEDBERG
Department of Classics
Russian Division
Hunter College
New York City

Israelis in America

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Gloria Goldreich seems to know her way around among the scattered colonies of Israelis in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, etc., and her description of Israelis in America makes for very interesting reading ["Next Year in Jerusalem," March]. Going through the article, one can find a score of old acquaintances who have all been faithfully depicted with hardly an effort to camouflage their identity. . . . But it is not the "private club news" with which I want to quarrel. What has bothered me and other Israelis with whom I discussed the article . . . is that Miss Goldreich chose to tell only part of the story. There is no doubt that it is the "interesting" part . . . but it should not be mistaken for the full story. . . . The truth is that in addition to the Israeli émigrés in the United States

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and the colorful variety of so-called "students" who sit smoking cigarettes, and drinking coffee until all hours in the numerous Israeli cafes, . . . there are also hundreds of hard-working bona fide Israeli students studying engineering and mining, social work and business administration, medicine and economics. Some of them are quite young, just recently discharged from "Zahal"; others are not so young—veterans of the Hagganah, Irgun, or the Palmach, sent here by governmental agencies or private industry. They came after years of service in Israel, to catch up with technological developments, to acquire more modern and more efficient production methods. They are solemn, they communicate a sense of urgency . . . they have no time to waste.

It is quite possible that they have never crossed Miss Goldreich's path. For one thing, they are rarely seen in the cafés; they study and do their homework evenings and weekends, and they don't stay on year after year. . . . They go back when they finish their business here, without delay and without fanfare, so it is only natural that they are not noticed. . . .

Reliable Israeli institutions have worked out . . . statistics about the percentage of returnees among Israeli students in America. The figure is higher than 70 per cent . . . as compared to the below 50 per cent figure for other Asiatic countries that are comparable. . . .

ITZHAK SHARAV
Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . As an Israeli who knows his people (I am here as an exchange teacher) I would like to say that Gloria Goldreich depicted only fringe people and adventurers—the type who will find their place nowhere on earth, longing for something undefined and living as beatniks. Most of them lived this way in Israel and continue to do so here. . . . There are, however, also many Israelis who come sincerely in order to study or accomplish some other goal, and having done so, return home. . . .

In general, Miss Goldreich seems to be far from impartial: she does not understand the background and the social conditions in which most of the Israelis she depicted were brought up. The article is written with . . . cynicism and disdain.

AVIGDOR FARINE
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Has Gloria Goldreich met the serious Israelis who are students at Armour Institute, M.I.T., . . . the Albert Einstein College of Medicine? These people are not waiting for their hi-fi or freezers to be paid for, but for their education to be completed. . . .

The only way I can explain her article is that she probably thought that this way of reporting on Israeli life in America would find interested readers here. . . .

HILLEL MAEIR
Chicago, Illinois

MISS GOLDREICH writes:

I take no issue with Mr. Sharav. I know there is a group of Israelis who do return home when their studies or training programs are completed. In my article I did not, however, attempt a study of all Israelis who have ever come to America.

"Next Year in Jerusalem" was not intended to be comprehensive, but was simply an effort to describe a particular group of people who are apparently painfully familiar to Messrs. Sharav, Farine, and Maeir.

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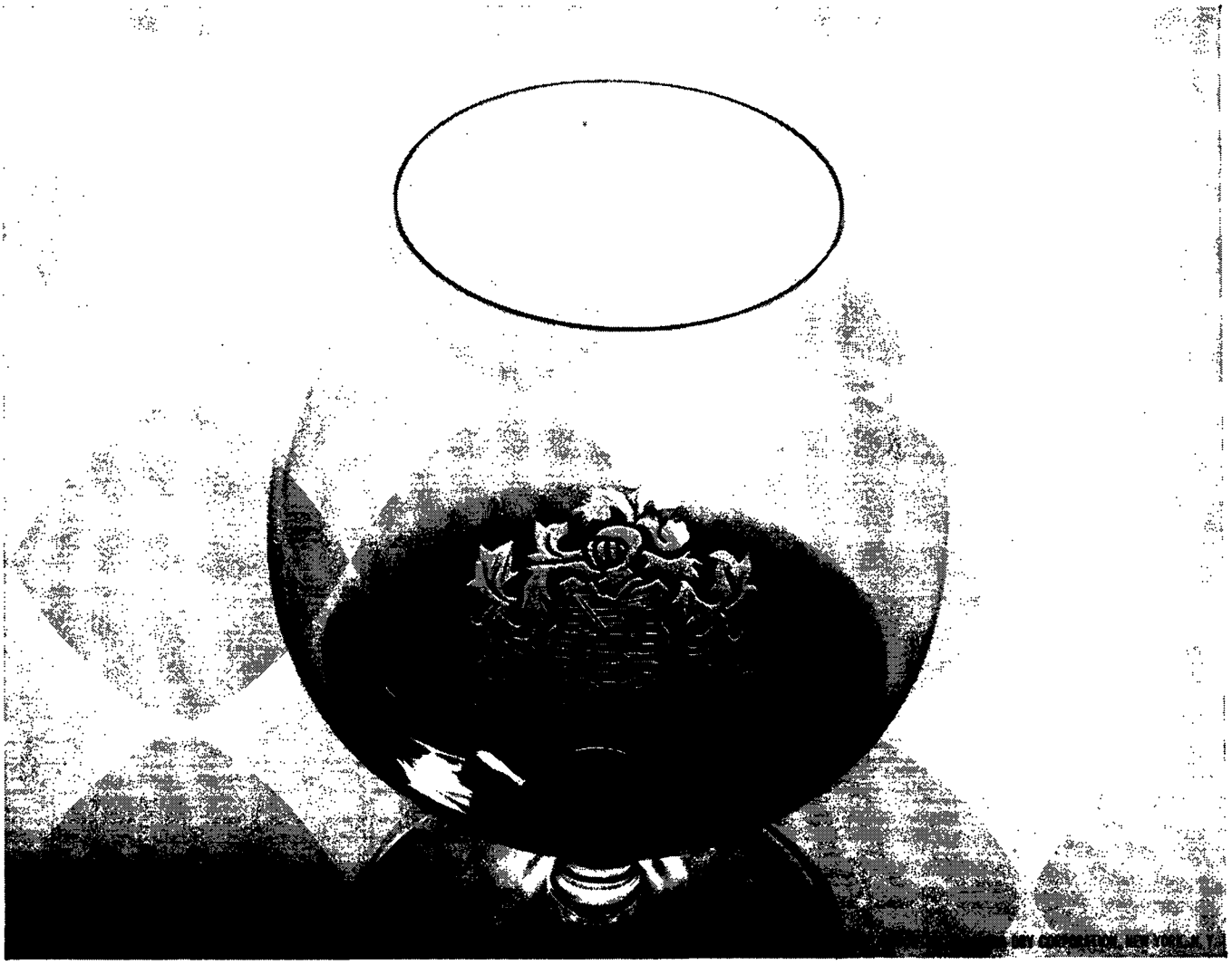

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GERMAN UNIFICATION

Prospects and Merits

OSCAR GASS

Who has Power in hand, then proceeds according to his own judgment, for the life of the State can not stand still even during the twinkling of an eye.—Bismarck, January 27, 1863.

All depends on me, on my existence, because of my political talents. Probably no one will ever again have the confidence of the whole German people as I have. . . . For us it is easy to make decisions. We have nothing to lose; we have everything to gain.—Hitler, August 22, 1939.

One Germany does not exist. . . . At present, there are two German states. . . . Everything else is unimportant.—Ulbricht, November 26, 1955.

A CENTURY AGO, one unification of Germany was accomplished. The enthusiasts of Germanism were not satisfied: they had already set their hearts on "every clod of German soil" also in Austria, Switzerland, and the Netherlands—and indeed even in the Baltic provinces of the Czarist Empire. But Otto von Bismarck, the chief architect of that unification, gave German nationalism only a secondary place in his general universe of political values. In February 1864, he was still saying of himself, "I am a Prussian, not a German." (He was also a monarchist, a Christian, a romantic, a believer in the constructive efficacy of measured force, and a respecter of the social stabilities derived from status and property.) In the foundation work of his *Reich*, German nationalism was a distrusted intoxicant, to be employed only in carefully controlled quantities. He worked, by preference, with more reliable ingredients—popular obedience and Prussian *Machtpolitik*. That a few million Germans, more or less, would be included or excluded from the new united Germany was, for his measured acceptance of limits, a matter of secondary, tactical consideration. The Germans of Austria could not readily be separated from their Danubian involvements. Well, then, do without them! To try to bring other Germans into the *Reich* would be to turn Europe upside down. No such gambling! How would the world be luckier if—in a topsy-turvy Europe—all Germans came somehow to live in one state, rather than in three or more?

Prussia is dead; much of its de-historicized remains have become inert building materials for the new Leninist states of Eastern Europe. And that former united Germany, led first by a greatly gifted innovating Prussian and last by a greatly gifted monstrous Austrian, has been torn apart. Is another Germany now to be put together? Why?

An Erhard and a de Gaulle, a Wilson and a Johnson are today found variously moved, by conviction or in pretense or cajolery, to speak for a re-uniting of Germany. Some years ago, Moscow used to issue statements which could be interpreted as endorsements of this same German national objective. (Then indeed Moscow was in the habit of asserting that only Western militarism kept Germans apart.) Are we to conclude, from all this, that another unification of Germany is a credible prospect for the 1960's? More important, is German unification an end that a reasonable person should now seek to advance? Is it perhaps even—as Messrs. Johnson and Rusk have publicly asserted—high on the agenda of a responsible world politics?

The Europe of the Late 1960's

OUR EUROPE of the second half of the 1960's, in which the problem of German unification is again posed, fancies itself all dynamism and commitment. It does indeed swiftly grow rich in steel and nylon, houses and autos and telephones. East and West, for fifteen years now, Europe has participated in one of the great historic experiences of economic advance. But the political life of Europe consists dominantly of stabilities and abstentions. Stabilities at home. Abstentions in the great world.

In the West, the Communist parties have been effectively excluded from the City since 1948; for them, the road to power is closed. And those parties of Left and Right which *are* serious contenders for the exercise of the public power have hardly been so near to one another, in policy, during the present century. (In the happy phrase of the British *New Statesman* of March 8, 1963, "The real issue, indeed, between Labour and the rest is one of some sophistication." And sophistication would be no less required to define the

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current thrust of political differences in Germany or Sweden or the Netherlands.) The prevailing hierarchies of wealth, income, and public influence are not today under serious challenge in any country of Western Europe. Is it more meaningful to say that, in these countries, socialism has been absorbed or that it has been exhausted? In either case, nowhere in this great area, except in the backwaters of Spain and Portugal, are the dominant socialisms greatly feared. And nowhere does any thoughtful and informed person now anticipate decisive improvement in the quality of life from the mere adoption of further measures of socialization.

In Eastern Europe, socio-political stability seems, to an outsider, even greater. (At best, the road from Leninism to democracy will be longer than the road from the traditional absolutisms to Leninism.) Eastern "revisionism" and "polycentrism" are, in my judgment, greatly overesteemed by their Western admirers. One can, I think, easily overvalue the freedom to dance the twist, to paint abstractly, and even to reject buying shoes that do not fit. Each of the governing Eastern oligarchies—in Poland or Yugoslavia quite as in the Soviet Union—still today beats down every suggestion of a challenge to its political monopoly. The only fundamental political challenge which acquired mass support in the past decade was crushed in October-November 1956, when Russian armed force put down the Hungarian revolt against the single-party state. Since then, there have occurred within the hearing and sight of an outsider only individual acts of rejection. The national Communisms *do* claim liberty from Moscow, but this claim, like the "liberty" which the feudal baron asserted as his territorial immunity from the king's law, is a double-edged sword—one against the monarch, one against the subject. No national Communism has accorded its own subjects that measure of civil, political, and personal freedom which Bismarckian Prussia would have been ashamed to deny.

In domestic politics, stability; in world politics, abstention: this is the dominant pattern of contemporary Europe. To world political abstention, however, three exceptions are commonly named. One is indeed great, one limited, one specious.

Abstention is of course not a settled policy for the USSR. Recently, in Khrushchev's day, the Soviet Union undertook a more far-flung, more initiating, and more risk-taking role in world politics than Stalin ever sustained—or indeed even than Lenin advocated after October 1920. This venturesome Soviet involvement in world-wide targets of opportunity may be resumed. The United Kingdom also is still a more-than-European power, though her independent role is limited. (It is not convincing that the Wilson government explains retention of an independent nuclear force in 1965 by reference to a possible need for separate use of this weapon "east of Suez." One cannot imagine Britain's undertaking a nuclear operation today, east of Suez or west of it, without United States participation.) And a considerable French role in world politics—surpassing tight limits in Western Europe—belongs to the world of make-believe. De Gaulle's rhetoric of France as a great independent world power may serve one constructive purpose, *within* France: it may, for less sophisticated Frenchmen, cover recent national wounds and sustain national self-esteem.[1]* But in world politics, France is today either a coalition associate or a nuisance: she is not qualified for a third role.

IF WE LOOK for the "ideal type" of contemporary European abstentionism, we may find it in the international posture of the enlightened, sympathetic people of Sweden. Three decades of Social Democratic government: much welfare provision, little nationalization. Membership in the United Nations: how little it costs, and how little it means! With 7.7 million people, an 80,000-man defense force. Defense expenditure over 4 per cent of Gross National Product (U.S.: 8 per cent). The highest standard of living in Europe: Gross Product over $2100 per capita. A competitive international supplier, willing to trade with anybody—and counting this willingness for virtue.[2] Official foreign aid in 1963—a derisory $3 per capita. In sum: stability, prosperity, and abstention.

But we miss the point if we see in Sweden the deviant case of the European "unaligned." The representative *aligned* European country—East and West—is not greatly more concerned with world politics than is Sweden. The East, apart from the USSR, is particularly abstentionist. Yugoslavia is its formally unaligned counterpart of Sweden. But a Hungary or a Czechoslovakia, despite membership in the Warsaw Pact and in the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance, is not greatly more involved than is Yugoslavia. The USSR secures from the 100,000,000 population of her six associates in the Warsaw Pact (excluding Albania) a publicized participation in development projects in Cuba or North Vietnam or Africa: this is a participation of $1 per capita. Publicity again; in recent years, the military forces of some Warsaw Pact associates, particularly the East German and Polish, have engaged in advertised exercises jointly with Soviet troops. But the advanced weapons are all Russian; the non-Russian forces seem equipped only to join in resisting the Nazi invasion of World War II. These Eastern associates do conspicuously add Communist voices at the United Nations, and in other councils. But their world involvement is otherwise narrowly limited. They do in fact ap-

* All numbered footnotes appear at the end of this article, on p. 38.

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proach the role of comprehensive Communist abstentionism sometimes mistakenly attributed to the USSR.

But once we have seen that Budapest and Prague are not much more involved in world politics than are Belgrade and Stockholm, we may perhaps also be better prepared to understand NATO-Europe. The reality is simple: for twelve states of Europe, from Oslo to Istanbul, memberships in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and in a stalemated United Nations are today twin instruments of an abstention from world political commitments only moderately less disengaging than that of Sweden.

In potential, NATO-Europe is something more considerable than the Warsaw Pact group. Exclude North America from NATO; include the USSR with Warsaw: NATO may still have the capacity to surpass Warsaw in every field of human achievement. In numbers alone, though it has nearly 300,000,000 people, NATO-Europe is about a tenth fewer than the Warsaw group *inclusive* of the USSR with all its reach to the Pacific. But NATO-Europe is far more industrialized, and its annual output is considerably higher. In the West also are the older centers of European civilization, still richly productive.

Yet this great NATO-Europe is not a factor in world affairs equal to the USSR. For such a world role, Western Europe lacks the political constitution and, more fundamentally, the desire. NATO-Europe does not even try to defend itself. Its annual defense expenditure is now about $19 billion. This aggregate is the equivalent of one good year's advance in NATO-Europe's Gross National Product. At a guess, the $19 billion is also less than half the defense expenditure of the poorer Warsaw group. NATO-Europe does not accept the burden of self-defense: it relies upon the restraint of the USSR and the support of the USA. And sometimes perhaps it ventures a modest prayer, "Gentlemen of East and West, please shoot over my head!"

In adhering to NATO in 1949, the United States pledged itself to defend Western Europe. The European adherents pledged themselves to contribute to this defense what they might severally, from time to time, determine to be appropriate. Any notion of extending the geographical range of the alliance quickly wilted (though de Gaulle did suggest, a decade later, that France and Britain might *each* be given an equal role with the USA in policy decisions). Without major exception, all other NATO associates have looked on unsympathetically while the British, the Dutch, the French, and the Belgians were each enmeshed separately, for many years, in the dismantling of a colonial empire. In this context, the European consensus came to be identified with avoidance of extra-European political involvements. (Trade alone remained universally blessed. Adam Smith never matched this recent worship of trade!) Nominally, of course, all were prepared to be good children and to do, in any part of the world, whatever a United Nations of unanimous (or veto-free) Great Power leadership might decide should be done. But, as—in the face of the great Communist versus anti-Communist split—there was no such United Nations, this goodness burdened not at all.

NATO is a valued association and, in some places, an amity. But NATO is not, and never has been, an equal alliance. Still less is NATO a general sharing in world obligations. During fifteen years, attitudes toward world political engagement have not only failed to move together; they have moved apart. The USA has inclined—irregularly, but in a long consistency—toward greater world-wide commitments, through multiple associations. Western Europe has moved toward abstention. Where there is no remote equality in involvement, there cannot be equality in decision.

No abstentionism is so poor but it can afford a coat of moral righteousness. The one that comes cheapest is, "A plague on both your houses!" But advanced abstentionist societies have craftsmen capable of producing coats of many colors. British tailors and French couturiers may claim to lead the world.

Two of the Germanies

In our Europe of the late 1960's, the two big Germanies, East and West, are flesh of the common flesh. (There is, of course, a third Germany —Austria—but that is also only marginally exceptional.) Both are stable and abstentionist societies. In both, ordinary men—and even extraordinary ones—now characteristically look for such sweetness as life may afford to individual good fortune and to general progress in the existing order of society, not to any great political change. And in both, the leaders of state today shape and limit their political involvements closely to dealing with distinctively German questions. Perhaps the German is today a more than average lumpish exemplar of the contemporary European. But this is a view to which shining exceptions will be found, and so general a judgment cannot, at best, entirely overcome subjectivity.

It may seem both anachronistic and insensitive to call East Germany a stable polity. Twelve years ago, in June 1953, the people of East Germany rose in rebellion against their Communist masters; it was a rebellion far wider than any with which Germans opposed National Socialism. In fifteen years before the August 1961 erection of the Berlin wall, about four-million Germans, a fifth of the whole Eastern population—and these the younger and more skilled—voted against German Communism with their feet, by running away. Every Leninist society denies the civil

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liberties of dissent and the political liberties of choice: East Germany is no exception. In the dualism of consent and coercion in which all societies are involved, every Leninism leans hard to the side of coercion: East Germany leans especially hard. Indeed, among all current Leninist regimes, the East German is probably most widely felt to be alien and repressive by its own people. Yet, particularly since the building of the Berlin wall, the regime seems stable. There is no opportunity to go; one makes the best of staying. Moreover, no authoritarian regime of the past half century has failed to enlist much of the emotional involvement of its young people—providing only that it reached out toward them. (This regime attracts the young particularly by doing more for their technical training than do most societies.) And while East Germany has relatively smaller regular armed services (106,000) than has Sweden, it has a large number (70,000) of para-military men on security and border duty: they guard and intimidate. Fear is also mightily reinforced by the 20 divisions which the USSR stations on East German territory (compared with 2 in Poland, 4 in Hungary). For the present, coercive persuasion succeeds.

East Germany stabilizes also by being the most prosperous Leninist society. Her 17¼ million people (including East Berlin) have a per capita national income in the range of a third higher than that of the USSR. In part, this foremost position reflects the smaller role of agriculture. Only 18 per cent of East Germans work in farming, compared with 44 per cent in the USSR and 60 per cent in Rumania.[3] But in agriculture itself East Germany is also foremost; she applies thirteen times as much fertilizer per sown acre as the USSR and twice as much as Czechoslovakia. She wisely does not export food (except sugar); she imports it, and concentrates her own farming on high-value dairy and meat production. And, in industry, too, East Germany is concentrated in the machinery, equipment, and chemical branches which yield the higher values. Today she operates under a "New Economic System" of less-centralized planning. In each of 1962 and 1963, her real output apparently grew by only about 3 per cent, but in 1964 a more satisfactory growth seems to have been achieved—approaching 5 per cent. Annual production of passenger cars is moving toward 100,000; though this is hardly on the scale of West Germany's 2½ million, it is half the output of the USSR and much more than that of any other Communist country. Household electrical appliances are being supplied. Personal saving is reportedly high; there is something to save for.

This progress of East Germany gratifies its 17¼ million people the less because they constantly compare with West Germany, where some 59 million people live much better. (Only in technical training—some would say in education—is East Germany ahead.) While the East built some 372,000 dwellings in 1960-64, the West built about 2,860,000. It would be a generous estimate which would put per capita consumption in East Germany above 75 per cent of West.

West Germany has built social stability on its greater economic success, as well as on intimate popular knowledge and rejection of the Eastern alternative. The German standard of living is not yet as high as the Swedish or Swiss. But in 1965 the West German is clearly the largest national economy in Europe after the Russian. Gross National Product is roughly $115 billion, or $1950 per capita (U.S. $3400). Gross investment in 1965 is likely to be in the range of $32 billion—a little less than a third of U.S. investment. Output per hour worked has risen by more than 5 per cent annually since 1950; this meant a doubling in productivity during fourteen years, and it brought more than a doubling in real hourly wages. (Representative wages of men in industry are now about $50 a week.) It is a silly propaganda that this great economic expansion was accomplished without extensive government participation in the economy. In 1962, the Social Democratic government of Sweden had current revenues of 40 per cent of the entire Gross National Product. A relatively non-participationist government, Switzerland, collected 17 per cent; the USA, being in between, collected 28 per cent. But the government of West Germany collected 38 per cent. By this naive measure, West Germany's "socialization" of the economy was hardly distinguishable from Sweden's.

IN THE period immediately following the destruction of Hitler's regime, a quite different idea of socialization was put forward in Germany. Simplifying, we may identify that different socialization with the views of Kurt Schumacher—until his death in August 1952 the leader of the Social Democratic Party (SPD)—in 1945 just emerged from a Nazi concentration camp. First: that German society bears special responsibility or guilt for National Socialism. Second: that German capitalism is particularly involved in this responsibility or guilt. Third: that an honest break with an evil past therefore involves the demolition of German capitalism and its replacement by a democratic, socialist regime. Fourth: that, as this new German regime will be neither capitalist nor Communist, it should not be tied by long-term engagements either to East or West. Fifth: that Stalin will place no insurmountable obstacle in the way of the unification of Germany on this democratic, socialist basis.

In contrast to Schumacher's views, there emerged (and crystallized by 1948) an equally comprehensive opposing interpretation of the German past and future. This contrast culminates in the rejection of socialization. In parallel simplification, the rejection can be identified with the

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views of Konrad Adenauer, the leader of the Christian Democratic Union (CDU). Five counter-propositions suffice. First: that the Nazi phenomenon was not specifically German, though some Germans bear special guilt for it. Second: that German capitalism is no more specially involved in responsibility for National Socialism than are German workers, professors, politicians, or priests. Third: that private enterprise needs to be preserved because it is efficient and constitutes a shield against dangerous concentration of power in institutions carrying the authority of the state. Fourth: that a democratic Germany, preserving private property, and renewing its connection with Christian tradition, must be united with the West. Fifth: that Stalin may be induced to permit the unification of Germany by the demand of all decent Germans, backed by the power and pressure of the West; he will not, out of good will, concede anything to a democratic Germany.

It is not my purpose here to probe the elements of truth and falsehood in these two sets of views. But it is very much my purpose to emphasize how completely the views of Adenauer have prevailed—in the SPD as well as in the CDU. With the acceptance of these views has come the practical cessation of serious political controversy in West Germany. Society has become stable. Political life now stands ready for the ultimate stability of the Grand Coalition (*Grossblock*).

Neither in the Empire of Bismarck and Wilhelm nor in the Weimar Republic was Social Democracy an accepted element of German society. Authoritarian conservatism, middle-class liberalism, and irrationalist nativism were usually joined in regarding Social Democracy as outside the circle of civilized society. And, at least in theory (except in extraordinary times, as during the early years of World War I), the rejection was mutual: Social Democracy constituted an alienated sub-culture, self-consciously professing the objective of creating a quite different society.[4] By 1959, all this was dead and buried. Today the SPD is a party of democratic humanism, not of socialism. Its Godesberg Program of 1959 rejects nationalization; embraces private property; favors competition; accepts only "as much planning as necessary"; bows toward the churches; supports national defense; and prepares the way for the later (from 1961) claim of the SPD to be the staunchest supporter of Western alliance. At Godesberg, one of the more articulate spokesmen for the new line, Fritz Erler, sounded a note of decisive breach with the Social Democratic past:

> We are fighting not the state, but a false policy of the government and its majority . . . we are fighting not against the state, but for the state, and, in fact, not the state of the distant future, not the state only in a reunified Germany, but the state in this Federal Republic, which we wish to govern.

It was only the finishing touch in this convergence of policies when, in the winter and spring of 1965, the leadership of the SPD suggested that the parliamentary elections of September 1965 might well produce a Grand Coalition of SPD and CDU—after the model, no doubt, of Austria. The idea of a Grand Coalition with what they once named clerical reaction (*Kapitalismus, Klerikalismus, und Konservatismus*) had already been put forward, by the SPD, twice in 1962. In March 1965, at a news conference in Heidelberg, Willy Brandt, as SPD candidate for the Chancellorship, endorsed the idea of a *Grossblock* quite explicitly; the time had come, he said, to " . . . fight for a common front on all domestic and policy questions." In May 1965, the SPD and the CDU came together for just such a coalition in the *Land* government of Lower Saxony. There the Free Democrats (FDP) separated themselves from the SPD precisely because they found these Social Democrats now too clerical! True, in the spring of 1965, some CDU leaders still publicly denied the possibility of a coalition with the SPD: the CDU, they said, must win a majority by itself. But these CDU objections were, in part, tactical. Ostensibly the CDU—party of reaction—fled a closer embrace, while the SPD—party of socialism—pursued.

Continuity in German Nationalism

IN THIS CENTURY, no rational mind will form a considered judgment of grave German questions except against the background of the Nazi experience. Nor will deliberate judgment be satisfied without some reflection also on longer German continuities. The Nazi monstrosity was not a random occurrence, which could as easily have come in several other countries, and worked its same course with any other set of actors. (This evil was not as banal as that.) The Nazi experience bears witness to the character of a particular society. Moreover, within limits set by society and superior, many German individuals exercised choice and responsibility also in the Nazi era: human society is never so totalitarian as to exclude that.[5]

Today, however, unless we are to allow the evil of German nationalism to put out the light of the mind, we must give heavy weight to the fact that a majority of all Germans now alive were not even born when Hitler came to power. The shortcomings and misdeeds of one time do not, in themselves, work an eternal corruption to all Germans. We do not yield to Nazi irrationalism but hold to the reasoned view of the prophet Ezekiel:

> What mean ye, that ye use this proverb . . . saying, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge?" . . . The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father,

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> neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son. . . . Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die . . . and not that he should return from his ways, and live?

But the ways were long. And has he returned from them?

ONE SEARCHES for distinctive elements in the German nationalism of the past century. I find few. It is perhaps only the compound that is unique in an important way. Then the distinguishing stamp is much older than National Socialism. In the 1870's and 1880's, Ernest Lavisse, a great student of Germany, described a society nativist in ideology, anti-Semitic, authoritarian, and militarist.[6] Of the prevalent anti-Semitism, he writes: there is in it "a hate which has the feel of the Middle Ages." He is most offended by the demeaning docility: "The deference in the relations of inferior to superior, the obsequiousness of manners, the humbleness, the degraded attitudes and forms of expression are a subject of astonishment to the foreigner." And he concludes (in 1887): "War is certain, for imperial Germany comes from war and goes toward war."

Modern German efforts to achieve predominance in Europe, through conquest, did indeed not begin with Hitler. The Imperial Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm had these ambitions.[7] It too was steeped in the ethic of conquest and appropriation—though not of genocide. In the summer of 1914, the civil and military authorities of Germany pressed their Austro-Hungarian partner to be militant and demanding, not fearing war, for which Berlin pronounced itself ready. (Berlin hoped, however, as in 1939, for British abstention.) German government objectives were to fight as long as might be necessary to establish in Europe an *Imperium Germanicum* of unquestioned primacy. This Germany was to constitute the first of four world powers, together with the USA, Britain, and a Rump Russia (*Restrussland*). These objectives were widely shared in German popular, political, business, and intellectual circles, right down to the collapse of November 1918. The General Commission of German Trade Unions will do as their spokesman:

> Our enemies may as well abandon their hope that Germany will be defeated in this struggle; before that happens, they themselves will bleed to death and sink into the dust. Germany will emerge from this world war as the strongest nation.

But Imperial Germany did not deny other peoples—Jews, or Slavs, or gypsies—a common humanity. That Germany even primped itself on its services as a bearer of higher culture to the East.

The Hitler generation added something. In 1941, the new Germany proposed to establish in the East not a higher culture but a higher race. To clear the ground, the German administration planned: to kill "all racial and ideological enemies" so that, in Field Marshal von Manstein's words, "the Jewish-Bolshevik system [would] be wiped out once and for all"; to dump other masses east of the Urals; and to administer occupied Russia so that, "Thereby tens of millions of men will undoubtedly starve to death. . . ." Many tens of thousands of Germans, above the level of discretion of the common soldier, served these objectives in the East. And they served not only by necessity but in idealism and national devotion.

The Nazi objective of killing people was largely successful, though its military-political goals were not accomplished. In the present territory of the USSR alone, wartime deaths and the reduction of births together brought about the loss of some 40 million lives in 1941-45. (This does not include German military deaths, which totaled 4.4 million on all fronts during 1939-45.) Imagination was deadened—and even more perhaps among those who inflicted than among those who suffered. Neither the Germans of that time nor of the present seem to have been able to grasp the continuity of hatred and fear which resulted from World War II. These genocides were not games—once over, readily forgotten.

Twenty years after the destruction of the Nazi armies, it would, I suspect, be quite incorrect to attribute to more than a small minority of Germans a special feeling of involvement or guilt in the Nazi experience. A German cultural editor, whose book is announced to have sold over 300,000 copies in Germany, reflects this process of getting away from it all. He writes (in 1964):

> In the years between 1933 and 1945, I personally did not meet a single fanatic Jew-hater. Later, yes, and not only in Germany. Granted, I did not move in higher party circles, but I have been assured that it was no different there.[8]

O comforting assurance! As cultural interchange with the Soviet Union is broadened, we may expect to hear from Russian cultural figures, who lived in their case through 1933-1953 and also did not then meet "a single fanatic Jew-hater." Later, yes, and not only in the USSR.

BUT THERE is such a thing as remembering too much—and wrong. In the years immediately after World War I, a great German scholar searched for the roots of the distinctively German strand in Western ideas; he found these roots in the counter-revolutionary Romantic and historicist reaction of German minds to the experience of the great French Revolution.[9] After World War II, scholars similarly searched for a long continuity of distinctive "German ideology" as the intellectual background of National Socialism; this time they found it in the *Volkish*

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(populist, nativist) ideas which came to the fore in Germany after 1850.[10] And indeed, German *Volkish* thought did accumulate a great pile of rubbish: a doctrine of landscape and soil determining a national Spirit; esteem for this warm group Spirit, not cold individual mind; allegiance to rootedness or nativism in landscape and Spirit; identification of the carriers of a Spirit with a race, and especially the best—the German; a comprehensive imagery of traditional hierarchy, discipline, and self-sacrifice; and more in the same vein. We may accept the contention of George L. Mosse: "German *Volkish* thought showed a depth of feeling and a dynamic that was not equalled elsewhere." We may also indulge the judgment that *Volkish* thought was more acceptable socially in Germany, for nearly a century, than similar ideas in other countries. But we cannot attribute uniqueness to German *Volkish* ideas, at any time. And it is not possible for an informed person to believe that complexes of ideas similar to the *Volkish* have played a larger social and political role in Germany during 1945-65 than, for example, in the USA or the USSR (or in the nativism of Africans or Chinese).

An American who knows something of the history of nativism in the USA will not readily yield the palm even to German *Volkish* doctrine: it is a mere exercise of scholarship to find in the American record a parallel expression to every idea in the "German ideology"—and the American expressions (for instance on landscape, soil, and national spirit) are often earlier. An American who also remembers the history of Negro slavery to 1864, who takes a sober view of the limits of emancipation in the century that followed, will not attribute to Germans a continuing monopoly on racial oppression. It was in the USA, not in Germany, that in the spring of 1964 the nativist-racist campaign of Governor Wallace achieved, in the largest party of the country, a preferential vote of 43 per cent, 30 per cent, and 34 per cent in the three contests of Maryland, Indiana, and Wisconsin. (Would not a similar development in Germany have produced a demand for preventive international quarantine?) It was a President of the United States who permitted himself, on May 2, 1965, in what one may hope was only a momentary lapse of judgment, to quote approvingly an expression of nationalism worthy of Kaiser Bill: " . . . the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land." And it is not in Germany, but in the USSR, that anti-Semitism has received active government support since 1945—openly and drastically in the time of Stalin, more covertly and with some inhibition in the times of Khrushchev and his successors.

A quarter-century ago, Western eyes saw two demonic nationalisms—a German and a Japanese. Was nationalism then less deeply rooted in Japan than in Germany? In 1946, an outstanding Japanese student of politics—while quoting Hegel and citing Hitler and Rosenberg—still claimed that the "ultra" of "ultra-nationalism" should be reserved for the Japanese variety.[11] (In Japan alone, he argued, did polity assert authority over spirit: there morality was identified with power: there hierarchical position determined every act, depriving the individual of significant decision and responsibility.) Yet, in these two decades, the Japanese have become the great abstentionists. With enthusiasm, they have put away the things of national world power. Avid to do international business, they accept only minimal world responsibilities. Moreover, as Japan has only minor irredentist claims (and these against both the USA and the USSR), no one has found it advantageous to accuse the Japanese of pre-eminent evil in nursing smoldering fires of nationalism. How, in contrast, Moscow makes play of the continuity of German nationalist aggressiveness! "West-Germany—NATO Spearhead In Europe"; "Bonn's Atomic Ambitions"; "Washington-Bonn Alliance Against Peace."

There is such a thing as over-fixation on the half-century which ended in 1945. The nationalisms the world has most to fear now are not Japanese or German. They are perhaps American, Russian, and Chinese. These latter have determination and teeth, as well as large capacities of self-deception.

From Occupation to Partition

We give the road from occupation to partition five markers. *June 1945:* the allies promulgate their supreme authority over one Germany. *June 1948:* two hostile societies confront one another, and Stalin challenges the West in Berlin. *March 1952:* Stalin advances a comprehensive proposal for unification, which is brushed aside, in the West, as mere spoiling tactics. *November 1958:* Khrushchev launches a campaign to shift the European balance, by reversing Stalin's defeat over Berlin. *August 1961:* the drive to transform the status of all Berlin is abandoned, and instead a wall is built to hold the fleeing residents of the East.

But if we seek understanding of the world politics of these decades, we must not invest German developments with a consistent initiating role. At most, Germany was a leading front from June 1948 through May 1949, and again from November 1958 through August 1961. Then, too, in the second period, Khrushchev was active in Europe, I suspect, partly in reflex to his failure in Asia. Since 1961 again, Germany is not a leading stage. All Europe is a sideshow. The active contest is in East Asia, Latin America, Africa, and the Middle East.

From June 1945, France alone stood firm against German unity. She then contended for five steps of dismemberment: separation of

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the left bank of the Rhine; annexation to France of the Saar; international government of the Ruhr; avoidance of central administrative agencies; encouragement of particularist German states. Charles de Gaulle's was the great French voice for German dismemberment, and Léon Blum's socialists were his only consistent opponents. But even after de Gaulle withdrew (January 1946), and after the Communists were expelled (May 1947), France fought a dogged retreat. The turning point came only in March and April 1948, when the defensive alliance of Western European Union was formed and the U.S. Senate ratified the Marshall Plan. Then France was constrained to abandon dismemberment and to associate herself with building a single Western government in part of Germany.

NEITHER British nor American statesmen initially foresaw a separate West Germany. Their ideas were negative: they wished to de-Nazify, demilitarize, perhaps de-industrialize (so removing the instruments for doing evil again). They imagined that, once these bad things were removed, the good in Germany would, one day, come forward by its own strength. Vaguely, they identified this good with a democratic society. No doubt, the British saw democracy as more compatible with nationalization, and the Americans saw it more associated with private business. But neither the British nor American authorities insisted determinedly on more socialism or capitalism for Germany. Kurt Schumacher had announced for the SPD, at the beginning of the occupation, "*Die deutsche Demokratie kann nur sozialistisch sein oder sie wird gar nicht sein*" ["German democracy can only be socialist, or it will not be at all"]. No one in the West barred his way. At the beginning, the Americans even appointed Socialists (SPD) and Communists (KPD), by preference, to key positions in occupation administration: they were regarded as the safest anti-Nazis. It was only late in 1947 that American political propaganda in Germany was given a new emphasis "in the direction of the dangers of Communism." But even later, Schumacher had every opportunity to shape West Germany in a socialist direction. It was when the SPD got only 29.2 per cent of the vote in the first parliamentary elections of August 1949 (and later only 28.8 per cent in 1953 and 31.8 per cent in 1957) that the socialist dream was shattered. Adenauer's CDU *Sammelbecken* (catch-all) was more attractive. A conventional Western society prevailed, because German preferences were decisive.

In the East also, policy did not aim at partition. True, the Russians gave their German comrades a birthday present of one partition; before the *Nullpunkt* (zero day), they tore away from the Germany of 1937 some 43,000 square miles, leaving only 41,633 square miles for the Eastern zone (including East Berlin). Nevertheless, the German Communists (KPD) set out determinedly to create an Anti-Fascist Bloc or Fatherland Front in their zone. They were ordered not to work for Communism alone. They were to join with other elements—middle class, Liberal, Socialist, and Center. In no governing body should Communists be more than one third: that would suffice for control, as the army and police would be theirs. (But it was the Russians who, until 1950, handled concentration camps and political prisons in the Eastern zone.) With such a politics of bloc or front, it was hoped, the KPD would win its way to control first in the Eastern zone and later in all Germany.

Haste proved an obstacle. The ugly face of People's Democracy was shown while there was still opportunity to reject it. Already in June 1945, the Russians delivered all Eastern-zone trade union organization into the hands of their comrades and fellow-travelers; the trade unionists of the other zones saw and would have none of this. In September 1945, the Russians began land reform; by April 1946, about one-third of all land had been seized, without compensation. In October 1945, the Russians began nationalization of industry; by the end of 1946, about 60 per cent had been nationalized. The Russian authorities also took over some two-hundred large enterprises, and put them to working directly for Soviet account.

This erection of a People's Democracy elicited support only from a militant minority. The Russians were stunned by the free test of Communist popularity in Austria, on November 25, 1945: the Communists got only 5.4 per cent of the vote. After that, terror and imprisonment became a general weapon in the Eastern zone. Finding that the Socialists drew more popular support than the Communists, the Russians forced the SPD leaders of their zone to merge with the KPD into one *Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands* (SED). But free Socialists rejected the union by overwhelming majorities. In the free election of October 1946, in "Red" Berlin, the SED got only 20 per cent. This is a maximum index of SED support then in Germany. The resistance of the West to Stalin's effort to blockade Berlin was immensely popular among Germans. The experience of this blockade laid the basis for a West German state in accord with German national sentiment, and left behind an unpopular, imposed East German rump. In sum, the USSR paved the way to partition by first creating a People's Democracy in its own zone and then failing to impose a like society on the rest of Germany.

ON MARCH 10, 1952, Stalin made the most serious offer regarding German unification, in verbal content, that has ever been advanced by the USSR.[12] Since the May 1949 lifting of the Berlin blockade, three weighty things had hap-

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pened. In May 1950, Robert Schuman had invited Germany, along with all other countries of western Europe, to join France in establishing a European Coal and Steel Community, deliberately conceived as a step toward a European political community. In June 1950, responding to the attack in Korea, President Truman had reversed much of U.S. policy regarding "the general area of China" and initiated the largest of armament programs. From July to September 1950, a variety of steps were taken to prepare, if need be, for a European military confrontation with the USSR. A year later, the Occupying Powers and the West German government began detailed discussions of a Contractual Agreement under which the occupation regime would terminate simultaneously with German integration into a European Defense Community. It was against this background that Stalin offered unification—subject to three conditions. The three may be named Neutrality, Renunciation, and Trust.

Neutrality: West Germany and the united Germany would be prohibited from entering any political coalition or military alliance which the Soviet government conceived to be directed against the USSR. *Renunciation:* West Germany must now unconditionally accept the Oder-Neisse frontier (as East Germany had already done). *Trust*: West Germans must agree to have unification worked out by a four-power commission, in which the USSR would have a veto.

No Western government took Stalin's offer for anything more than a propaganda effort to delay and disorient. And no major West German party came forward resolutely in its favor. None wished to trust Stalin. None would advocate unconditional renunciation. None—not even Schumacher's SPD—would speak for an obligatory neutrality. (Schumacher would not be bound neutral; he wished only freedom to deal equally with East and West.) Stalin's offer consequently foundered in pettifogging notes and counter-notes. While the paper was flowing back and forth, the USSR gave an earnest of good will. On May 28, 1952, a forbidden zone three miles wide was established along the frontier of the two Germanies. Any person entering the zone was shot.

Regarding German reunification, the ascendancy of Khrushchev brought no substantial change in the policies laid down in Stalin's time. But now there was a much greater forthrightness of statement. In 1956, Khrushchev is reported to have told a group of French visitors that he was not minded to exchange the certainty of a Communist province of 17 million East Germans for the remote probability of a neutral, united state of 70 million Germans. On February 3, 1957, Ulbricht felt free to say publicly that the SED's conditions for unification were the transformation of West German society into a reasonably close facsimile of East Germany. And, in a later speech to an East German audience (March 7, 1959), Khrushchev was even more forthright:

> . . . can the peoples of the world exist, if the two German states are not unified? They can, and they can exist quite well. Can the Germans live without reunification? They can, and they can even live quite well. . . . Why not reunify Germany by abolishing capitalism in West Germany and establishing a working class regime there? . . . This is unrealistic at the present time. But it is even more unrealistic to nurture illusions regarding the liquidation of socialist achievements in the German Democratic Republic. . . .

On February 28, 1958, the USSR delivered a formal note to the USA, in which the Soviet Union ostensibly disinterested itself in the problem of the Germanies:

> . . . the question of the unification of the German Democratic Republic and the Federal German Republic into one state, wholly relating to the competence of these two German states, cannot be the subject of consideration at a forthcoming conference at the summit.

Yet in November 1958 the USSR launched a major push to which the status of East Germany was central.[13] Retrospectively, that push, which went on for three years (November 27, 1958 to August 13, 1961), may even be regarded as the center-piece in Khrushchev's entire career in general European diplomacy. The setting is critical. Fifteen months after the successful testing of a Soviet ICBM. Thirteen months after the Sputnik. In the midst of great Soviet economic successes—successes the USSR has not matched since then. After Maoist incitement: "The East wind prevails over the West wind." And *immediately* after Khrushchev's failure to support China in the Taiwan straits.

Khrushchev then violently shifted the center of world attention to Berlin. On November 27, the USSR delivered a bomb of a note, couched in language such as Europe had not heard since Hitler's time. And thereafter, during three years, the USSR gradually unrolled three interrelated objectives, for which Berlin and East Germany were the focus:

> (1). To disorient the Western alliance—by expelling the protecting Western powers from Berlin, cutting the people of West Berlin off from West Germany, and generally demonstrating that the USSR had power to alter the existing European system;
> (2). To compel recognition of East Germany—as a state like any other, surrounding Berlin and possessing full sovereign rights to control access and passage;
> (3). To stop the flight of persons and sentiments from East Germany—by closing the way for emigrants and barring access, for East German residents, to a view of a Western society.

The USSR made a display of insisting even on

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the first and greatest of these objectives. Khrushchev pronounced all Western rights in Berlin "null and void." He gave the Western powers first six months to get out, then six months to start negotiating—then forgot the six months. His note still echoes:

> . . . the Three Western Powers are ruling the roost in West Berlin, turning it into a kind of state within a state and using it as a center from which to pursue subversive activity. . . . It is obvious that the Soviet Union . . . cannot tolerate such a situation any longer. . . .
> In case this proposal is not acceptable . . . there will no longer remain any topic for negotiations between the former occupying powers on the Berlin question. But only madmen can go to the length of unleashing another world war over the preservation of privileges of occupiers in West Berlin. If such madmen should really appear, there is no doubt that strait jackets can be found for them. . . .

But it was precisely by what he stigmatized as the determinations of madmen that Khrushchev was defeated. The whole NATO group of powers resolved (formally on December 16, 1958) that they would fight rather than be forced to terminate the special link of West Berlin to the Western world. Against this resolution, Khrushchev's first and greatest objective foundered.

He could have been far more successful in securing recognition for East Germany. The USA and Britain were indulgent of the idea of recognizing the East German regime—perhaps as the "agent" of the USSR, but even, I believe, as itself treaty-bound to guarantee access and passage. Khrushchev, however, apparently could not make up his mind to settle for the lesser victory of East German recognition. Repeatedly he reverted to his maximum bluster: agree to get out of Berlin, or the USSR will sign a treaty with East Germany and unilaterally declare you out. As late as August 7, 1961, Khrushchev stated that he could not forgo making a treaty with East Germany, ending all Western rights in Berlin, because the Western powers would see in this forgoing the collapse of his whole European position. They

> . . . would regard this as a strategic breakthrough and would at once broaden the range of their demands. They would demand liquidation of the socialist system in the German Democratic Republic; try to annex the lands restored to Poland and Czechoslovakia under the Potsdam Agreement; and finally, attempt the abolition of the socialist system in all countries of the socialist camp.

Flaunting such chimeras, Khrushchev only six days later gave up even the intermediate objective of securing recognition for East Germany. He settled for staunching its blood flow. He was off to Cuba. A period of European history had closed.

The Continuing Deadlock

After August 1961, East and West do not confront one another in Europe as contending territorial claimants. The active contest has moved to other places. Capable Western minds have indeed written, even as late as 1963:

> Europe remains the center of world tension. It is in Europe that the two Great Powers are locked in the most unyielding confrontation. . . . It is in Europe that their wish to avoid war is most likely to be threatened. . . .[14]

In my judgment, the above statement heaps error on error. In Europe, the gladiators are frozen.

Relatedly, the idea of a political community of Western Europe has lost ground. The drives toward community were four: to defend from Communism; to constrain German nationalism; to provide a larger economy; to build a political house for a democratic society which felt constricted in the historic nationalisms and weak in the presence of the USA and USSR. Today, these drives have lost strength: Communism is less feared; Germany is less feared; some economic integration has proven feasible with little political integration; de Gaulle does not feel constricted. In frustration, the large purpose of a dignified, independent, supra-national Europe has grown anemic. For a little Western Europe—abstentionist in world politics, unorganized politically, and preferring not to pay the price of its own defense—an unequal NATO, tightly restricted in fact to the defense of Western Europe, also makes the most attractive of military arrangements. No independent West European defense establishment would begin to yield the same value for money.

West Germany fits comfortably into the house of NATO-Europe. Not all the blandishments of Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson have convinced its political leaders that the Federal Republic should now assume the role of a major power, with a share of general responsibility in the great world. With difficulty, the West German government, heavy with $7.5 billion of foreign exchange reserves, has been induced to participate in grants and loans to less-developed countries. (This aid averaged under $475 million net in 1960-64, inclusive of about $70 million annually of Israel reparations.) Finance, then, grudgingly yes; politics, however, firmly no: West German leaders have sedulously abstained from any world political responsibility beyond NATO. Indeed, even NATO tends to be regarded in the Federal Republic as neither more nor less than an alliance for Germany—to defend West German territory, to preserve the link with West Berlin, and to bring about German unification. For unification itself, there is, for West German governments, a simple formula, substantially unvarying since 1952: the East German regime, with its 17¼ million people, is to submit itself to being

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legislated out of existence, by a free vote of all Germans, including the 59 million population of the West!

But if West Germany's foreign policy is parochial, East Germany's is self-centered to the verge of imbecility. As the regime's right to exist is denied, the affirmation of that right has become the one concern. In the months immediately after the building of the Berlin wall, Ulbricht went around plaintively calling upon the USSR to conclude the promised treaty which would expel the Western powers from Berlin. In time, these plaints lapsed. From the middle of 1962, East German society began to acquire a caged stability. Confidence grew, and the propaganda line became more strident. If West Germany desired unification, it must recognize the Democratic Republic, reform itself in the direction of People's Democracy, and then request negotiations for a confederal union. But even this line reflected only an intermediate stage in the development of Eastern confidence. As prosperity and stability increased, even the pretense of interest in unification was reserved for formal occasions. In December 1964, the officialdom of East Germany felt strong enough to say frankly, to a distinguished American reporter,[15] that their pronouncements regarding unification were never more than maneuvers.

> In the view of the East German Government, reunification or even confederation with West Germany in the forseeable future is a pipedream. . . . They [East German officials] feel strong enough to concede that their expressions of interest in German unification over the last decade were a pretense and, at best, a tactic for survival.

In the German miasma, every view gains some adherents. One skepticism holds that German national sentiment does not now include the desire for a political uniting of the two big Germanies. A single country, a single government—these would be an embarrassment. The East is too Socialist, Protestant, and Prussian to be attractive to the sybaritic West. Besides, the Easterners would demand all the good housing! The West is too capitalist, corrupt, and self-seeking to be attractive to the Spartan East. Besides the Westerners would grab all the good jobs! This skepticism commands that minimum of evidence requisite to deceive clever people who incline toward the particular deception. Political unification, no doubt, has its opponents, indifferents, and unbelievers. But in 1965 as earlier, so far as I can ascertain, the great majority of Germans would prefer unification to partition.

A more vulgar denial holds that the Germans already have all the unification they desire. Do they not engage in "interzonal" trade? Do not Western capitalists already make much money by doing business with Communists? This denial is nonsense. Trade is least of the values at issue. And inter-zonal trade is small. West Germany in 1964 exchanged a total of $544,000,000 of merchandise with the 17¼ million neighboring people of East Germany. In the same year, her trade with the 12 million people of the neighboring Netherlands was $3,024,000,000. German interzonal trade is not large; it is quite uneconomically small.

MANY PATHS to unification have been suggested since the Berlin wall was built. I distinguish four: joint action; demilitarization; neutrality; seduction of Eastern Europe.

A great former American Secretary of State—surely first in accomplishment among those who have held this office in the present century—has made himself the spokesman for the path of "joint action."[16] He finds:

> The central issue in Europe today . . . is the future and fate of Central Europe, at the heart of which lies the question of the reunification of Germany.

His recommended mode of dealing with this central issue, several times repeated, is "joint action":

> German reunification can be achieved only if this goal is accepted as in the common interest of Europe and North America to be jointly pursued, and if Europe and North America accept it as policy, and not only as a profession of faith, and if all, including Germans, make the effort which it entails.

Very clear. But what are the joint actors to do? They are *not* to wage war. Joint action " . . . does not mean . . . the liberation of the occupied and dominated areas by the use of military force." The joint actors are, first, to strengthen their conventional military forces and, second, to knit together their institutions of money and trade. And after that? Still, "Not that desirable policy is to engage in a war of liberation." Strong and rich and united, the West is apparently to *face* the enemy down! I do not find that the former Secretary advances any further suggestion. And if we do not believe that the enemy can simply be faced down, we will not see how following his proposal would bring reunification one day nearer.

Demilitarization or disarmament of Germany is a hardy perennial. Today it is difficult even to imagine in consequential detail. In 1955, when the USSR recognized the Federal Republic *after* its admission to the West European Union and NATO, the Soviet Union gave up all serious interest in this path. Germans and their allies had made the decisive turnings by 1948. Today, some twenty-seven NATO divisions, a majority non-German, stand in West Germany. Some twenty Soviet divisions are in East Germany. A bilateral, controlled demilitarization could result only from a total transformation of world politics. A unilateral demilitarization would be a doubtful step in the direction of unification. (If the East

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will not simply be faced down by Western "joint action," it is even less disposed to bestow prizes on Western fragmentation.) Isolated German demilitarization would also now, in my judgment, be a highly dubious contribution to world peace. The elimination of West German terrain would make Western defenses so thin that the chance of containing any European clash, by conventional-war response, would approach zero. Washington would then be more likely to yield to the NATO members who demand an ICBM response to the first European collision. How would the world then be better off?

For an aggressive nuclear attack on the USSR, Germany is unimportant. But for a conventional defense of the West, Germany is quite important. Would not a thoughtful USSR command, anxious to avoid total war, prefer a NATO with Germany to a NATO without this territorial depth? West Germany is not a considerable military power. In manpower, Germans are only 7.5 per cent of NATO forces, some 430,000 men—fewer than France, Italy, or Turkey. In defense expenditure, the Germans supply only 7.1 per cent, some $5 billion—less than the United Kingdom. (No serious person in the USSR believes that a considerable military power is sustained on a budget of $5 billion.) Moreover, no major German political party has been willing, at any time since 1945, to accept the advice of those foreign sages who are confident Germans would achieve more if demilitarized and trusting. Are the Germans then to be coerced? By whom?

Neutrality, or better non-alignment, is an alternative that some Germans have taken seriously. Kurt Schumacher and his SPD colleagues would have gone along with an unaligned policy in the earliest days. But here is a great paradox, where understanding is denied to tired minds by conventional names. For practical purposes, West Germany is now already neutral or unaligned in world politics. Germany does not take any part in turning back a Chinese attack on India. Germany does not participate in blocking the way of the USSR in Cuba. Germany is not involved in resisting Sukarno in Malaysia. In the great world, Germany abstains—and does business. The only activity for which the Federal Republic is aligned, as a practical matter, is the defense of Germany itself.

Today, except for 28,000 territorials, all German forces—land, sea, and air—are committed to NATO, that is to a joint command where unilateral German decision is impossible. Would it be a better world if Germany were quite unaligned and commanded its own forces? Would the German military establishment then be contained within a budget of $5 billion? Or is it not more probable that Germany would then feel impelled, by its isolation from both East and West, to use for military purposes something more like the U.S. defense share of Gross National Product in 1953 (about 13.5 per cent), with a resulting defense expenditure in the range of $15 billion? Who would be the gainer?

A Germany both non-aligned and disarmed would, of course, be quite satisfactory to many non-Germans. But no considerable number of Germans have ever been willing to embrace this alternative. Germans have indeed believed that non-alignment and disarmament might lead to unification, but only unification in a People's Democracy. Partition was, however, preferred to Communism. And the conviction that alignment with the West was the right policy was solidified by Stalin's Berlin blockade of 1948-49 and Khrushchev's Berlin campaign of 1958-61. If reunification depends on the rejection, by those Germans who have choice, of the present alignment with the West—an alignment in fact limited to the defense of Germany—reunification has no prospect.

ALL ELSE failing, seduction of the lesser Communist states has recently become the accredited path to German unification.[17] When the closer history of this path can be written, it will, I suspect, be found that its first pioneers were German industrialists. Desiring—like every reasonable man of business—to sell, they saw markets in Eastern Europe. But, when selling in these markets, they were subjected to wounding criticism at home. Were they not doing business with Communism? Perhaps even taking blood money? Oh happy day when these industrialists discovered —or some bright young man discovered for them —that, on the contrary, they were performing a patriotic service! They were building economic (and cultural) ties with Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, etc. etc. These countries, it was found, were enjoying national renaissance and throwing off the bad integral Communism of the past. They were dancing the twist, or almost. And once these good national Communists came to appreciate what fine people the West Germans also are, they would isolate that fellow Ulbricht like a pariah dog! East Germany would be seen to be anti-national. All would turn their backs on it. German unification would then be attained with the support of all sincere Eastern nationalists.

This beguiling path has become associated with the name of Foreign Minister Schröder. In its pursuit, the Federal Republic seems to be preparing to modify its doctrine (the so-called Hallstein doctrine) of not recognizing diplomatically any government which recognizes Eastern Germany. One departure from this rule is old. The USSR accorded East Germany full diplomatic recognition on September 20, 1954. It was only in the following year that the USSR moved to give equal recognition to West Germany. And Adenauer was not at all of a mind, in 1955, to refuse to exchange recognitions with the USSR merely because the Russians recognized their own creature. The Soviet Union was there-

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fore made the one exception to Hallstein prohibitions. But now—if not in 1965, then in 1966—the exceptions are apparently to be multiplied. All members of the Warsaw Pact had recognized East Germany and welcomed her into the Pact on May 14, 1955. That was *before* the Hallstein doctrine was enunciated. These sinners of the primitive era are now found blameless. West Germany makes ready, therefore, to exchange ambassadors with Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and even Albania, all of whom found East Germany good already in 1955. But the Federal Republic would still withhold an ambassador from Yugoslavia, which got around to recognizing Ulbricht only in 1957. Who sins later, sins worse.

What a Zhivkov in Sofia, a Ceausescu in Bucharest, or even a Novotny in Prague makes of this German opera can be imagined. How gracious of the visitors from Bonn and Düsseldorf to use this flattering language! But what can they be up to? He himself is just such a fellow as that Walter Ulbricht, though running a less prosperous business. No getting him to view Ulbricht as a pariah dog! When Ulbricht says, in May 1965, that unification can only follow liberation (*Befreiung*) of West Germany, he, too, responds to an old theme: he has followed it from Greece to Vietnam. Even Kadar, Gomulka, and Tito govern only moderately more popular regimes. None dares permit a free voice and a free vote. How amusing to be now so sought after by these Westerners! And a sharp-minded West German editor also finds the show puzzling.[18] He does not see why Krupp should build factories for Gomulka and not for Ulbricht, or why the Federal Republic should sponsor an exhibition in Budapest but not in Leipzig. Willy Brandt, too, dissociates himself (April 10, 1965) from parallel illusions:

> We must not deceive ourselves that better contacts across the Berlin wall have anything to do with the reunification of Germany. They have a humane purpose in themselves.

Perhaps one distinction should be granted. The path of Eastern seduction is the kindliest of the vanities on which reliance has been placed for German unification.

Prospects and Judgments

TODAY, IN EUROPE, two sets of societies confront one another, in rejection. Each knows it can have only marginal influence on the internal evolution of the other. Neither now believes it should attempt to conquer and reshape the other. Both seek episodically to throw the accent on a common humanity, through widening personal acquaintance, cultural exchange, and trade. Yet their disregard goes to the roots of public life. They deny one another's legitimacy as honorable systems of conducting the public affairs of civilized men. And these denials do not reflect lack of acquaintance or misunderstanding.

Unification of Germany under a democratic political system, with competing parties and civil liberties, would be a major victory for the Western set of European societies. A united and democratic Germany would break the grip on government of the Eastern zone's *Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands*. Probably that party would undergo drastic transformation. Not improbably, comrade Ulbricht and his close collaborators, who now occupy the high seats of power, would find it more comfortable to retire to a resort on the Black Sea. The next highest echelon of the New Class of the East—bureaucrats, professors, military officers, editors, established artists, industry directors—would also find itself challenged and disturbed. Why should these German Communists—high and second high—consent to such things?

In Eastern Germany, after unification, collective agriculture would certainly nearly disappear, and much nationalized industry would probably become private again. It is to be hoped that, where the desire existed, many genuine competitive producers' cooperatives might arise, but the organizational form of nationalized monopoly would surely become the exception rather than the rule. The institutions distinctively copied from Russian Communism would be abandoned, and one must suppose this abandonment would be advertised all over the world. Why should Russian Communists agree to such publicized discomfiture?

Eastern Germany is today the most industrialized country of the Communist bloc, with the foremost position in intra-bloc supply of machinery. Within the bloc, it is second in trading importance only to the USSR, supplying about $2½ billion of merchandise and buying a like amount. Eastern Germany also has the most advanced agriculture of the bloc, and generally the highest average standard of skill and productivity. Toward the West, its territory is now the forward military zone, on which stand some twenty Soviet divisions. What can be offered the USSR which would be the reasonable counter-value, in its calculus, for relinquishing the special relationship of the Communist bloc to this German province?

It is easy enough to design a formula which appeals to a non-German as a sensible basis for a settlement. Mine would have two conditions. First, an irrevocable contract for free emigration between the two Germanies. Second, an agreement to afford the people of East Germany a free vote, under United Nations supervision, within a year, on merger in a single Germany or continuance as a separate country. The Western states would then agree to extend diplomatic recognition to East Germany if the vote went for continuance, and to withdraw their recognitions should the conditions be violated.

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But I have no reason to believe that these two conditions would be accepted by the East. And I doubt that they would be accepted by Western Germany. The political leaders of the Federal Republic have lacked the civil courage to tell their people that the lands east of the Oder-Neisse are gone. I doubt that they would have the greater courage to adhere to an agreement which might eventuate in their having to accord formal recognition to a separate East German state.

In that short range of time—five to ten years—to which most political (as distinguished from cultural or educational) activity must be directed, we must anticipate that the political systems of Eastern and Western Europe will remain profoundly different and, to some degree, competitive as models. We must anticipate also, I believe, that the political leadership of East Germany will remain uninterested in unification, while the political leadership of West Germany will continue to be uncompromising concerning the fundamentals of union. Under these circumstances, any short-term program for peaceful unification of Germany seems mere *Quatsch*—twaddle, nonsense.

Today, a union of the two big Germanies would have more than 76 million people. It would be a country second in Europe only to the Soviet Union. While still only a third of the USSR in population, it would have roughly half the USSR's total income. It would be approximately half again larger than Britain or France, in population and income.

Is there realistic prospect that, in the next years, any non-German state—USSR, USA, Britain, France—will place high in the cycle of its own desires the establishment of a unified Germany, first in power among strictly European states and second only to the great Eurasian power of the USSR? In my judgment, no.

Is the creation of a greater German political unity then an objective which a reasonable citizen of the world should think bad? No, on balance, I think not. But one cannot forget the dangers, or disregard the feelings of others that there are dangers.

May we expect states interested in German good will to continue to convey their sympathy for German national sentiment by espousing the cause of German unification? Of course.

Is unification of Germany then today high on the agenda of a responsible world politics? No, of course not.

* * *

[1] Some 125 years ago, Tocqueville defended his own Gallic foreign-policy bombast by these domestic considerations. Mill responded with a thoughtful reproof, and added, *"Vous savez que j'aime la France, mais j'avoue qu'il en est assez d'une seule en Europe"* ["You know I love France, but I must confess that I find one of them enough in Europe"]. See especially letters 304 and 388 in the great edition of *The Collected Works of John Stuart Mill*, vol. XIII, Toronto, 1963.

[2] After World War II, when Sweden wished to join UNRRA, a sharp-tongued representative of the U.S. Treasury suggested that her contribution might appropriately be set at one-half Sweden's profit from wartime trade with Nazi Germany. The Swedes were angry: not for them the suggestion that abstention is also a collaboration.

[3] See *The 1965 Eastern Europe Agricultural Situation*, by U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, March 1965, especially Table 31.

[4] A learned and thoughtful essay on this theme is *The Social Democrats in Imperial Germany*, by Guenther Roth, Bedminster, 1963. The transformation into a conservative welfare party after World War II is described by Douglas Chalmers in *The Social Democratic Party of Germany*, Yale University Press, 1964.

[5] We should not forget that several hundred thousand Germans, other than Jews, went to prison or concentration camp, for political offenses, during the Nazi era. The number reported as confined in April 1939 was over 300,000.

[6] Essays initially published from 1871 and collected in *Essais Sur L'Allemagne Impériale*, Paris, 1887.

[7] A sound perspective has been assisted recently by some German scholars, first by Ludwig Dehio in *Deutschland und die Weltpolitik im 20. Jahrhundert*, Munich, 1955, and later by Fritz Fischer in a work of great importance, *Griff Nach Der Weltmacht . . . 1914/1918*, Düsseldorf, 2nd ed., 1962.

[8] Rudolf Walter Leonhardt, *This Germany*, New York Graphic Society, 1964. Quotation from page 147.

[9] Ernst Troeltsch, "The Ideas of Natural Law and Humanity in World Politics," delivered October 1922, reprinted by Ernest Barker in *Natural Law and the Theory of Society*, vol. I, Cambridge, 1934.

[10] A thoughtful treatment is *The Crisis of German Ideology: Intellectual Origins of the Third Reich*, by George L. Mosse, Grosset & Dunlap, 1964.

[11] "Theory and Psychology of Ultra-Nationalism," by Masao Maruyama (May 1946), reprinted in *Modern Japanese Politics*, London, 1963.

[12] A broad picture is given by Wilhelm Cornides, *Die Weltmächte und Deutschland . . . 1945-55*, Tübingen, 1957, especially pp. 250-69.

[13] A balanced sketch of the whole question is James H. Wolfe, *Indivisible Germany: Illusion or Reality?*, The Hague, 1963. On Berlin alone, the most informative treatment is by Jean Edward Smith, *The Defense of Berlin*, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1963.

[14] Alastair Buchan and Philip Windsor, *Arms and Stability in Europe*, London, 1963. Quotation from pages 6 to 7.

[15] Mr. Max Frankel, N. Y. *Times*, story datelined Berlin, December 9, 1964. See also the same author's brilliant miniature of East Germany, entitled "You Can't Go Home to Weissenfels" in N.Y. *Times*, January 10, 1965.

[16] Dean Acheson, *Germany in the New Europe*, an address delivered in Bonn, on October 18, 1963.

[17] A sympathetic account of this policy of "isolating" East Germany and cultivating the other states of Eastern Europe is presented by Professor Z. K. Brzezinski in *Encounter* of April 1965.

[18] Theo Sommer in *Die Zeit*, May 21, 1965.

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HERBERT WEINER

A WEDDING IN B'NAI BRAK

It was eighteen years ago in Jerusalem that I had my first experience of Hasidism—flesh-and-blood Hasidism, that is, as opposed to its literary counterpart. The occasion was an observance by the Belzer Hasidim of the "Third Meal"—the weekly ritual marking the end of the Sabbath which, in Hasidic practice, serves as an occasion of communion between the Rebbe and his disciples. In order to prepare myself to attend, I had reread Martin Buber's description of the ritual. It is a time, says Buber, when the spiritual leader becomes the "focus of strength in which the blaze of the community-soul is gathered and from which this blaze is borne aloft fused with the flame of his own soul. On the Sabbath, when at the Third Meal, he expounds the Scriptures, reveals what is hidden, his teaching is directed toward them. They are the field of force in which his words make manifest the spirit in expanding circles like rings widening on water. . . ."

Thus instructed, I made my way one night to the court of Belz in Jerusalem, which turned out to be housed in a stone building whose porch and windows were badly in need of repair. Entering, I found myself in a large room empty of furniture except for a few benches and long tables upon which some books lay scattered. Several dozen men and boys were walking about and talking to one another in leisurely fashion, some of them wearing the full Hasidic costume—broad-brimmed, fur-trimmed hats, black or yellow-striped long silken coats (*kapotes*), and a black band (*gartel*) tied around the waist to separate the "lower" from the "higher" parts of the body. All had beards, except for the very young boys who made up for the lack of hair on their faces by cultivating ear-locks which, in some cases, reached down to their shoulders.

No one paid any attention to me, so I sat down on one of the benches and waited. It was already about eleven o'clock at night. Though most Third Meals take place at sunset, when the Sabbath ends, Belzer Hasidim follow a different time schedule. They start their Sabbath morning prayers late and do not conclude them until the end of the afternoon. The afternoon prayers then go on through the evening, so that the Sabbath is not brought to its official close until the early hours of the next day.

For a long while nothing seemed to be happening, but then, shortly after midnight, the atmosphere of indolence was abruptly shattered. As if impelled by an invisible charge, the Hasidim suddenly dashed to the sides of the room and strained their backs against the wall, as if trying to press themselves into it. I got up and stood with them. The silence became absolute. Then we heard the slow tapping of footsteps in the hallway and the Rebbe appeared, a short man with a long unkempt beard and fiery little eyes. Directly behind him, and carrying a chair that was covered with white satin, was a young man whose sidelocks fell in long curls down below his shoulders. The Hasidim, still pressed against the wall, watched their Rebbe with intent, frightened expressions. The Rebbe, for his part, did not look at them, but walked to a long table at the far end of the room which had been set for a meal. Placing his hands over a cloth-covered plate, he stood at the table for about five minutes, soundlessly mouthing the *kavvanot*—the special mystic "intentions" which precede the act of prayer or blessing. Then he took a few pieces of bread and put them in his mouth; some crumbs spilled over onto the straggly hairs of his beard. "Reb Chaim!" he called out sharply, and from a far corner of the room one of his disciples came running up to the Rebbe's table. Hastily, his back bent in gratitude, the Hasid took the crumbs of bread from the spoon proffered him by the Rebbe and ran back to his corner, chewing avidly as though he were ingesting the stuff of life itself. After three or four other Hasidim had been honored with a similar summons to partake of the *shiraim* (as the precious leftovers of what the Rebbe has eaten are called), the Rebbe took a morsel of fish from the same plate, ate it, and pushed the plate aside. Immediately, all was chaos. The Hasidim, who a moment before had been frozen against the wall, sprang toward the plate and struggled over it like a pack of famished animals. Having picked it clean, they went back to their positions against the wall. A second plate of food was then passed into the room by a woman stationed in the corridor and carried by one of the Hasidim to the Rebbe's table. Over

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and over, as plate after plate of food was reverently brought to the Rebbe's table, the same ceremony was repeated. Finally, a member of the group at the wall crossed to a table in another corner of the room and in a rapid, almost perfunctory manner began reciting the evening prayers that close the Sabbath. The Third Meal had come to an end.

IT WAS ALL a far cry from Buber's lyrical evocation. Only in one respect did there seem to be a correspondence between what I had read and what I had experienced—and that had to do with what Buber called "a community of faith." Such a "community" was certainly in evidence that night in Jerusalem. Clearly, for example, if the Belzer Rebbe had told any of his followers that he, the follower, was about to become ill, the man would have felt ill; and conversely, if he had suggested that a Hasid who was ill was going to recover, all the psychic elements in the body of that Hasid would have been harnessed to a drive for health. But apart from this link between the Rebbe and his followers, I could find no connection between actual Hasidic practice and the eloquent spiritualized version of Hasidism that Buber had "brought into the world" through his writings. Over the years I have done a good deal of wandering in Hasidic courts, attempting to discover what possible meaning Hasidism can have—not for philosophers, sages, or mystics, but for "outsiders" like myself. In the course of doing so, I have over and over again come upon this disparity between the inner essence of Hasidism as formulated by the sages and philosophers, and its external forms—what could be called the mystery of the seed and the shell. Thus, Hasidism undoubtedly contains within itself the qualities of life-affirmation, of holy joy, of ethical and psychological insight which appear in the stories that Buber, among others, has familiarized us with, and which have drawn such favorable comment from so many modern Jews and Christians. But those qualities—the seed, so to speak—are covered by a husk so thick, and at times so unattractive, as to discourage any would-be "tasters." To put the matter plainly, an encounter with Hasidism in our day (and it was no different in earlier days) often means an encounter with smelly little synagogues, with men and women who wear the clothes of 19th-century Eastern Europe, who believe in demons and the "evil eye," who hold an attitude toward sex and the body very different in fact from the healthy, positive one which some modern interpreters of Hasidism have claimed for them, who believe also quite explicitly in the wonder-working powers of their Rebbe. In short, accepting the Hasidic *reality* involves coming to terms with such things as the startling, and even repellent, spectacle that I witnessed at the court of Belz.

Buber tried to make Hasidism palatable to the modern sensibility by stripping it of those crude elements which he felt would keep its inner wealth hidden from Western eyes. But the question to be asked of the Buberian version of Hasidism —and the one I have been asking myself since that day eighteen years ago—is whether the shell can be stripped from the seed without falsifying the reality. On the other hand, without philosophic intervention, how can one expect the Hasidic reality to appear as anything more than a bizarre religious phenomenon to modern eyes and minds?

THAT QUESTION was still in my mind when I decided last February, during a visit to Israel, to attend a much-heralded wedding of the children of two great Hasidic dynasties that was to take place in the town of B'nai Brak near Tel Aviv. Sorele, the granddaughter of the Vishnitzer Rebbe, was to marry Berele, the future Rebbe of Belz, and about thirty thousand guests were expected from all parts of the world—among them dozens of important Rebbes representing other Hasidic dynasties. Invitations, I was told, had even been sent to a hundred Rebbes who were already in the Heavenly Garden of Eden but who, presumably, would not mind interrupting their studies in that higher academy in order to attend the wedding—for according to Hasidic doctrine, the upper and the lower worlds are utterly dependent upon each other. The "quickening below" brings about the "quickening above," is how the Zohar puts it.

About the Vishnitzer line of Hasidism I knew only that they prided themselves on a rich musical tradition, but I was somewhat better informed about the House of Belz. According to legend, the founder of that dynasty, a certain 19th-century Polish rabbi named Sholem (who was descended from the famous Rokeach family of Amsterdam) resolved one day to fast and stay awake for 1000 successive nights studying Torah in order that he might, as promised in Kabbalistic tradition, attain to a mystic communion with the prophet Elijah. With the help of his wife, who stayed up along with him, holding a candle so that he could see to study, he completed the ordeal, and on the thousand-and-first night, Elijah appeared to teach him mysteries of Torah. Though it was not given to Rabbi Sholem's wife to learn these secrets, she too was later permitted to hear Elijah's voice and she received from him the promise that one day her offspring would light up the world even as she had lit up the night for her husband.

After these beginnings, the House of Belz grew so rapidly that it was not unusual for five-thousand Hasidim to travel to Belz in order to spend the holidays with Rabbi Sholem. The oldest son of Rabbi Sholem was called Yehoshuele, and when he became the Belzer Rebbe after his father's death, the dynasty began to issue a weekly

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newspaper called "Strengtheners of Religion." The third Belzer Rebbe, whose name was Yissachar Dov Rokeach, made trips to Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and other countries, adding thousands of Hasidim to the House of Belz with each trip.

The fourth Rebbe was Arele, a man of fragile health, who spent most of his time alone studying Torah. It was in the time of Reb Arele that the Nazi holocaust burst upon the Jewish world. The relatively passive Hasidim were slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands. When the Nazis came to Poland, it was learned that at the head of the list, scheduled for deportation and murder, was Aaron Rokeach, the Rabbi of Belz. His followers hid him in a nearby village and one of them, who resembled Arele physically, volunteered to stay behind and wait in the Rebbe's house for the Germans. They came, seized the man, tortured and killed him—only to discover later that the real Belzer was still alive, whereupon a search was started. The Hasidim gathered a large sum of money, jewelry, and other objects of value. By bribing some German officers, they managed to smuggle their Rebbe over the border and into Budapest, where his younger brother joined him. The two brothers—both of whose wives and children were left behind and soon killed by the Nazis—resolved never to part from each other. Dressed as Rumanian peasants, their beards shaven, they were both smuggled across further borders and finally reached Syria, from whence they made their way to Palestine.

When the Palestinian followers of Belz heard that their Rebbe had arrived, a large group of them came to meet him, bringing with them the traditional silken black gown and fur *shtreimel.* At first, it is said, the Rebbe did not want to put them on, saying it was all "too late," but he yielded finally to the pleas of his Hasidim and agreed to act as their Rebbe once more, though on condition that he take up residence in Tel Aviv rather than Jerusalem. The Rebbe never remarried but his younger brother did, and in time a son, Yissachar Dov—called Berele—was born to him, thus making it likely that the Belzer line would not end with the death of Arele and his brother.* But the joy in the court of Belz was short-lived, for the father of the infant died of a heart attack soon after the child's birth. The Hasidim then came to the child's mother and told her that he must be educated as one destined for Hasidic royalty. The mother resisted, not wanting to be separated from her son, and a compromise was eventually arranged whereby Berele would live at home with his mother but would study with the Hasidim. Thereafter the residents of Yehudah Halevi Street in Tel Aviv became accustomed to seeing a little boy wearing white stockings, with a gilded little hat on his head, walking through the streets to school, accompanied by an honor guard of Hasidim. After school, the child would return home, change his clothes, and play with the children of the neighborhood.

When Berele reached the age of eight, his uncle the Rebbe died, and the Hasidim would no longer be put off. The mother finally yielded and the child was sent to study at the Belzer Yeshivah in Jerusalem. The years passed, and Berele saw less and less of his mother. But the Hasidim rejoiced, for it was becoming clear that they had found in this boy a future Rebbe. They called him the *Yanuka*—a term used in mystical tradition for a child prodigy to whom even elder Hasidim would come in order to learn Torah and receive blessings. After Berele's bar-mitzvah, the Belzer Hasidim began talking about a marriage for him, many "offerings" having been made from other Hasidic dynasties. The Belzer elders remained noncommittal until word came from the Rabbi of Vishnitz that his granddaughter Sorele might be available for a *shidduch*; negotiations then began in earnest. The mother of the *Yanuka* visited the bride and gave her approval. The next day the *Yanuka* visited the Court of Vishnitz in B'nai Brak and met with the grandfather of his future bride.

He did not, of course, meet the bride. That meeting took place three days before the wedding in the form of a brief encounter consisting of a traditional dance where bride and groom were momentarily "united" by a handkerchief. At the wedding itself the pair would again dance, this time the "Kosher Dance," according to the custom of Belz. The bride would hold the edges of the bridegroom's long cloak and they would dance about for a few moments while the crowd clapped and sang.

THE STORY was a dramatic one, yet I was not aware of any intellectual or spiritual "way" the House of Belz was trying to offer the world. Its strongest quality seemed to be its stubbornness in clinging to customs and folkways which would strike most outsiders as primitive and superstitious. Belzer Hasidim, for example, still made a great deal of fuss about magical talismans; they frankly looked upon their Rebbe as a "wonder-worker" and felt that much of his power derived from the fact of his descent from earlier Rebbes. In short, Belz would probably strike most observers as Hasidism on its most "external" and repellent level—just as it had struck me, as a matter of fact, eighteen years before. Perhaps this was the reason I suddenly wanted so badly to attend the wedding. If the seed-and-husk problem were ever to be solved, why not start where the husk was toughest?

So I found myself on the day of the wedding at the end of a long line waiting for the Eged bus which would take me from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv

*Succession in the House of Belz is not necessarily automatic.

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where I was to be joined by a companion ideally suited to the occasion. Shmuel ha-Cohen Avidor, the editor of an excellent religious journal, was both sufficiently at home in the Hasidic world and enough outside it to be a good guide. Apart from that, he weighed well over two-hundred pounds, a qualification of some importance for an event access to which, according to another Jerusalem friend, would depend upon one's skill at "the laws of pushing."

I ARRIVED at Shmuel Avidor's home late in the afternoon and we sat for a time while he drew from a seemingly bottomless reservoir of anecdotes and insights about the House of Belz. He showed me the words of a song the Hasidim would sing at dawn on the following day; the song, he claimed, had erotic implications, though no one could be sure about the original meanings of many Belzer customs. We talked, too, about the unusually strong role women had always played in the House of Belz. The daughter of the original Belzer Rebbe had, after her father's death, shown herself to be a remarkably powerful personality, more powerful than the son who was destined to be the new Rebbe. She had even begun to act as a Rebbe, giving advice and blessings. Most of the Hasidim were scandalized, but they were unable to stop her. Finally they took her to a Rebbe who exorcised her *dybbuk,* from which moment on she ceased to speak altogether and would see no one. She did, however, request that a violinist come and play for her every week at the conclusion of the Sabbath. One of the songs she liked to hear was a melody from Mahler called the "Gazelle Hunt," which, people said, symbolized to her the persecution she had endured at the hands of the Belzer Hasidim.

I also learned from Shmuel Avidor the reason for some of the strange Belzer ways I had observed years before in Jerusalem, among them the custom of deliberately ignoring the properly constituted times for reciting the Sabbath prayer. The custom was related, it turned out, to the mystic idea that the Sabbath is a foretaste of the world to come, where the kind of distinctions which prevail on earth—including the distinctions of time—disappear. The rapid and perfunctory style of Belzer prayers, for example, was an outgrowth of the feeling that "preparations" for a holy act are in a certain sense more important than its actual consummation. Furthermore, as the saying had it, "If a train goes rapidly, a *shegetz* [meaning in this case any outsider, Jewish or Gentile] couldn't jump on board." Other customs had equally interesting explanations which made them appear less "husk-like" than they had seemed on the occasion of that Third Meal. It was, therefore, in a more hospitable frame of mind than before that I rode with Shmuel Avidor in the taxi to B'nai Brak, while we talked about the stress which Hasidism places on both the heredity and the intellectual training of future Rebbes.

Orthodox Judaism has always stressed the importance of genealogy in marriage arrangements. Hasidim in particular have always been very much concerned with the physical connection between a Rebbe and his forebears. As a Hasidic friend once explained to me "If, *l'havdil*—to make a thousand distinctions—we can breed animals to obtain a certain character and type, why then should we not assume that genetics can also affect the spiritual and intellectual qualities of human beings?"

There is, for example, such a thing as a natural inclination toward mysticism, which Hasidim believe can be strengthened, along with other desirable characteristics, by "breeding." Hence, the rejoicing in B'nai Brak over a marriage which would produce children who were likely to inherit the "virtues of the father" in a spiritual as well as physical sense. There was no guarantee, of course, that this would happen, so the disciples of a future Rabbi would, perforce, be watching carefully to see if the proper traits were emerging as a result of the special education which a future Rebbe receives. Thus, three more years would pass, Shmuel Avidor told me, before the *Yanuka* was "crowned," for once he became Rebbe, his Hasidim would subject their lives totally to his command. In the meantime, it was difficult to be without a Rebbe—by definition, a Hasid is one who has a Rebbe—and the younger Hasidim were already infringing the rules by asking the *Yanuka* for his blessing. In fact, the *Yanuka* had before him these days hundreds of *kvitlech*—requests for special prayers—though this, too, was technically an infringement.

The taxi arrived at the outskirts of B'nai Brak, where elaborate arrangements had been made to handle the crowds streaming toward the field in which the ceremony was to be held. A Belzer Hasid who was also a chaplain in the Israeli army, had been placed in charge of these arrangements and had apparently foreseen every possible contingency. Traffic was shunted aside while all those entering walked up a long street past dozens of ushers wearing fur-trimmed hats and kaftans made of silk, with bands marked *Sadran* (arranger) on their sleeves. There were also female "arrangers" whose numbers were supplemented by a crew of young policewomen in attractive blue and white uniforms, a necessary detail since pious women could not be expected to ask directions of strange men. We also passed no fewer than six ambulances ready for any emergencies.

THE FIELD where the wedding was to take place was enclosed by a fence, around which several thousand people were already crowded. Strict segregation of the sexes was, needless to say, enforced,

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with the women standing on one side of the field and the men on the other. All eyes were upon a little hill in the center of the field, upon which the wedding canopy had been erected. Below the canopy was an arbor decorated with cedar and myrtle branches, and signs bearing such Biblical quotations as "This is the gate of the Lord, the righteous* shall enter therein." A loudspeaker system was relaying the music of a uniformed brass band stationed on the roof of a house within the fenced-off section. Apparently the roof was the center of operations, for now and then the music would be interrupted by announcements directing traffic and ordering special squadrons to handle various problems that were arising.

"*Pluga Beth*—the second squadron of Yankele Vishnitz," a voice on the loudspeaker called out in Yiddish, "go immediately to the women's side of the field. They are pushing too hard against the fence." A moment later, a similar order was issued to a "Moshe Leib" squadron. Shmuel Avidor listened for a moment, puzzled, then his face lit up. "They're using code names," he said with a smile. "Moshe Leib means the Belzer Hasidim, Yankel Vishnitz are the Vishnitzer. There will be blows yet," he added happily.

Dodging the hands stretched out on all sides asking for donations for yeshivahs, poor brides, and a dozen other causes, we headed toward the main synagogue where the *Yanuka* was to be received before the ceremony. Here we met our first obstacle. The entrance to the synagogue was closed off by a temporary fence beyond which, on a platform, several official "arrangers" were standing; down below, in front of the fence, thirty or so Hasidim were pushing one another about—in no particular direction, so far as I could make out. Shmuel Avidor caught the eye of one "arranger" and received a go-ahead signal. "Hold on!" he shouted, grabbing my hand, and we plunged together into the crowd. I followed in his wake and we got as far as the fence, only to be stopped by one of the "arrangers," who did not want to let me into the synagogue.

"Without him I don't go!" shouted Shmuel Avidor, but it was too late. We had hesitated, lost momentum, and a moment later we were back on the outer edges of the milling crowd.

Shmuel then pointed to an open gate with a sign above it marked: "For Rabbis, Newsmen, and Foreign Visitors," and we headed in that direction while I fumbled in my pockets for a no-longer valid press card I had received the year before, on the occasion of Pope Paul's visit to the Holy Land. A few minutes later we were inside the synagogue, together with more than a thousand other people. On one side, various groups were engaged in different stages of the evening prayer service; on the other, bright-eyed, bearded Hasidim were standing on a platform, passing out cake, wine, and liquor. Along the East wall, several dozen elderly men were sitting around a long table, and in a corner to the side of the Ark sat the most distinguished guests of the evening—about a dozen white-bearded Rebbes with their attendants.

I WANDERED about the room trying to collect my impressions, which had to do mainly with how the various groups of Hasidim differed from one another physically. One had only to look at the broad shoulders and ruddy faces of the Belzer Hasidim, for instance, to see evidence of healthy peasant stock, and to understand why they were called "Cossacks" by more effete Jewish neighbors. But, in fact, there was something besides earthiness in these Belzer faces, something in the eyes and smile which Hasidim would call evidence of *hizdakkut*—the process whereby matter is refined and transmuted by spirit. That, precisely, had been the original aim of Hasidism—not to despise or to leave the body, but to so refine it that an inner light could show through.

I made some other notes also. Most of the Rebbes seemed to average about five feet in height, and I wondered whether this was a result of breeding or of days and nights enclosed in the yeshivah. The future Belzer Rebbe was also short and delicate in appearance, though his bride-to-be, judging from her newspaper photograph at least, seemed to have the makings of the proverbial "woman of valor." She was broad of body and face, and even had, I had been told, the hint of a mustache above her upper lip—a good omen, since strong women are part of the Belzer tradition.

In the course of wandering about the synagogue, I gathered other data. No less than ten thousand chickens, one observer estimated, had lost their lives in honor of this wedding. Another statistician told me that the size of the crowd outside was between seven and ten thousand. As to the actual numbers of Belzer and Vishnitzer Hasidim, there were today probably not more than five thousand in each house. Before the war, of course, the numbers of those two dynasties had run into the hundreds of thousands, but these were the Jews who had proven most defenseless before the Nazi scythe. Interestingly, though, the Belzer house had recently been growing both in numbers and in institutions, mainly because of the absolute abhorrence of birth control they had felt ever since the death of their last Rebbe.

Shmuel Avidor came to inform me that the wedding would soon be starting, for the band had already played the march which traditionally announces the arrival of the bridegroom. We went out to the steps of the synagogue where, standing next to a contingent of high-ranking army officers who had been invited to the wedding, we had an

*Hasidic Rebbes are also called *Tzaddikim*—righteous ones.

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excellent view of the path by which the bridegroom would be approaching. Near us, a dozen "arrangers" linked arms to prevent pushing. There was, in fact, plenty of room and no need to push, but the arrangers, it seemed, were taking no chances. A moment later, from the other side of the courtyard in front of us, a small whirling crowd of men with fur *shtreimlach* on their heads suddenly came into view, and the "arrangers" immediately stiffened their linked arms. The tornado-like point of the crowd came closer and closer until it reached the stairs, at which point, unexpectedly, the entire line of "arrangers" collapsed, so that all that could be seen was a whirling mass of fur hats and black *kapotes*—with the *Yanuka* somewhere underneath it all. The army officers exchanged grins—the "arrangers" had succeeded in breaking up their own arrangements. Now they were past us, and we heard them banging violently at one of the doors of the synagogue, while ignoring completely the special side door which had been left open for the *Yanuka*'s entrance. Finally, the Hasidim succeeded in getting the *Yanuka* inside the synagogue.

Shmuel and I were heading toward the wedding canopy to prepare our positions for the next phase of the wedding, when he caught sight of a gate leading to the roof from which the entire operation was being directed. Pulling me along, he waved to a bearded man wearing an army uniform, who turned out to be an affable major in the Air Force, and the "chief arranger." Word was given for the gate to be opened and soon we were on the roof of the Vishnitzer Rebbe's house, from which we had a perfect view of the entire wedding. It was, however, a bit noisy, for directly in back of us was the Hasidic band, led by a tall, thin Vishnitzer Hasid with a pointed beard and a huge white handkerchief flowing out of the pocket of his *kapote*. Each time a song was played, he would give the people about him a short resumé of its history and place in the tradition. At one point, he led the band in a song which he himself had composed in honor of the wedding. Also on the roof were several young soldiers who were operating walkie-talkie radios connecting them with units on the far side of the crowd. Their job was merely routine, however; the special commands were handled by the major, whose high voice, transmitted by an electric amplifier, was heard every few minutes. *"Pluga Gimel,* Moshe Leib!" his voice would ring out over the field. "Go immediately to the north gate and clear the way for the bridegroom. The pushing there is terrible, terrible." Immediately below us we could see *Pluga Gimel*—the third shock squadron of Belzer Hasidim—arrange themselves in snake formation and head toward the north gate. A few minutes later, another call would issue forth. "Yankel Vishnitzer, Squadron B, rush over to the women and quiet them down. It's *sakanos nefashos* [mortal danger] there." A shock squadron of Vishnitzer Hasidim would immediately depart to carry out his orders.

Neither the noise of the band nor the blare of the loudspeaker discouraged a running conversation going on between Shmuel Avidor and an army general, who had brought two young soldiers, one of them his son, to see the wedding. They were talking about Hasidism, and snatches of the conversation would occasionally come my way. At one point I heard one of the young men with the general ask a whispered question which clearly had something to do with the connubial union that was to take place early the next morning. At issue, it seemed, was the plight of the bridegroom. He had been fasting since the evening before; apart from that he was only sixteen years old and had been reared in an atmosphere of utter holiness and purity. Could not some difficulties be expected? Shmuel reassured him: it was the bride in these circumstances who is told about such matters, and it is she who is the active one.

Detecting the young man's line of interest, Shmuel regaled him with further items of folklore about the intricacies of a Hasidic wedding night. Since, according to Hasidic doctrine, every earthly conjugal union has repercussions in the heavenly spheres, and since the secrets of connubial union are linked with divine mysteries, the students of the wise have always been curious about the behavior of their teachers in the privacy of the bedchamber. The Talmud records, for example, questions that the disciples of Rabbi Akiba asked his wife about the behavior of the great sage during sexual intercourse. Among Hasidim, this curiosity was on occasion known to have become so intense as to have made it necessary for the bridal chamber to be inspected on a Rebbe's wedding night, to make sure no avid student of these mysteries had hidden himself there.

THIS INTERESTING discourse was broken up by music announcing that the actual wedding ceremony was imminent. The "arrangers" took their place alongside the two paths leading to the canopy—the one coming from the synagogue, the other from the house on whose roof we were standing. As the band played, honored guests and family, including women, came down the paths, climbed the small hill, and grouped themselves around the wedding canopy. The band struck up another march and from the direction of the synagogue, the swirling fur-hatted group of men I had seen an hour earlier came rushing down the path, with the bridegroom presumably in their midst. Now, from the house beneath us, the bride emerged—accompanied by her mother and sisters. She was dressed in white and wearing a white hood so thick that she had to lift it up in order to see where she was stepping. The last to

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walk up the path was the Vishnitzer Rebbe, an old man who had left his sick-bed in order to pronounce the seven traditional blessings over the couple. Behind him walked a young boy carrying a garden chair. At the bottom of the hill the old man sat in the chair and rested for a few minutes, then he got up and continued to the wedding canopy. The band stopped playing, the crowd remained hushed. Though we could hear nothing, everyone understood that the old Rebbe was reciting the wedding blessings.

Behind me, Shmuel Avidor was whispering to the general. "If I close my eyes now," he said, "I can see behind this moment so much illness, suffering—a world gone, shattered."

Then it was over. We could see the young couple descending, surrounded by their attendants, and walking separately toward our house. In the crowd below, a few of the young Hasidim formed a circle and began to sing and dance. People shook hands and exchanged congratulations. Not far from where I was standing, I saw one of the bearded "arrangers" clench his fists and look skyward with shining eyes. "At last, what an achievement," I heard him murmur.

Was he referring to the wedding arrangements or was he, too, thinking of the men who had sacrificed themselves to the Nazis in place of the Belzer Rebbe; of all the martyrdom that had been necessary to ensure that the "chain" would continue; of the fathers and mothers who had gone to the death chambers assuring their little children that all God's ways were good though mysterious?

The bride and bridegroom had entered into the house below us through separate doors, and there was nothing more to see. We turned to Shmuel for a description of what would be happening within. The bride and groom, he told us, would be led, for a few moments, into a room and there left alone—for the first time—in symbolic *yichud* (unification). Then the men and women would sit down at separate tables for a meal whose menu would include, among other things, doves as a symbol of peace and purity. The meal would continue for several hours, after which the bride and groom would go to a platform in a large community hall where the thousands of guests could pass by and wish them *"mazel tov."* Nothing much would be happening after that for the public to see, and it was doubtful whether we could get into the dining hall of the Rebbe's house, where the singing and dancing would continue. He suggested that we return to Tel Aviv and come back later in the morning.

BACK IN Tel Aviv I went off alone to have a cup of coffee in one of the small cafés still open on Yehudah Halevi Street and let my mind wander over the events of the evening. Two pretty girls came in together and sat down at a nearby table. Their faces were elaborately made up and they wore the black leather coats and black stockings which are the mode these days in Tel Aviv. There was no use, I decided, trying to build a "bridge of reflection" between them and the kind of women I had just glimpsed in B'nai Brak; they were simply too far apart. Who outside strictly pious Orthodox circles could today tolerate the phenomenon of arranged marriages; wedding ceremonies where bride and groom see each other for the first time three days before the wedding; strict segregation of the sexes? And these difficulties were symptomatic of so many others: did Hasidism really have something to offer those not brought up in its tradition?

It has been said that *frishkeit*—a constant striving for freshness of feeling, ideas, life—is what lies at the very core of Hasidism and constitutes its great gift to the world. But could one, after observing the stubbornness with which Belz clings to its old customs, say that freshness was the essence of the Hasidic way? Every detail of the wedding—even the composition of the menu—had been carried out under the supervision of elders who remembered what they had seen in their youth at the Belzer court in Poland. And indeed, Hasidism, once persecuted for its heresies by Orthodox rabbis, now represented the most conservative and unbending element in Jewish Orthodoxy. No—it was something other than "freshness" that lay at the core of Hasidism. But what?

EARLY the next morning, before leaving for Jerusalem, I called on Shmuel to say goodbye and thank him for his help. I found him red-eyed, his hair uncombed, his shirt crumpled; yet he was strangely elated. Motioning me into his study where a few books tracing the genealogy of Belz lay open on his desk, he told me that he hadn't yet been to bed, having decided at three o'clock in the morning to return to the wedding. For an hour or so he had wandered around outside the building where the bride and groom were having their wedding feast. Thousands of people were still standing at the fence, though there was nothing to see. He had been on the point of returning home again when he discovered an open window in the Rebbe's house, where the festivities were continuing. Squeezing through it, he had found himself directly in back of the *Yanuka*'s chair.

"What I saw there," he told me, "made the whole evening worthwhile." Still moved by his experience, Shmuel described the scene to me. Using the books on his desk, he made a model of the hall, which had been divided in the center by a semi-translucent glass partition. On one side of the partition, he said, almost a thousand Hasidim were crowded around the large table at which the *Yanuka* sat together with some of the honored guests. On the other side were the women. Since there was a certain degree of visibility through the partition, the bride sat with

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her back to the groom and the other men.

"Even for me it was weird," Shmuel said, evoking the crowded room in which the Hasidim, with scarcely enough space to move, shuffled and chanted for hours with faces contorted in ecstasy, while the *badchan* (wedding jester) stood on a table wearing a Mexican sombrero, donning and taking off a false nose, entertaining the guests with rhymes parodying modern Hasidic life. Afterward, holding a large sack in one hand, he announced the gifts which the newly married couple was receiving. "And the Rebbe from Boston gives a silver snuff box," Shmuel Avidor called out, mimicking him. The silver box was thrown into the sack which soon contained gold-headed canes, silver goblets, menorahs, and bundles of cash. All this time, in one corner of the room, a reporter from *Time* magazine, his hand wrapped in a handkerchief because he had cut it while entering through another window, lay on the floor drinking a bottle of beer.

But the strangest thing of all was the performance of an orchestra made up of seven or eight instruments, among them a violin, a cello, a trumpet, a saxophone, and a drum. What was strange about this orchestra was that the instruments were all wooden dummies carefully constructed to look like the real thing. Shmuel imitated the Hasidim blowing on the saxophone, playing the violin, beating the drum—all without a sound.

Later that week, I asked some Belzer Hasidim, including one who had worked for weeks fashioning the dummy instruments, about the origin of this custom, but they only shrugged. It was a joke, they said, for fun, it was an old tradition in the house of Belz, nothing more.

I STILL DO not know if there is any deeper mystical meaning to the strange custom of a silent orchestra at a Belzer wedding. I do know that when Shmuel told me about it, I felt as though I had stumbled on something essential about the Hasidic way. It is more than the smells and the superstitions—the "shell"—that Martin Buber and other modern interpreters have strained out of the Hasidism they have "brought into the world." It is also the childlike, silly, and grotesque aspects of the movement which they have censored. And it is precisely these elements—more than any system of ideas—which give flesh-and-blood Hasidism its characteristic flavor. Surely these elements, rather than alleged heresies, were what so outraged the *Misnagdim,* the 18th- and 19th-century opponents of the movement. They were appalled by people who literally turned somersaults in the synagogue during their devotions in order to fulfill the Psalmist's phrase: "All my bones shall praise the Lord." It was childish, they thought, for people to enlist trees and flowers in their prayers, or to worship God by playing melodies on flutes and clapping hands in song. It was silly of a Hasidic Rebbe to take out his watch and put it on the table before him when he said the *Sh'ma,* because he wanted a tangible reminder of this time-bound world to pull him back from the timeless realms into which his proclamations of God's unity would lead him. It was grotesque and undignified for grown-up pious Jews of East European villages to greet their Rebbe by riding backward on their horses, their beards tucked in their blouses, pretending they were Cossacks. It was childish of Belzer Hasidim to walk about with their shirts partly unbuttoned because they wanted "to leave the heart exposed." And it was ridiculous for good Jews to believe what Hasidim believed about their wonder-working Rebbes.

Above all, the Hasidic claim that one must everywhere dance and sing and rejoice because God is everywhere, even in the midst of evil and pollution: was this not carrying faith to an absurd extreme? Of course, the Talmud asserts that "no place is empty of Him." Men must "worship their God with joy," and God's mercies are "over all His works"—His Divine Providence extending even to the "eggs of lice." This is all good Jewish doctrine, but to take it so literally must have seemed tantamount to carrying Judaism to a point where it became utterly fantastic.

But then, is not Judaism in its heart of hearts committed to a dream equally fantastic: the claim that victory will come not to the powerful and rich but to the weak and persecuted; the belief that this angry, war-swept world will someday be transformed into a realm where lions will lie down with lambs and children will safely stick their fingers into hornets' nests; that tears will someday be wiped from all cheeks and death be swallowed up forever?

Shall we, then, call Hasidism an exercise in absurdity, but an absurdity that draws its power from the heart of the Jewish faith? Hasidism takes the most extreme claims of this faith, along with its most childlike, dreamlike, most fantastic elements, and acts them out in a kind of pantomime—like a silent orchestra playing music that only the heart can hear.

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CLAUDE BROWN

SATURDAY NIGHT IN HARLEM

A Memoir

SATURDAY NIGHT. I suppose there's a Saturday night in every Negro community throughout the nation just like Saturday night in Harlem. The bars will jump. The precinct station will have a busy night. The hospital's emergency ward will jump.

Cats who have been working all their lives, who've never been in any trouble before, good-doing righteous cats, self-respecting, law-abiding citizens—they'll all come out. Perhaps it'll be their night in the bar, their night in the police station, maybe their night in the emergency ward.

They tell me that young doctors really try hard for a chance to do their internship in Harlem Hospital—it offers such a wide variety of experiences. They say it's the best place in the city where a surgeon can train. They say you get all kinds of experience just working there on Saturday nights.

It's usually the older folks who practice this Saturday night thing, or some of the younger cats who haven't come out of the woods yet, young cats who drink a lot of liquor, who didn't quite finish junior high shool, who still have most of the Southern ways . . . the young cats who carry knives, the young cats who want to be bad niggers. It's usually the guys around eighteen to twenty-five, guys who haven't separated themselves yet from the older generation or who just haven't become critical of the older generation. They follow the pattern that has been set by the older generation, the Saturday night pattern of getting drunk, getting a new piece of c - - -, and getting real bad—carrying a knife in your pocket and ready to use it, ready to curse, ready to become a Harlem Saturday night statistic, in the hospital, the police station, or the morgue.

The intern who comes to Harlem and starts his internship around April, he'll be ready to go into surgery by June. He's probably already tried to close up windpipes for people who've had their throat slit. Or tried to put intestines back in a stomach. Or somebody has hit somebody in the head with a hatchet. Or somebody has come into his house at the wrong time and caught somebody else going out the window. That's quite a job too, putting a person back together after a four- or five-story fall.

I suppose any policeman who's been in Harlem for a month of Saturday nights has had all the experience he'll ever need, as far as handling violence goes. Some of them will have more experience than they'll ever be able to use.

To me, it always seemed as though Saturday night was the down-home night. In the tales I'd heard about down home—how so-and-so got bad and killed Cousin Joe or knocked out Cousin Willie's eye—everything violent happened on Saturday night. It was the only time for anything to really happen, because people were too tired working all week from sunup to sundown to raise but so much hell on the week nights. Then, comes Saturday, and they take it kind of easy during the day, resting up for another Saturday night.

Down home, when they went to town, all the niggers would just break bad, so it seemed. Everybody just seemed to let out all their hostility on everybody else. Maybe they were hoping that they could get their throats cut. Perhaps if a person was lucky enough to get his throat cut, he'd be free from the fields. On the other hand, if someone was lucky enough to cut somebody else's throat, he'd done the guy a favor, because he'd freed him.

In the tales about down home that I'd heard, everybody was trying to either cash out on Saturday night or cash somebody else out. There was always the good corn liquor that Cy Walker used to make, and there was always that new gun that somebody had bought. The first time they shot the gun at so-and-so, he jumped out of the window and didn't stop running until he got home—and got his gun. You'd sit there and say, "Well, I'll be damned. I never knew they had all those bad niggers in the South. I always thought the baddest cat down there was Charlie." But it seemed as though on Saturday night, the niggers got bad. Of course, they didn't get bad enough to mess with Charlie, but they got bad. They were bad enough to cut each other's throats, shoot each other, hit each other in the head with axes, and all that sort

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of action. Women were bad enough to throw lye on one another.

Saturday night down home was really something, but then Saturday night in Harlem was really something too. There is something happening for everybody on Saturday night: for the cat who works all day long on the railroad, in the garment center, driving a bus, or as a subway conductor. On Saturday night, there is something happening for everybody in Harlem, regardless of what his groove might be. Even the real soul sisters, who go to church and live for Sunday, who live to jump up and clap and call on the Lord, Saturday night means something to them too. Saturday night is the night they start getting ready for Sunday. They have to braid all the kids' hair and get them ready. They have to iron their white usher uniforms and get pretty for Sunday and say a prayer. For the devoted churchgoers, Saturday night means that Sunday will soon be here.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a time to try new things. Maybe that's why so many people in the older generation had to lose their lives on Saturday night. It must be something about a Saturday night with Negroes. . . . Maybe they wanted to die on Saturday night. They'd always associated Sunday with going to heaven, because that was when they went to church and sang all those songs, clapped and shouted and stomped their feet and praised the Lord. Maybe they figured that if they died on Sunday morning, the Lord's day, they'd be well on their way.

Everybody has this thing about Saturday night. I imagine that before pot or horse or any other drugs hit Harlem good and strong, the people just had to try something else, like knifing or shooting somebody, because Saturday night was the night for daring deeds. Since there was no pot out on a large scale then, I suppose one of the most daring deeds anyone could perform was to shoot or stab somebody.

Many of the chicks in the neighborhood took some of their first really big steps on Saturday night. Some cats—or as a girl I knew might say, "no-good niggers"—talked many girls into turning their first tricks on a Saturday night just because the cats needed some money. That's how that thing goes on Saturday night. I recall talking a girl into a trick on a Saturday night. She said it was her first, but I like to tell myself it wasn't. If it was, that was okay. She was a part of Harlem, and Saturday night was a time for first things, even for girls turning their first tricks, pulling their first real John.

Saturday night has also been a traditional night for money to be floating around in places like Harlem. It's a night of temptation, the kind of temptation one might see on Catfish Row at the end of the cotton season, on the weekend. Most of the people got paid on Friday night, and Saturday they had some money. If they didn't get paid on Friday, there was a good chance that they'd be around playing the single action on Saturday in the afternoon. By the time the last figure came out, everybody might have some change, even if it was only eight dollars—one dollar on the 0 that afternoon. It was still some money.

Then there were all the crap games floating around. The stickup artists would be out hunting. The Murphy boys would be out strong. In the bars, the tricks would be out strong. All the whores would be out there, and any decent, self-respecting whore could pull at least two-hundred dollars on Saturday night in some of the bad-doing bars on 125th Street.

As a matter of fact, Reno used to say, "The cat who can't make no money on Saturday night is in trouble." There was a lot of truth to it, because there was so much money floating around in Harlem on Saturday night, if anyone couldn't get any money then, he just didn't have any business there.

It seemed as though Harlem's history is made on Saturday nights. You hear about all the times people have gotten shot—like when two white cops were killed on 146th Street a couple of years ago—on a Saturday night. Just about every time a cop is killed in Harlem, it's on a Saturday night.

People know you shouldn't bother with Negroes on Saturday night, because for some reason or another, Negroes just don't mind dying on Saturday night. They seem ready to die, so they're not going to take but so much stuff. There were some people who were always trying to get themselves killed. Every Saturday night, they'd try it all over again.

ONE was Big Bill. When I was just a kid on Eighth Avenue in knee pants, this guy was trying to get himself killed. He was always in some fight with a knife. He was always cutting or trying to cut somebody's throat. He was always getting cut or getting stabbed, getting hit in the head, getting shot. Every Saturday night that he was out there, something happened. If you heard on Sunday morning that somebody had gotten shot or stabbed, you didn't usually ask who did it. You'd ask if Big Bill did it. If he did it, no one paid too much attention to it, because he was always doing something like that. They'd say, "Yeah, man. That cat is crazy."

If somebody else had done it, you'd wonder why, and this was something to talk about and discuss. Somebody else might not have been as crazy. In the case of Big Bill, everybody expected that sooner or later somebody would kill him and put him out of his misery and that this was what he was trying for. One time Spanish Joe stabbed him. He just missed his lung, and everybody thought he was going to cool it behind that. But as soon as the cat got back on the street, he was right out there doing it again.

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Even now, he's always getting in fights out on the streets on Saturday nights. He's always hurting somebody, or somebody's hurting him. He just seems to be hanging on. I think he's just unlucky. Here's a cat who's been trying to get himself killed every Saturday night as far back as I can remember, and he still hasn't made it. I suppose you've got to sympathize with a guy like that, because he's really been trying.

HARLEM IS full of surprises on Saturday night. I remember one in particular.

I was down on 116th Street. I was going to visit someone, and I decided to call before I got there. I went into the bar on the corner to call. I saw a familiar face at the bar. We had stopped hanging out together when I was about nine and never started again. We just weren't that tight any more. We'd had our fights. We were all right; we'd speak if we saw each other. I was just surprised to see him in that neck of the woods. I didn't think he ever went anyplace outside our neighborhood. I guess a lot of people had the same idea. It just goes to show how little we all knew about him.

I walked up to him and said, "Hey, Dad, how you doin'?" I guess he was just as surprised to see me down there, and I thought he was going to ask, "Hey, son, what you doin' down here?" I was all set to tell him, "I got a friend down here who owes me some money, and I need it tonight, because I got to take this chick out, so I came down to see him."

But he didn't say it. He just asked me if I wanted a drink. He didn't act too suprised to see me. He was out, and this was Saturday night. He'd been in Harlem a lot of Saturday nights, and he'd gotten that big, nasty-looking scar on his neck on a Saturday night.

Despite the fact that he didn't ask me what I was doing there, I said, "I got to get uptown. I got to call somebody to wait for me. I hope this chick don't stay in that phone booth too long."

He said, "No, I don't think she'll be in there on the phone too long."

I didn't pay much attention to it. I said, "She looks like one of those who can really talk."

He just said, "Yeah," and kind of smiled.

I looked at the woman again. She looked as though she might have been about thirty-three, something like that. I would look over there every couple of minutes. She would look over to the bar at me and smile. I just forgot about the phone and started talking to Dad about my job and what I'd done that night, how I was catching hell, how everything I touched just turned to s---, sort of halfway crying.

It dawned on me that he had been standing there all by himself when I came in, and I'd never known him to do this. I never thought that he would go to a bar by himself, especially some strange bar, just to stand around and drink. He usually brought his liquor home when he wanted a drink.

I said, "Say, Dad, you waitin' for somebody down here?" I knew a friend of his who worked with him. Although I hadn't seen him in a long time, I figured they were still friends. I knew his friend, Eddie, lived down there, so I said, "Dad, you waitin' for somebody? Is Eddie around?"

He didn't answer the first question, but to the second one he said, "No, I haven't seen Eddie now in about a month."

I said, "Yeah? Well, doesn't he still work on the job with you?"

He said that Eddie had an injury; some crates fell on him. "It's not too bad, but he can't be doing that heavy work around the dock, so he stayed off. He's collecting compensation for it. He's taking it easy, the way I hear it."

I said, "Oh." After that, I thought about the first question, but I figured it wouldn't be too wise to repeat it. I thought, well, maybe he's waiting for his woman. And I laughed, because I always thought of Dad as the kind of cat nobody but Mama could take. With her, it was just habit.

After a while, the woman from the phone booth came up. She said, "Hi."

I looked at her and said, "Oh, do I know you?"

Dad introduced her. He said, "Ruth, meet my oldest son."

She smiled and said, "Hello. So you're Sonny Boy."

I said, "Yeah."

She said, "I knew it was you the moment I saw you sittin' there next to your daddy on that stool. You two look so much alike. If he was about ten years younger, he could pass for your older brother."

I said, "Yeah, that's something that people are suppose' to tell fathers and sons, huh, that they look like brothers?"

She threw both of her hands on her hips and looked at me in a sort of defiant way, but jokingly, and said, "Supposin' it is, young man? That's beside the point. I'm telling you that you and your daddy look alike, even if this is what people are suppose' to tell you. Now, you can believe it if you want to. All I'm interested in is saying it, and I said it. You can take it from there."

I looked at her and said, "Okay, I believe it." I had the funniest feeling that this woman knew what was going on. I knew this was his woman.

I couldn't feel anything about it. I guess I'd just never given too much thought to the idea of Dad playing around. I couldn't imagine anybody else ever wanting him. In the case of Mama, I think, if it had been her, I would have felt good about it. She deserved to get out and get somebody who would treat her like she was something, like she was a person. Because of this

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feeling about Mama, I suppose I should have felt bad that Dad was being unfaithful, but I didn't. I didn't see any way in the world to dislike this woman. She seemed to be a nice person.

Dad asked her if she wanted a drink.

She said to me, "What you drinkin', junior?" I told her I was drinking a bourbon and soda with lemon. She said, "Umph. That sounds like something with a whole lot of sting in it. Maybe I'll try one."

She moved closer to Dad and put her hand around his waist. She looked at me as if to say, "Well, young man, that's the way it is. So how you gonna take it?"

Dad never even looked at me. He just picked up his drink, as if to say, "S - - -, he's old enough. If he's not, f- - - him." He emptied his glass, put it down, and called to the bartender.

When the bartender came to bring Ruth one, Dad got another whiskey, straight. We sat there for a while and started talking. The woman didn't seem to be the least bit ill at ease. She seemed completely relaxed, and she looked pretty, in her own way. She was kind of plump, but she looked like she might have been a very nice-looking girl when she was about twenty.

I guess she was pretty for Dad. He was forty at the time, so I suppose anything under thirty-five would have been real nice for him. They seemed to have something. He had a patience with her that I'd never seen him show with Mama. I didn't think he was capable of showing this to any woman. She seemed to be able to play with him, and he took more playing from her than I'd seen him take from anybody else.

It made me wonder just how long had he known her and just what was going on with them. All I could see was that, whatever they had with each other, they were really enjoying it. I decided that was enough. I didn't feel as though I had the right to judge them or even have an opinion about them. Whatever they were doing, it seemed to me that they weren't doing it to anybody but themselves. Mama would never be hurt, because there was a good chance that she'd never know. New York was a big city, and they seemed so tight that they must have been tight for a long time, a real long time.

I asked her, "Pardon me, Ruth. Haven't I seen you uptown? Do you live up around 145th Street?"

Dad still never looked at me. He said, "Sonny Boy, I think you better grab that phone there now. The booth is empty. If you don't get it while it's empty, you're liable to be here all night."

I got up and went to the phone booth. When I came out, Dad and his lady friend were gone. That was understandable. I guess I really messed up with that question about 145th Street.

I didn't feel bad toward Dad. It was just that I had never seen it as being possible for him to pull a chick on the outside, a nice-looking chick like this Ruth. She seemed to be a person with a nice personality, and she didn't look bad for a woman her age. Maybe she did something for Dad too. He acted like a different person altogether with her. Maybe she was the one who made him relax. He must have been a different person. I'd never seen him act like that with anybody. At home he was always shouting and raising hell, threatening somebody, a real terror.

I was kind of sorry that I had started prying into the woman's business. I knew I'd never seen her uptown. I suppose Dad knew it too. I was supposed to act as old as he had treated me. One of the things had been to treat the lady like she was just a friend of Dad's and to be cool behind it. But then I had just gone on and messed over her. I knew this was something I'd never get a chance to do again. I knew I'd never get a chance to say, "Look, Dad, I'm sorry I said that, and I shouldn't have." Because I knew that this wasn't supposed to be mentioned ever, not even to him.

The next time I saw him, I would just have to speak first, about something that was far removed from the night at the bar and from Ruth. But I hoped that I would get a chance to let her know somehow that I was sorry that I hadn't played my part properly.

I didn't feel as though he was hurting Mama. I felt she didn't know about it, and what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her. Maybe it was just that she wasn't missing anything, because I didn't feel they were in any great love anyway. It just didn't bother me as I might have thought it would. It just seemed to be one of those Harlem Saturday night surprises.

I REMEMBER the Saturday night when Dad kicked my brother Pimp out of the house and told him not to come back. Pimp had fallen to sleep on the toilet with a needle in his arm. I guess he'd taken a light O.D.*

Mama was telling me about it. According to her, Dad came in and panicked. He opened the bathroom door and saw Pimp halfway on and halfway off the toilet with a needle in his arm. Mama said he just started calling so loud for her to come there, she thought he was dying. Mama tried to make a joke out of it. She said she thought maybe he'd fallen down in the toilet and was having trouble getting out. I tried to laugh, but all I could get out was a snicker.

Mama said she tried to slap Pimp out of it. She thought for a while he was dead when she saw him. She just refused to accept that her child was dead from using dope. She ran into the bathroom and started slapping him and calling his name real loud, as though, even if he was dead, he would hear her and come back.

She started hollering for the doctor, and she started hollering about an ambulance. Dad said,

* Overdose.

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"No, don't be callin' no ambulance or no doctors around here. We ain't gon have no police coming in here."

Mama started hollering, "The boy might be dead! The boy might be dead!"

Dad said, "Huh?" He'd stop and say, "He ain't dead. He ain't dead. It's just that old dope." They both panicked.

When Mama finally got Pimp to wake up, after so much slapping and calling his name, Dad was convinced that it was time for Pimp to go. I guess he should have been convinced. It must have been a pretty frightening thing, even for him, though he wouldn't admit it, to come into the bathroom and see his son slumped over a toilet with a needle in his arm, after having heard so much about the junkies dying from using dope, after having been to so many funerals, after having asked so many times about this kid and that kid who came up with his older son and being told that he'd died from dope—it must have been a pretty frightening thing.

Pimp had deceived just about everybody in the family for a long time. After a while, we all knew, but I knew before anybody else that Pimp was dabbling. I was the first one to say, "Come on, man. You got to do something."

I guess Pimp sort of knew that I suspected him of using stuff. The first time after I saw him high that night in the Low Hat, I took him to a bar. He didn't know that I had seen him nodding. I said, "Come on, let's have a drink. I want to talk to you. Let's sit down and have a drink."

I asked him what he'd like to drink. I remembered that he used to like rum. I think he just took a rum and Coke because he knew I remembered it and thought I might get suspicious if he didn't.

When he took his first sip of the rum and Coke, he grimaced. He said, "Man, it's like, I'm so tired. I'm so tired, Sonny, this stuff almost knocks me out."

I looked at him and said, "Yeah, Man. It can do that to you."

Then he looked down and started fumbling with his glass, as if he knew I was suspicious of him. The next thing he said was, "Man, you know, I ain't had no good rum in a long time."

When he said this, I paid it no attention. I knew he was going to try to bullshit me. I looked straight at him as he went on talking. I said, "Pimp." I sort of quietly shouted it at him.

He said. "Yeah, Sonny?"

I said, "How long have you been dabblin' in stuff?"

He looked at me for a long time. He got kind of quiet, and he dropped his head. He said, "Oh, about four months, man."

I said, "How far are you? How much stuff are you usin' a day?"

He said, "Oh, man, I buy a bag about every other day, but I don't get high every day."

"Are you snortin' or skin poppin'?"

"Man, I'm just startin', and I can keep a bag two or three days."

I said, "Uh-huh. That's good, because now is the time for you to stop. You got to stop now, before you really get yourself into some trouble."

He said, "Yeah, yeah." He was glad to hear this. It seemed as though he had heard something that he had been waiting to hear, he had been given some kind of signal. He seemed to feel that all he had to do now was agree with everything I said and everything would be okay. He was going to prevent any violence from taking place by just being agreeable.

"Look, Pimp, you got a job, and you're still working. You're doing good now. Now is the time when you can quit, because if you keep on dabblin', man, you're gon actually go to the dogs. After a while, you won't be able to quit, and you won't have anything to quit for, because once you blow your job, your clothes, and everything you've got, it just won't matter that much. You got a nice girl, man. And maybe you'll want to get married or something. But what you're doin', man, you're gon blow everything."

"Yeah, Sonny, I know what you mean, man. I've been tellin' myself. I've been planning on stopping this stuff for the last two weeks. As a matter of fact, last week. . . ."

I just knew he was lying. He was saying all this so relaxed, and he seemed so pleased with the way he was telling it. But I could tell he was lying. I knew. He didn't know how to lie, not to me anyway.

He said that he had bought some Dorphine tablets and that he had taken his first two today. He was going to keep taking the Dorphine tablets and start cutting down on other drugs from day to day, and in a couple of weeks or so, he'd be ready to sign himself into someplace.

I asked him if he'd ever heard of Norman Eddie, in the East Harlem Protestant Parish. He said no, he hadn't. I said, "Well, he's doin' a lot of good work with drug addicts, and if you're really interested, I think I can get him to work with you, man. You could kick it now, before it really gets a strong hold on you."

Pimp went right on bullshitting me. He said, "Yeah, Sonny, that's what I want to do. You go ahead and see this cat and let me know what's happening."

I was crushed. He didn't understand it at all. He just seemed to look at me as if I were someone who was trying to deprive him of something. And he wasn't even going to pretend to defend it, even though he wanted it terribly. He was just going to sit there and say, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh-huh. I'll go along with you. You're right; that's so right. I'm going to be doing it, so there's nothing else to talk about when you stop trying to sell me on it."

Even though I could see this, I still felt I had

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to try. He was my brother, and I could make him kick it. He couldn't help but kick it if I was in his corner, if I really wanted him to. I was going to put everything I had into it.

When Mama called me that Saturday night and told me what Dad had said to Pimp, how he couldn't come back in the house any more, and how afraid she was for him, I said, "Look, Mama, he'll be coming back."

She said, "No, he ain't gon come back, because he was really hurt. I think he's just gon go some place and try and take enough of that stuff to kill himself or something."

I said, "No, Mama, junkies don't kill themselves. They've got something to live for. They got to live for another high, for the next one. He'll probably come down here." I knew he wasn't coming, but that's what I told her. "Mama, he'll probably come down here, and when he does come down, I'll put him up for the night and call you and let you know."

Mama said, "He just might go someplace and get himself into some trouble in the meantime, before he gets down there. Why don't you go out and look for him for a little while. He's probably around there on 144th Street. And let me know if you can't find him. Call me and keep in touch with me, because he ain't had a bath all week, and he got on those old dirty pants. That shirt he has on, he put it on day before yesterday, and it was white. It looks like it's black from the dirt and grime. He ain't had nothin' to eat in a long time. I don't know if he even had anything to eat yesterday, and he's probably hungry."

I wanted to tell her, "Look, Mama, junkies don't care about eating. They don't care about clothes. They don't care about baths and stuff like that. It just don't matter to them. All they care about is some heroin, and this is the only thing that's gon do them any good, Mama. You got to face the fact that he's at that state where soap and water's not gon do him any good. Clothes ain't gon do him any good. Food ain't gon do him any good. He's just dead, and maybe the thing that'll do him the most good is the O.D., the O.D. that he's waitin' for." But I couldn't tell her that. I just couldn't seem to bring it out.

I knew it was no use, but she got me to promise that I'd look for him. She was a woman, and that was her child. I couldn't tell her that many other women had sons and daughters out there dying too. It wouldn't have meant anything to her, because this was the first child that she had out there who was a drug addict. This was the only one out there she was concerned about, the only junkie that mattered.

I went uptown to start looking for Pimp. I looked everywhere. I went to all the places where junkies might go, looked in all the dope dens, in all the backyards where the junkies might sleep. Nobody had seen him or heard about him. Some people hadn't seen him in days. I kept on looking and hoping. When Mama called me, it had been about eight-thirty or nine o'clock. When I hadn't found Pimp or anybody who had seen Pimp by three-thirty, I became a little worried.

I started fearing for him. When this happened, I started getting mad at myself, because I felt myself going right back into the same pattern again. I knew that if I had seen him then and he was in pain or said his habit was down on him, I would have had to give him some money to get some stuff. I probably would have fallen right back into Pimp's trick bag and helped send him to Kentucky and waited for him to come back and start all over.

Still, the longer I looked for him, the more worried I became. And the more worried I became, the more angry I became with myself for worrying, for going back on my word, for weakening, for weakening from Pimp and his weakness. This was what he had always played on with me. He'd beg me for my clothes, to pawn them, because he knew I worried about him.

He'd intimidate me with my concern for him. He'd tell me he was going to have to go and try a stickup or something like that. Many times, after he'd left, I'd say, "Nigger, go on. Go on and pull a stickup. Go on and do what you want to. Just hurry up and get it over with; like, pull a stickup and get shot, or go on and throw a brick. Rob somebody's house and get thrown out of a window, or just go on and take that O.D. But whatever you do, please do it in a hurry. Please do it in a hurry and get off my back."

That was what I should have told him, but I guess every junkie looks pitiful to his brother. Pimp always seemed to be the most pitiful creature in the world when his habit was down on him. He looked so helpless. I knew I could never turn my back on him if I saw him when his habit was down on him. I was almost certain that this morning would be another time like that.

There was nothing else to do but go on uptown and tell Mama that I couldn't find him but that we still had Pimp, we still had our problem.

WHEN I GOT there, I hesitated to knock on the door. I felt ashamed to go in there and tell Mama, "Look, I couldn't find him. I couldn't find hide nor hair of him. Nobody's seen him or heard from him."

She expected me to bring her some hope. That's why I went out to begin with, because I figured I could bring him back or at least find him and ease her mind. But I had to come back with nothing, not even knowing where Pimp was.

When I finally got around to knocking on the door, Dad opened the door. I think he had just come in. Not from looking for Pimp—he had come in from his Saturday night. He looked at

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me as if he was a little disappointed or something. Maybe he expected the police to come and bring Pimp home or bring his body home or bring the information that he was dead. It was just me, and he seemed to resent the knowledge that my presence brought him: that we still had our problem.

Dad went into the bathroom, and I went into the front room. Mama was sitting at the front window. I just came in, walking slowly, and said I couldn't find him.

Mama said, "Yeah, he might just be someplace dead, in some strange backyard. Maybe some of those junkies could have taken him and thrown him in some boiler down in the cellar. Like they did around on 144th Street last year, when that boy took a lot of dope and went in that coma. They put him in that boiler, just about cooked him. Yeah, he just might be layin' around in one of them boilers cookin' right now."

I didn't say anything, because I knew what Mama was doing. I felt sorry for her. She was trying to prepare herself for the worst by saying all that stuff. I knew she didn't believe it, and she didn't want to believe it. She just wanted to hear herself say it, just in case somebody brought some sad news. If she told herself that this was what had happened to him, and something happened to him that wasn't as bad, it had to be good.

Then Dad came in and said, "Woman, why don't you stop all that foolishness? You don't have to be worried about them damn junkies. Them damn junkies take care of theirselves twice as good as you can. You see that they be out there so long, look like they be dying, and they be hanging around there for years. Why don't you stop talkin' all that foolishness?"

Mama didn't seem to hear Dad. She looked out the window, saw the daylight creeping in, stroked the cat—about the tenth cat named Tina—and seemed to realize that Saturday night was gone. Mama stroked the cat lightly and looked out the window, greeting the daylight with a question. She said to the dawn, "Lord, where can my child be this mornin'?"

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The Jew: Subject or Object?

MILTON HIMMELFARB

Who, Whom?

For Mr. Ben Gurion, the seventeen centuries between Bar Kochba's rebellion (132-35 C.E.) and Zionism are not Jewish history but a cessation of history. In those centuries the Jews are seen as having been objects, not subjects; acted upon, not acting. Having lost their state, and then the will and the capacity for a state, they became slaves. Their prayers for restoration and their messianic dreams were not so much stimulants as tranquilizers, reconciling them to exile and justifying passivity. In this view, they were enslaved by their own slavishness as much as by their masters. Slavish slaves, as we have been told by the philosophers since antiquity, are objects. They have not the stuff of citizenship in them.

Mr. Ben Gurion, therefore, can appeal to a respectable tradition when he says that to turn those slaves and objects into citizens and subjects, a state was needed—and, perhaps more, the will for a state. A merely conferred equality would not do. Even before the First Zionist Congress, Ahad Ha-'am had told the French Jews that theirs was a psychology of slavishness in the midst of freedom.

But is a state the essential thing? For the Greeks, man is a being of the *polis* (the famous *zōon politikon*) not only because the *polis* is the city-state but also because it is community and society. And my former colleague, Professor Leon J. Goldstein, has told me that we would understand Hegel better if we realized that his "state," too, can have the social and communal meaning, besides the political.

The Jews never lost community and society, or the feeling for community and society. In their own society and community they were active, not passive; citizens, not slaves. Mr. Ben Gurion came of age when most historians still thought history was past politics. Jewish history, in the centuries he dislikes, is social (and religious) history far more than it is political, but increasingly the study of history, generally, is social. However valid the subject-object distinction, to regard the Jews between Bar Kochba and the 19th century as objects is a 19th-century prejudice.

THIS MUST have been the last thing James Q. Wilson and Edward C. Banfield of Harvard had in mind when they wrote their "Public-regardingness as a Value Premise in Voting Behavior" (*American Political Science Review*, December 1964). Their purpose was to test a hypothesis: "that some classes of voters (. . . 'subcultures' constituted on ethnic and income lines) are more disposed than others to rest their choices on some concept of 'the public interest' or 'the welfare of the community.'" The test was an analysis of the votes in 20 elections, between 1956 and 1963, on 35 proposals in 7 cities—Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit (and their counties), Kansas City, Los Angeles, Miami, and St. Louis—for things that would cost money, like hospitals, parks, roads, and schools. The authors conclude:

> . . . we reject . . . [the] theory . . . [that] the low-income Polish renter who votes against expenditures . . . that would cost him nothing and would confer benefits upon him and the high-income Anglo-Saxon or Jewish home-owner who favors expenditures . . . that will cost him heavily without benefiting him would both behave differently if they thought about the matter more or if their information were better.
>
> . . . voters in some income and ethnic groups are more likely than voters in others to take . . . the welfare . . . of "the community" into account as an aspect of their own welfare. . . . Each subcultural group, we think, has a more or less distinctive notion of how much a citizen ought to sacrifice for the sake of the community as well as of what the welfare of the community is constituted; . . . of what justice requires and of the importance of acting justly.
>
> . . . upper-income people tend to be more public-regarding than lower-income people. We do not think that income *per se* has this effect; rather, it is the ethnic attributes, or culture, empirically associated with it. It happens that most upper-income voters belong . . . to an ethnic group (especially the Anglo-Saxon and the Jewish) that is relatively public-regarding in its outlook. . . .

"The Anglo-Saxon and the Jewish." There is no mystery about the Anglo-Saxons: people who have long been subjects of history are apt to be civic ("public-regarding"), with a code of stewardship and *noblesse oblige*. But the Jews, according to Mr. Ben Gurion, were objects. Yet they are civic. How can objects be civic? And it is civicism that is the problem here, not ideology. The issues

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voted on were this hospital or that park, not liberalism or welfarism. If it were a question of ideology, the Anglo-Saxons and the Jews would not be linked. Most of the Anglo-Saxons were for Eisenhower and Nixon, most of the Jews for Stevenson and Kennedy; a significantly higher proportion of Jews than of Anglo-Saxons favor trade unions; and so on.

IF WE WISH, we may interpret Wilson and Banfield's findings as showing that some groups have a tradition (a living past) of subjecthood and others a tradition of objecthood, and that those traditions affect outlook and behavior. For instance, in Cleveland proper there was

> a negative correlation . . . between the percentage of voters . . . of foreign stock and the percentage of the total vote . . . that is "Yes." . . . the Poles and Czechs have the strongest distaste for expenditures. [The Italians' distaste is less strong.] . . . the percentage of Poles and Czechs is . . . more important . . . than median family income. . . .

And in a note:

> A person is of "foreign stock" if he was born abroad or . . . one or both of his parents. . . . We believe that the reason why a significant [negative] relationship does not appear for the suburbs is that there is a considerable number of Jews among the foreign stock of the suburbs. In the central city, there are practically no Jews. Like other Jews, Jews of East European origin tend to favor expenditures proposals of all kinds.

But those Poles and Czechs are of East European origin, too—East European peasant origin. As nations, they were oppressed by alien Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns; as a class and as men, by the nobility and squirearchy, native or foreign. So far, not much difference between them (or the Italians, essentially) and the Jews. The crucial difference is that in the old country the Jews had a community, and with it a sense of community.

The historians and sociologists of American immigration—notably the immigration of the Poles and the Irish—have had to reckon with peasant pessimism, or mistrust. For pessimistic peasants, government is a racket, society is a racket, taxes are extortion, social institutions are a fraud and a cloak for graft, you can depend only on your own family—a little.

The Jews, also oppressed, had no such racket theory of society. Living in the midst of hostile nations and empires, among themselves they lived in a community. The governments they knew were rackets and worse, but society was not a racket. Jewish society, Jewish community, was what made it possible for a man to live a Jewish life—which is to say, a human life. It was because of community that you had synagogues to pray in, a rabbi to adjudicate your disputes and tell your wife whether her egg or chicken was kosher, opportunities and incentives to study; above all, fellowships for good works to help you in your need and—almost as important—to allow you to give and work, so that you might win honor on earth and merit in heaven.

All that was no racket. To a Jew it was as necessary as the *polis* had been to a freeman of Periclean Athens. The Jew complained about the leaders of the official community, their subservience to the government and their unjust distribution of the tax burden; but he also taxed himself. He could hardly tell where discipline left off and his own sense of obligation began. One Passover, Levi Isaac of Berdichev, addressing himself to God, told Him: "The nations of the world have kings and ministers, generals and armies, but the land is full of violence and theft. Thy people Israel have neither kings nor ministers, generals nor armies, but no leaven will be found these eight days in all their habitations." (That was when he was speaking *for* the Jews. Another Passover, having seen labor conditions in the communal matzah bakery, he *spoke to* the Jews: "The nations of the world accuse us of baking our matzot with Christian blood. That is a lie. We bake our matzot with Jewish blood.")

Psychologists believe that the infant's experience determines whether trust or mistrust will be the man's basic attitude toward life. By analogy, we may say that Polish and Czech peasants brought with them to America, from their experience of life in Europe, a tradition about how to understand the world, a prevalent attitude of basic mistrust. Jews brought a tradition or attitude of basic trust.

EMIGRANTS are not usually the old country's elite, and neither were the Jews who came to America. Yet even these carried in their baggage habits and ways of thinking that made it easy for them, without hierarchy or authority, to create an unbelievable number and variety of institutions, from synagogues and free-loan societies to hometown relief and family circles. As before, the Jew who asked another for money or participation was not turned away and told that it was all a racket; the burden of justification was on the refuser, not on the asker—who, more often than not, was a demander. That has not disappeared. A few years ago the University of Michigan Survey Research Center reported that a higher proportion of Jews than of others give to persons and institutions, and give more, even when differences in income are taken into account. (Perhaps this ought to be put negatively: fewer do not give and fewer give little.) They could save a lot of money by saying that philanthropy is a racket or by voting against a county hospital they are unlikely to use.

So far from the Jews being objects, from one point of view they excelled all others as subjects.

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The individual Jew felt personally responsible for the collective future. An Italian could become something else without worrying about the life-expectancy of Italy and Italian culture; the land and the people would always be there. Only rarely could a Jew leave without feeling guilty about his failure to honor an obligation that he could not entirely deny. Marshall Sklare recently noted that feeling in the work of a social scientist who thought he was writing impersonally, about a subject larger than the Jews: " . . . the individual who consciously wishes to . . . 'move away' feels . . . personal guilt. . . ." *

A widely shared, internalized responsibility is not the mark of an object people; yet it was the very absence of a state that caused the Jews to internalize responsibility.

WHERE DID the Jews get their favorable attitude toward government, if not toward particular governments?

The system of Jewish law incorporates Mar Samuel's principle (Babylonia, about 250 C.E.; Bava Qamma [113b]): *dina de-malkhuta dina,* a civil law of the state (or government; lit., kingdom) is the law for Jews, taking precedence over the corresponding Jewish civil law. (Especially in the Middle Ages, the rabbis and the communities they led made it clear that an oppressor's edict was not *dina.* This was good medieval political theory, much like Bracton's *rex est sub Deo et lege,* the king is under God and the law. The divine right of the absolute monarch came later.) Again, if there was one part of rabbinical literature that the ordinary Jew knew, that was Pirqe Avot, and there (3: 2) he read an echo of Jeremiah (29: 7): "R. Hanina the Vice-High Priest said: Pray for the welfare of the government [*malkhut*], for if not for the fear it inspires, a man would swallow his neighbor alive."

A digression: modern scholars are likely to see in R. Hanina's dictum the conservative outlook normal in troubled times, especially for a man of his class; or a justification of the sacrifices on behalf of Rome in the Temple, perhaps polemically against the Zealots' ideology, "No king but God"—as Jesus may have been arguing against the Zealots with his "render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." Two centuries later the Rabbis are preaching patience under the foreign yoke in a manner that we can understand, given the circumstances, but that also lets us understand Mr. Ben Gurion's displeasure. In Ketubbot (111a) a political interpretation is made of the three occurrences, in the Song of Songs, of "I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, /by the gazelles or the hinds of the field,/ that you stir not up nor awaken love,/until it please" (2: 7, 3: 5, and, without the gazelles and hinds, 8: 4):

> . . . in accordance with R. Yose the son of [another] R. Hanina [Palestine, about 250 C.E.], who said: Why these three adjurations? One refers to an oath that Israel would not mount upon the wall [in Palestine, to take arms against Rome]; one refers to the oath that the Holy one, blessed be He, made Israel [in the Diaspora] swear, that they would not rebel against the nations of the world; and one refers to the oath that the Holy One, blessed be He, made the nations of the world swear, that they would not subjugate Israel too much [*shello' yishta'bedu bahen beYisrael yoter middai*].

"Not subjugate Israel too much"!

JEWS CAME to the United States, then, with an actively positive attitude toward society and community, growing out of their life in their own society and community; and a potentially positive attitude toward government, growing out of a Jewish tradition that affirmed the worth of government and out of their strong feeling for the social and communal. Already civic, they wanted to be citizens. They had been waiting for a chance to find a legitimate state, whose law would be their law, and it is as if they had also been waiting for a chance to enlarge the boundaries of the society that was society for them. Happy to have found those chances here, Jews from Europe behave in a major respect much like Anglo-Saxons and little like others who came here at the same time from the same places.

If these Jews had not had the capacity for civicism in the United States, other Jews would not have had the capacity for state-building in Israel. The two capacities may actually be one. Whether one or two, they grew from traditions and institutions that go back to the centuries Mr. Ben Gurion would like to forget.

Wanderers

In 1950, Chandler Brossard's "Plaint of a Gentile Intellectual"† opened with a plaintive assertion: "There is a new Alienated Man around. He is the Gentile intellectual in New York City." For Brossard, the Gentile intellectual was more cut off from community, family, and even his own childhood than the Jewish intellectual. The Gentile had been harshly taught that you can't go home again, while the Jew regularly took the subway from Greenwich Village—this was some time ago—back to his parents and the old apartment. Hard to be a Jew? It was harder to be a Gentile.

In another part of the forest, we find rootless Gentiles of quite another sort—business executives. A doctor who lives in a rich suburb said to me not long ago, in passing: "Of course, my

* "Assimilation and the Sociologists," COMMENTARY, May 1965.

† COMMENTARY, August 1950.

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street is mostly Jewish, so nearly all the houses are still owned by the people who owned them when I moved here, ten years ago. The big turnover is in the Gentile neighborhoods." Jews of his class typically work for themselves, or for a family firm. If they are doctors or lawyers, they cannot move any real distance without losing the clienteles they have slowly acquired. If they are businessmen, they may sell afar, but their base is close to home. By contrast, the Gentiles are likely to be executives of corporations like General Electric or Standard Oil. Seven years ago they were in the Chicago office and lived on the North Shore, four years ago they were transferred to San Francisco and lived on the Peninsula, and last year they were sent to New York, to live where New York executives live. They will be shifted again, and again: IBM, for its employees, stands for I've Been Moved.

Which means, for wives, a constant change of houses and neighbors, and for children a constant change of schools and friends. Jewish wives and children are likely to have more stability in their lives. We are told, and it seems reasonable, that stability is good for a family.

What has happened to the Wandering Jew? In Europe, from the Right or the Left, anti-Semites have denounced the Jews as rootless and homeless—Barrès: *déracinés* (about the time of Dreyfus); Stalin: cosmopolitans, passportless wanderers. In America one hears rather less of this, because in the end traditional imagery cannot avoid contamination by reality. The wayfaring stranger on this side of the Atlantic has not been conspicuously or usually a Jew.

IF THE MAN who works for a big organization moves a lot, it is because the organization tells him to. The organization tells him many things. He is dominated by apparatuses that make decisions about him, and it makes little difference to him whether those decisions spring from bureaucratic rationality or bureaucratic arbitrariness. Even his skills may not be able to sustain or satisfy him when he is on his own, but may be useful and valued only when brought together with those of many other men in a large enterprise. A carpenter or a teacher or a pants manufacturer or a doctor has no difficulty explaining to his young children what he does; an employee morale analysis coordinator—organization English, an isolating language, hates prepositions and loves nouns, the more abstract the better—can hardly explain to himself what he does.

Now, the alienation of such a man is not apt to be of the kind that moralists and social critics like—a refusal of commitment to the prejudices of the tribe. Rather, it is apt to be of the kind that they deplore—estrangement from the self, lack of authenticity, anxiety that seeks relief in conventionality. Here, too, the organization man has to pay a high price for being upper-middle-class. Why envy him? Yet on my train I observe that a middle-level Union Carbide executive outranks a partner in a small accountants' firm (though, on top of everything else, I suspect the accountant earns more). This may be an aspect of the new feudalism, where, as in the old, the retainer of a great baron lords it over the freeholder. A sensible man will take the cash and let the credit go.

WHAT ABOUT the enforced absence of Jews from the executive ranks of the great corporations? Jews have a right not to be excluded, and we should insist that our names shall appear on the invitation lists. Omission from the lists is a bad sign. Who do they think they are, and what do they think *we* are, to leave our names off?

But the right to an equal chance at living the organization life does not necessarily mean that it would be wise to exercise that right. For Jews, would it require becoming rootless again, in obedience to a corporation's orders? Would our politics move to the Right as we made the corporation team? William James said that it took a long time for him to realize that he could not be both a preacher and a pirate. He had discovered what economics knows as opportunity cost: the cost of being a preacher is having to forgo the opportunity of being a pirate, the cost of being a pirate is having to forgo the opportunity of being a preacher. What would be the opportunity cost to us of executive careers in big business?

In the 1920's, during the turmoil in the Soviet Union over Socialism in One Country, the Russian Jews told this story. Uncertain whether to believe Stalin that socialism could be built in one country or Trotsky that it could not, one man did what anyone would do: he asked the specialist in hard questions, a rabbi. The rabbi thought and then delivered his judgment: "It is possible to have socialism in one country, but it is better to live in another country."

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Palmerstonian America

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

THE SHADOW OF THE 1970's is now beginning to fall upon the Atlantic Alliance. One would not guess this from the complacent reporting of the recent NATO conference in London (insofar as it was reported at all), or from the reassuring speeches made in public by responsible (to their superiors) officials. But it is a fact known to all observers, and since this department is supposed to concern itself, among other things, with long-range trends in international affairs, there may be no harm in devoting a little space to the topic.

Actually, the term "long-range" is hardly applicable. The North Atlantic Treaty itself comes up for revision in 1969, and few people doubt that the alliance will then encounter its crucial test. Being of unstated duration, it may well continue beyond that date, if the partners are so inclined. The year 1969 is simply the first date on which a member state may give notice of its intention to quit. An earlier withdrawal would be a breach of the club rules. If, for example, General de Gaulle—who has been described as "NATO's ground landlord"—were to invite the tenant to remove his offices from Paris before that date, he could be reminded of his treaty obligations. There is, however, nothing to prevent the General from giving unofficial advance notice of his intentions, say in 1966 or 1967. Most people expect him to do just that, as soon as he has been re-elected President next December. In fact, the Secretary-General of NATO, Signor Manlio Brosio, recently anticipated such a move by suggesting publicly that any proposals for revising the treaty should be put forward in good time, to avoid a possible crisis in 1969.

THE issue, however, is no longer whether de Gaulle will give short notice of his intention to quit: everyone knows he will, though in Paris, of course, this is denied. The question concerns the reasoning behind his attitude, and the probable effect on the rest of the alliance. Here it is necessary to distinguish between short-term military and long-range political considerations. Both have a common starting point in that the "reform" or dissolution of NATO cannot well take place before 1970. Beyond this there lies an area of uncertainty, where visibility is close to zero, and into which even the professionals venture only at the risk of their reputations.

To start with some immediately calculable factors: by next year, 54 French Mirage IV supersonic bombers carrying medium-yield atomic bombs will be operational, and by the early 1970's the next "generation" of French nuclear weapons (presumably including hydrogen bombs) will be deliverable by rocket. Paris will then be able to claim for its *force de frappe* a degree of effectiveness just sufficient to provide an autonomous Western Europe with a nuclear deterrent *not* controlled by the United States. This, of course, is disputed in Washington, where such claims are dismissed on the grounds that the only true deterrent is one which does not automatically expose oneself to a devastating riposte. As the Pentagon experts (and those Europeans who agree with them) see it, the *force de frappe* will be so small that to be effective it would in the event of war have to be directed against cities rather than against troop concentrations. Employed against the USSR, a counter-city strategy would necessarily be suicidal, unless France could succeed in triggering off a general nuclear holocaust—and this "trigger-effect" is just what de Gaulle cannot count on if he leaves NATO and turns his back upon the Atlantic Alliance. Alternatively, if his successors return to some form of the alliance (or decide to pool the *force de frappe* with the British deterrent), the Russians will once more conclude that in a crisis they have only to consider the probable American reaction and need not bother about the danger of an independent European "trigger." The argument is to some extent technical; in part it depends upon an assessment of France's ability to involve the United States *against its will* in a nuclear exchange over a European issue: say a Soviet push into Germany, to which, according to the McNamara doctrine, the proper reaction would be "flexible response" on the ground, including the use of "tactical" nuclear weapons. It is, of course, the essence of the French case that Europe cannot afford such "flexible" warfare, though it may suit the Big Two. And this argument has its supporters in Germany, where on other grounds there is considerable skepticism about the *force de frappe*.

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What it comes to is that France may try to act as a substitute for an as yet non-existent Europe, and by so doing draw the Germans into a partnership from which in due course a united Europe might emerge.

The conventional Anglo-American reply to all this is that it represents a temporary aberration on the part of France, if not the personal whim of one man; and that after the General's departure matters will return to normal. At most it is conceded that de Gaulle may finally oblige the United States to sanction a revision of NATO giving Western Europe a degree of autonomy in the nuclear field. The British and the Germans would then see to it that the substance of Atlantic (that is, American) control was retained. Such an outcome is quite possible—on one condition: that de Gaulle does not commit France to a radical break with the Atlantic Alliance. This is why the coming two or three years are going to be critical. If France stays in NATO and contents itself with a reform of that organization, de Gaulle's successors (including in all probability the bulk of his own party) are likely to revert to some form of "Atlanticism," though with a built-in European component. If, however, Gaullism becomes synonymous with neutralism—not to mention the possibility of a true *renversement des alliances* and a compact with the USSR—such a return is going to be almost impossible to effect, for in the French domestic context, the Gaullist regime will then be able to count on the tacit support of the Communists. This is more than enough for a stable majority, even if Gaullists and Communists remain otherwise on bad terms. The odd thing is that it all depends upon one man: another instance of the principle that in politics (if not in other domains) the time factor and the role of personality are decisive.

THE PUZZLED DISAPPOINTMENT—if not sheer anger and indignation—a visitor encounters in Washington whenever this topic is brought up, is an index of the disarray into which the alliance has fallen. De Gaulle is not merely resented as an obstacle to U.S. policy: he causes genuine rage and bewilderment. How can anyone—let alone an experienced statesman of his caliber—fail to see that the West's only hope lies in an Atlantic alliance under U.S. leadership? And how can significant numbers of influential Europeans appear to be impressed by his arguments? Don't they know what the removal of the American "umbrella" would mean? Alternatively, if they are cynically banking on its permanence, why should their apparent yearning for independence be taken seriously? Are they not trying to have it both ways?

These irritations are fed by memories of a not very distant past, when American leadership was not seriously challenged. They are also fed by the Palmerstonian mood into which official Washington, and the greater part of the press, have fallen since the advent of the Johnson administration. No one who visits the federal capital these days can fail to notice a growth of assertiveness (to put it mildly), a marked impatience with foreigners, however well-disposed, and a determination to quash opposition, whether in Latin America or elsewhere. What makes this mood potentially dangerous is the well-known tendency of Latin American and European client governments to play up to it, in the hope of being promoted to the head of the class. In the past this used to be a Latin American specialty. It is now spreading to other areas.

With the solitary exception of France, Western Europe is not at present governed by men capable of arousing emotions beyond bare acceptance at home and ordinary politeness abroad. Politics are humdrum, and the important decisions tend to be made at Brussels, behind the scenes, among the new breed of "technocrats." The great figures of the 1940's and 1950's have left the scene—all but one. The stage is occupied by the Wilsons, the Erhards, the Moros, and similar worthies. These men are understandably resentful of any tendency to compare them with their predecessors. Mediocrities themselves, they are uncomfortable with greatness. Resigned to the role of clients, they do not welcome de Gaulle's Cornelian rhetoric. The easy way out is to dismiss him as a throwback to the past (hardly a distant past, since quite recently it was still symbolized by Churchill). And this is what they are telling their American friends.

The danger in all this is that Washington may come to misunderstand the underlying mood among its allies, in Europe and elsewhere. That mood is made up of disquiet, suppressed resentment, and resigned acceptance of the present phase in U.S. foreign policy as a lapse from the more promising standards of the Kennedy period. The disquiet is kept within bounds by a cynical conviction that the Johnson administration, for all its addiction to tough talk and Big Stick tactics, will not in fact depart fundamentally from the co-existence line set by its predecessor. In this respect America's allies in NATO do not share the apprehensions recently voiced in Moscow. By now, most informed people in Europe have formed a fairly accurate image of the United States—including its less sophisticated regions. Dallas was a shock. Mr. Johnson's dispatch of the Marines to Santo Domingo (on the strength of a report that 54 foreign Communists had been sighted) was another. But in London, Paris, Rome, and Bonn, the eyebrow-raising is not an index of serious worry over the threat of escalation. It may be difficult for Mikoyan and Kosygin to grasp that Mr. Johnson is just a Texan who dislikes foreign complications, and who believes rebellions can be swatted like flies. In Western Europe, the empirical and non-ideological char-

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acter of these recent operations is quite understood. There is also some appreciation of the President's tactical shrewdness in combining populism at home with noisy anti-Communism abroad. Only one ingredient is lacking: respect for his judgment on major issues, and confidence in his ability to handle the coming crises in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. It is the absence of this confidence and this respect which has made it possible for General de Gaulle to seize the initiative, and to win plaudits from people who until quite recently stood ready to condemn him. It is this same lack of confidence in the over-all direction of U.S. foreign policy which has sent Indian and Pakistani statesmen scurrying to Moscow and Peking. What was once called "neutralism"—at bottom a determination to stay out of a clash between the Big Two—is about to become the unspoken guideline of America's allies, or at any rate those among them who still have some freedom of maneuver.

AMONG foreign observers stationed in Washington, all this is common knowledge. If it does not percolate back to the public, one reason is the extraordinary provincialism of the American press, which hardly ever reports foreign reactions, unless they take the form of official statements. It was an unnerving experience for a visitor living in New York to go through the weeks of the Dominican excitement without coming across any but the most trivial and garbled accounts of European and (worse still) Latin American comments, and this even in papers which pride themselves on their independent judgment. At the time of Suez, even provincial papers in England carried lengthy reports of foreign reactions critical of the British government. In Washington or New York, otherwise well-informed Americans in recent months appeared to this writer to be living in a mental armor and impervious to "off-stage noises." It is true that the papers did almost nothing to enlighten them. If this indifference is more than feigned, it points to an underlying change of attitude of which it is indeed possible to detect other symptoms as well. At some level of the collective consciousness there appears to have set in a determination to proceed on course, no matter what may be said by allies or neutrals, let alone by declared or undeclared opponents. It is not yet "splendid isolation" (the corresponding British formula at the peak of late-Victorian imperial arrogance and contempt for the "lesser breeds"), but it is beginning to look like a trial run. And—unlike the British model—it comes fairly early in the country's career as a great power, with the major foreign opponent still in the field, and without an oligarchic Establishment at home to inject a little cynical wisdom into the popular mood. The British had their Palmerstonian fling when England was truly the only world power. The Americans seem to be getting theirs while the global conflict is still going on.

The symptoms are unmistakable. Above all there is the virtual collapse of the complicated machinery put together over the years to assure constant consultation between the United States and its allies. During the Dominican crisis, there was not even a pretense of such consultation. A lengthy dispatch to the London *Times* from Washington on May 20, made the point that it would have been difficult for Mr. Rusk to keep the British ambassador informed about U.S. policy in the Caribbean, since he himself had not been told what it was. The paper's correspondent —possibly the ablest and most influential member of the press corps in the U.S. capital—went on to note, in a markedly philosophic mood, that even during the Kennedy administration there was no question of letting the allies in on the actual decision-making at moments of acute crisis. There was, however, constant exchange of information and an attempt to codify the arrangements for nuclear control in NATO. This last disappeared when Washington abandoned the ill-fated scheme for a multilateral nuclear fleet, without putting anything else in its place. Now, apparently, the consultation machinery has been dismantled as well. "There is little exchange of information in times of crisis. It is no exaggeration to say that even common diplomatic courtesy is now rather uncommon. This distinguishes President Johnson's administration. It is not that he regards the allies as a bunch of 'wogs,' 'frogs,' 'krauts,' and 'limeys'; they just do not enter into his calculations."

ON TOP OF this disarray in NATO has come the virtual collapse of the United Nations—once more an event not recorded (so far as this writer is aware) in any American news medium. Mr. Murray Kempton, writing from New York, noted in the London *Spectator* of May 28 that Washington "no longer takes the UN seriously enough to treat it with common courtesy . . . it is impossible to remember a solitary reference to the United Nations in the torrent of words which Mr. Johnson has poured forth since January." (The President's belated decision to address the UN hardly makes up for this lengthy silence.) When the Security Council on May 22 voted ten to none (Mr. Stevenson abstaining) for a French resolution demanding that "the suspension of hostilities in Santo Domingo be transformed into a permanent cease-fire," Washington pointedly ignored the UN's intrusion into what was officially declared to be the responsibility of the Organization of American States. The UN's remaining supporters in Britain (*vide* the *Guardian* of May 27) drew the obvious conclusion that the former world authority had degenerated into a debating society: a fate "threatened" by its Secretary-General in a speech which failed to attract much notice. More to the point, it had previously been American

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doctrine that the UN's authority superseded that of any regional organization. In the Dominican crisis this doctrine was quietly shelved, for the benefit of the OAS: an organization which few thinking people in Latin America take seriously. So far as principle is concerned, there is now nothing to prevent China from setting up a regional organization of its own (with the willing help of Indonesia and others) and then claiming police powers for it throughout Southeast Asia: in South Vietnam, for instance.

The extraordinary thing in all this has been the virtual absence of any public debate—aside from the Washington "teach-in," which for all its spectacular impact upon listeners, had the familiar earmarks of an internal rumpus within the academy. It is as though the sudden dismantling of the elaborate legal-political façade erected since 1945 has either not been noticed, or been accepted with relief as a return to earlier and simpler days. The latter presumably represents the reaction of "the man in the street" or "the average voter." Insofar as this semi-mythical being has a real existence, his opinions (themselves a confused distillate of what reaches him via the mass media) can be invoked as proof that "pragmatism" is popular. No doubt it is (and always was), save with the minority of people who have enough sense to realize that stripping oneself of principle in the name of common sense is as good as an admission that the earlier highflown talk was not meant to be taken seriously in the first place. After all, what is the good of pretending to stand for international law and constitutional government, if in the first emergency (and not a very serious one at that) these solemn professions are hurriedly declared to be inoperative?

Of the actual handling of the Dominican affair it is unnecessary to speak. By now even the stoutest administration supporters have given up trying to pretend that the whole business is anything but a ghastly fiasco. There is tacit agreement that officialdom panicked in the face of a hollow threat, and intervened in a manner which undid all the good will built up laboriously by the Alliance for Progress. Predictably, the effect was most catastrophic among America's best friends on the center-left in Latin America, from the ruling nationalist party in Mexico to the recently victorious Christian Democrats in Chile. It is a measure of the gap between official U.S. thinking and the mood of moderate Latin American democrats that the stale rhetoric of anti-Communism was regarded as a suitable defense. In actual fact, anti-Communism as such is no more a viable political platform *outside the USA* than anti-Jacobinism was *outside England* a century and a half ago. The United States cannot afford to resemble the England of Wellington and Castlereagh, on pain of isolating itself from its allies in Europe and elsewhere. Yet this is precisely the role it seems to have chosen: that of the great counter-revolutionary power, protector of every retrograde regime in the world, last bulwark of archaic societies and fossilized military cliques fighting a rearguard action against popular rebellion. The image is all the more disastrous because it has been freely assumed, and because there is evident popular backing for its more chauvinist aspects.

This last is hardly surprising: flag-waving is always popular, and foreign critics can easily be brushed off. What cannot be so neatly disposed of is the growing impression that U.S. policy alienates those democratic elements who were and are potentially well-disposed toward the West. It is all very well to proclaim that Formosa and Siam, no less than Paraguay, have stayed loyal. In the not-so-very-long run, the hollowness of a world strategy built upon such allies must become apparent. Already India and France—for different reasons—have found it convenient to dissociate themselves from Mr. Johnson's anti-Communist crusade. Japan and Italy may be next. At this stage, it will become difficult for administration apologists to go on employing the argument this writer encountered on a recent visit to Washington: that America's allies are a bunch of hypocrites who want to combine the safety of the U.S. nuclear shield with the satisfaction of striking superior moral poses in public. All governments are in the habit of wrapping their policies in high-sounding language. If the allies are beginning to desert the ship, the reason is that they have no confidence in the captain's ability to keep it off the rocks. This argument ought to count with the "pragmatists" who allegedly determine American foreign policy: it is of the sort they have been trained to understand.

LASTLY, it remains to be said that the opposition to Mr. Johnson's conduct of affairs has taken a form which to a foreign observer—notably one from Britain—looks familiar: an observation which in this context is not intended as a compliment. It is perhaps inevitable that the United States should repeat the British experience in the 19th and 20th centuries. One aspect of this experience is the growth of a pacifist opposition to great power politics and the cynical morality that necessarily goes with it. It is no secret that this opposition shades off at the edges into something that is not pacifist, something that in the American context is often called "subversion," though few people in Britain or France or elsewhere in Europe would bother to make a fuss about it. At the other end of the "liberal" spectrum, further toward the center, one encounters the "loyal opposition" of anxious administration supporters who are simply asking for a more intelligent handling of affairs and more regard for America's real interests. In between, a mass of bewildered souls clamors for a return to

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democratic morality. Until these confusions have sorted themselves out, it will be impossible to establish what exactly the "Left" stands for, or what it would do if by some accident it were wafted into office. I shall, however, venture a hypothesis which may strike some readers as cynical: it is my guess that if a new Bryan were to rouse the electorate with a campaign against imperialism and Machiavellianism, the ultimate outcome would correspond, more or less, to the achievement of Gladstonian liberalism in Britain. In other words, the "Establishment" would absorb the rebel, though in the process it might learn to mend its ways and perhaps become a bit more intelligent in presenting its wares to the rest of the world.

The comparison may seem far-fetched. In actual fact it is borne out by the experience of past campaigns against militarism and imperial megalomania. Such campaigns are never wholly fruitless, but the fruit is usually gathered by harvesters who arrive late on the scene. In the British case, Gladstone's heirs turned out to be the "Liberal imperialists" of the Edwardian age: Asquith, Haldane, Grey—and Winston Churchill. These men and their ally, the renegade Populist from Wales, Lloyd George, inherited Gladstone's moral prestige and used it to prepare the country for the coming showdown with Imperial Germany. Which was not quite what Gladstone had in mind in 1879 when he roused the non-conformist conscience with his Midlothian campaign against Tory cynicism and imperialism. It is, however, what usually happens in politics: *vide* the fate of the American Wilsonians who a generation later repeated the Gladstonian experience.

Does this mean that a "liberal imperialist" phase in U.S. foreign policy would simply amount to a different label on the package? Not quite. Given the fact that the United States has been propelled onto the world scene in the role of one of the two super-powers, it is of the highest importance that its affairs be conducted with the maximum of intelligence, and that its over-all policy should be in tune with progressive strivings all over the world. Just because these aims are limited, they are attainable. What cannot be attained is a radical change of orientation which would somehow do away with the "military-industrial complex" and return the country to its earlier innocence. The current protest movement appears to be hankering after a combination of all these aims. They are in fact incompatible. Liberal interventionists and radical pacifists will have to part company. It is the former who can hope to influence policy. The radical insurgents (minus the Maoist contingent, which will probably end up as a kind of Mau-Mau) are likely to discover that their role can only be that of a permanent opposition. And why not? Every society needs a handful of radicals who have not been absorbed into the Establishment. *Someone* has to keep the flag flying. But that flag will never fly over the citadels of power.

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PEDDLERS IN ELDORADO

Louis Berg

"THE RESTLESS spirit of the Jewish wanderer," said Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, pioneer rabbi of San Francisco, speaking of the '49 Gold Rush, "drove many of the race of Israel to the mining camps of Eldorado." Once there, however, it did not take "the Jewish wanderer" long to find out that there were more nuggets in the peddler's pack than could be pried out of the mountainside. Goods were in desperate demand, prices were sky-high, pay was in gold dust. The Jew could get goods and credit, too, from friends and relatives in business back East: his choice of the peddling profession was inevitable.

"In traveling to the mines from one end to the other," wrote the Scottish traveler J. B. Borthwick in his *Three Years in California*, "I never saw a Jew lift a pick or shovel." Borthwick may have found it hard to distinguish the Jews from the other bearded miners. Names were no help (William Prince and Peter Lassen, miners, were both Jewish). Still, it is hard to understand how Borthwick missed the legendary "Split-Ear" Solomon—"a man who never knew the pallid face of fear," according to his obituary; or the equally well-known Louis Sloss, whom the San Francisco *Chronicle* referred to in later years as the "most honest man who ever handled mining shares." Other Jewish miners in California were Lewis Gerstle; Oscar Myers of Murphy's camp in Calaveras County; Peter Lassen, after whom Lassen County was named; Isadore Meyerowitz, the most "restless Spirit" of them all, whose prospecting jaunts took him to Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah, where he died. And above all, there was Bernard Marks, who reversed the usual trend by switching from pack to pick, so to speak, and that out of sheer romanticism—"I really began to be ashamed of my former occupation, longing, quixotically, of course, for the time when with calloused hands, calico shirt, cowhide boots and pick on shoulder, I could conscientiously call myself a miner."

There were others. But Borthwick was right in the main. Jews in Eldorado, with few exceptions, did not work the mines, but rather served the men who did, sparing them the burdensome trips to Sacramento for supplies, with no small risk that their claims would be jumped in their absence. The peddler's work, in fact, was harder than the miner's. The load the peddler carried on his back or dragged behind him in a Mormon-type handcart staggers the imagination. If the roadless passes, some more than 9,000 feet above sea-level, were rugged, the desert trails were worse; cactus spines tore at the traveler's legs, the alkaline water set his stomach to churning, the sun baked his skin to leather.

Clearly, this was no business for men who shrank from hard work or danger. The Gold Rush peddler could take a masculine pride in his occupation. The contents of his pack reflected the rough world that was his territory—it contained work clothing, bowie knives, shovels, revolvers, slouch hats, and boots—in contrast to the Easterner's stock-in-trade: the feminine fripperies, ribbons and bows, bonnets, pomades, laces, toilet waters.* Moreover, the (Western) peddler was not operating on the periphery of the mercantile establishment: he was that establishment *in toto*. Where there were no factories to serve local needs (nor homespun industry), no rails, no roads, he supplied both goods and transportation. Such general stores as sprung up for emergency needs were ramshackle affairs, too meagerly stocked to compete with the peddler. (As a consequence, he faced none of the fines, fees, and restrictive legislation that harassed his operations in the East.) In point of fact, it is not always possible to draw the line in the mining camps between peddler and petty merchant. The shopkeeper, too, was of necessity something of a nomad. "*Ich heute San Francisco verlassen*," wrote Alexander Meyer to his family back East in 1850, "*und get nach die mines mit mein bisjen wagon, und dort ein retail store enfangen.*" ("Today I leave San Francisco and go to the mines with my little wagon, there to start a retail store.") The extent of his stock that could be contained in a little wagon may be imagined, but even the store did not stay put. The boom-and-bust economy of the mines, their shifting populations, from strike to fresh strike, were hardly conducive to settled shopkeeping. The days when it was possible to pry a nugget out of the hillside with a bowie knife were of short duration, and the storekeeper's bonanza period was similarly short-lived. A mining camp, striking it rich, might burst overnight into a full-blown town, complete with brick buildings, shops, mills, saloons, gambling halls, bordellos, an opera house—and maybe a Baptist church—but the introduction of machinery soon stripped the mines of their ore and the town's reason for being went with it. Overnight the place would become a ghost town, its population, and the merchant's customers,

* The word "notions," describing the contents of the Eastern peddler's pack, is significant, implying female vanity and extravagance. The women might hail the peddler's arrival, but the men, often as not, would resent it.

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departed for parts unknown. And even in the heyday, endemic floods and fires might wipe the merchant out, store and stock, forcing him on the road again.

Against such catastrophes, peddling offered a kind of insurance. The ruined merchant had only to fill a pack with goods and follow the swarming miners to the fresh strikes—Washoe, Clear Creek, Alder Gulch, the Black Hills, the Couer d'Alenes. In these new regions, far removed from any coastal settlements, and therefore by the logistics of time and place from any of the amenities of civilization, the peddler's services were more than ever needed. The luckiest miner in the Shining Mountains, sitting on top of gold, lived nevertheless in total squalor—his home, like as not, a towbag tent or a hole in the mountainside; his bed a heap of dirty straw; his clothes in tatters, and himself unkempt, unshaven, and everlastingly hungry. The offering up for sale of a pair of used boots (by auction) occasioned wild hullabaloo. An article in *Harper's* magazine of the period describes the whooping and hollering, the firing of pistols, the passing of Taos Lightning from mouth to mouth to inspire the bidding.

With straw brooms selling at five dollars apiece, and a bowie knife worth its weight in gold, the peddler's profits were great. So, by the same token, were his risks. Indians, their lands invaded, were everywhere on the warpath; desperados, after the Civil War, infested every mountain pass. The trails were marked by the graves of the peddlers who blazed them—Louis Nathan, Henry Levy, Isaac Goldstein, scalped by Indians; Sam Rosenthal, Aaron Moss, to say nothing of the scores of anonymous victims, murdered by highwaymen. Scurvy, mountain fever, and cholera took an even larger toll.

WHO WERE THESE adventurers? What sent them West? A large number were immigrants from East Europe, young Jews of the *baal-agola* (wagoner) type whose hardihood had already been tested in an environment dominated by rough Polish peasants or murderous Cossacks. Others, mostly from Germany, were natural rebels and soldiers-of-fortune, like August Helbing, who fled Germany in 1848 in the company of Carl Schurz; or Nathan Grossmayer, who was wounded in the Paris street-fighting in '48; or Louis Schlessinger, who had served under Kossuth and later with Walker in Nicaragua. Almost without exception they were in their twenties, and one, Otto Mears, had headed West, orphaned and alone, before he was *bar mitzvah*.

Isolated as they were from the Jewish community, and youthful rebels all, some assimilation was inevitable. Those few Jewish peddlers in the West who tried to keep the faith found the way of the Torah rockier and more thorny than the trail from Sacramento to Carson City. Isadore Schnayder, when long-awaited pictures of his family arrived on the Sabbath, would not cut the string until nightfall. Abraham Rackovsky sent to Denver for kosher meat, but it spoiled in transit: he turned vegetarian. By and large, however, the mining-camp peddlers and merchants found strict Orthodoxy too much to carry on backs already overburdened. Some took Indian brides, like Lassen, who drowned in Honey Lake in a vain effort to save his squaw. Others were lucky enough, in time, to find Christian girls to marry—to which circumstance we owe Barry Goldwater, grandson of Big Mike Goldwasser, peddler and saloonkeeper. What is remarkable about such intermarriages is the willingness of a Gentile girl in those days and in that place to choose a Jewish husband. The peddlers themselves explained it in this way: "The improvident Christian will not go out to peddle, to climb steep mountains, to venture into Indian country, in order to keep his wife and family in comfort."

More than youthful adaptability and isolation from one's kind is necessary to explain the alacrity with which the Western peddlers turned from the Torah. The egalitarian air of the mining camps—this was the tonic that made the salt pork that was the miner's fare palatable. Life in the camps was hard, but the hardships of the Jew were those shared by all, and not imposed on him by reason of his religion, or the order of his arrival in the new country. The Forty-Niners came from all parts of the world, and foreign accents were as common in the mining camps as American ones. Some anti-Semitism, to be sure, had been imported, but it survived only in the vaguest terms.*

Antecedents, moreover, counted for nothing at the mines; usefulness to the community and willingness to share in its hardships counted for everything. The madame of a sporting house rated high on the social scale, and the peddler was hardly less esteemed. In general a person's occupation, however mean, was not scorned, so long as he did not actually steal. "No questions of dignity," wrote Borthwick, "interfered to prevent a man from employing himself in any way that suited his convenience, providing it was honest. No one considered himself demeaned by his occupation. . . . Whatever their relative positions, men treated each other with a certain amount of deference."

This is not to say that the West did not have its own brand of snobbishness. Within a year after the Gold Rush, the Society of California Pioneers was formed—the prairie schooner was its Mayflower and Sutter's Mill its Plymouth Rock—which excluded from its ranks not only Negroes and Chinese, but also such belated emigrants as were even then rounding the Horn or laboring across the Plains. To this new elite, the Jew could hardly be denied admittance. (As a matter of fact,

* "There is little prejudice towards us Jews in social intercourse," wrote a Sonora Jew. "In fact, there is no persuasion more esteemed for moral conduct than the Jew."

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it was a Jew who summoned the first meeting of a similar society of pioneers in Colorado.) In California, the Jew had preceded the Forty-Niners. San Francisco had a Jewish community when it was still known by its Spanish name of Yerba Buena. The first Jewish religious services were held in a tent on Kearney Street in 1849, and within a year the community had two synagogues, one Reform, the other Orthodox.

How far West Jews had ventured before the wagon trains is uncertain. The Santa Fe Trail was opened to traders in 1820. Paul Horan, in his *The Centuries of Santa Fe,* refers to the mixed crews of the wagon trains that took advantage of this commerce—Creoles, Mexicans, Indians, trappers, Mountain Men guides, and Polish merchants. And who were these Polish merchants if not Jews? Philip Philipson of St. Louis spent four years trading in the Rockies a decade before Fremont set eyes on them. As early as 1843, Julius Stern, editor of the first Jewish weekly in the United States, proposed the formation of a separate Jewish state west of the Mississippi, and Rabbi Isaac Lesser, in support of the project, observed that enough Jews had already settled there to make it feasible.

In brief, the early Jews in the West could boast that they were pioneers among pioneers. They, too, had crossed the prairie by covered wagon or taken the equally perilous Yellow Fever Route via the Isthmus of Panama. Consider, for example, the Odyssey of Abraham Rackovsky. He was a Russian Jew from Suwalk, a fugitive from a pogrom. An uncle, Alexander Rittmaster, an escaped prisoner in the Crimean War, had preceded him and established himself temporarily in Central City, Colorado. To join him, Rackovsky took a train to Council Bluff and there, his funds exhausted, attached himself to an oxcart train bound for Cheyenne. Having no wagon of his own, he followed it afoot, earning his meals by gathering buffalo chips for the camp fires and sleeping on the bare ground. He had exactly one dollar left when he reached Cheyenne, and with characteristic flair stepped into a saloon to buy a cigar. There was no change, and at this point in his journey, he may have had an inkling of the Land of Ophir that lay ahead for the Jewish merchant. Penniless and still afoot, he pushed on the hundred miles to Pueblo. There he got a job as a cowboy (the fact that the ranch was owned by a man named Nussbaum may explain how). He worked for eight months herding cattle, by the expiration of which time he may have learned to ride a horse. He had not, however, earned enough to own one, for we find him, on foot again, trudging the final stretch to Central City.

There his uncle had acquired a general store, and he supplied Abraham with goods to peddle at the mines. The load Rackovsky carried on his back has become a legend. The strongest miner, if the story is to be believed, could hardly lift one of the two packs Rackovsky toted uphill and down, balancing the load with two counterweights in front. In addition, he carried two telescope grips, one in each hand. Thus encumbered, he crossed the difficult passes to Gregory, Clear Gulch, and beyond. When the inclines were too steep, he would drag his packs one at a time to the top and then roll them downhill.

Wolfe Londoner, a smaller man, nearly matched Rackovsky in strength and endurance. He was hired to guide a wagon-freight train from Council Bluff to Denver; the wagon master, a surly Mexican, either could not read his credentials or refused to honor them. Londoner, too, had to follow the wagons on foot. Caught taking a nap in one of the wagons, he was driven with whips from the caravan, and forced to journey the remaining six-hundred miles from afar—the last one-hundred miles barefoot, his shoes having worn out.

There were Jewish women, too, riding the prairie schooners – Hester Rosenberg, Fannie Brooks, Cecilia Joel, Helena Goldberg. One of the sad mining-camp legends tells of a poor Jewish lady who, on her way to join her fiancée, was murdered by the Indians. Her lover, Isaac Goldstein, a peddler, refused to believe her dead and roamed Indian country in search of her; he was scalped by Indians in the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

FOR ALL ITS romanticizing, Hollywood has not utterly lied about the West. The terrain invited violence; badmen, gunfighters, bandits, rampaging Indians did abound. The peddler, thrust into the very heart of all this, could hardly escape involvement; nor could he survive without meeting trouble on its own terms. Thus August Helbing held off with drawn pistols a group of his co-religionists who objected to the burial in the Jewish cemetery of a gambler shot in a gun battle; the interment took place as scheduled. * Sam Aaron, peddler, gambler, saloon-keeper, once chased the notorious gunman MacKinnen out of the saloon with a shotgun. "My boss," he later said, "gave me hell for not killing Mac, but it is no easy matter to take life, no matter how hard-boiled you are. Something always stops you." Not all Jewish Western peddlers were so inhibited. In Salt Lake City, a peddler named Levi Abrams was put on trial for the murder of a friendly Indian; the Western attitude toward Indians being what it was, he was released. In 1874, near Pueblo, a man named Perry was killed by one Faraber (Farber?) whose road station was known as the Jew's

* Intra-Jewish gunplay reached absurd limits in an encounter between a rabbi and a member of his congregation (Portland, Oregon, 1880). Rabbi M. May was accosted in the street by a merchant named Waldman, who had a grievance which he tried to settle Old Country style by delivering a *patsch* that broke the Rabbi's glasses. The more assimilated Rabbi May borrowed a gun and took a potshot at his assailant. Luckily his aim was poor.

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Rancho. "The Jew, Faraber," wrote the *Pueblo Chieftain*, "was considered a dangerous man by those who knew him, and his house had a bad reputation. He had been known to draw a pistol upon several persons on very slight provocation." Faraber served only four years in the penitentiary for his crime: murder in the West was not in the same category as cattle-rustling or claim-jumping. Finally, at least one Jewish peddler, Sigmund Schlesinger, distinguished himself as an Indian fighter, becoming the hero of the Battle of Arikaree Creek.*

But stressing the "horse-opera" aspects of the peddler's trade distorts the true picture. Otto Mears was, after all, more than a mere Indian trader and interpreter for the U.S. Army in the sporadic Indian wars. He negotiated the treaties under which the Indians ceded large and valuable lands to the infant state of Colorado; he introduced into Colorado the first reaping and mowing machines; he served notably in the Colorado legislature; and in later years was railroad builder and newspaper publisher. Louis Sloss and his partner, Gerstle, deserve at least a footnote in Western history, not for mining gold, but because they formed the important Alaska Commercial Company, which gave the West a substantial fur trade when Astoria was no more than a memory.† Henry Altman, a pack peddler serving the Union Pacific Railroad, went into the cattle business with Jacob Wasserman, also a peddler, to specialize in the breeding of prize bulls: they contributed greatly to improving the breed of Western cattle, and Altman was one of the founders of the Wyoming Cattle Growers Association. Harry Jastro turned similarly to ranching, becoming known throughout the Southwest as the Cattle King of California. Adolph Sutro, who became San Francisco's most popular mayor, turned from selling cigars to vast engineering projects. He had no training as an engineer, but he devised an improved method of extracting gold from ore in Washoe, and he made possible, against odds and opposition, the construction of the Sutro Tunnel, which led to the fullest exploitation of the fabulous Comstock Lode when it was thought played out, thereby literally changing the course of American history. Meyer Guggenheim was a peddler of shoelaces and shoe-polish in the East, but in the West he founded a great mining empire whose ramifications today are worldwide.

THOUGH THE customary peddler's progress was from pack to department store, the freighting business—which linked East to West and all parts of the West with each other before the advent of the transcontinental railroads**—was to a surprising extent in the hands of former Jewish peddlers. But perhaps not so surprising, for what was freighting but a logical extension of the peddler's pack, swollen to such proportions as to contain a piano for the new opera house, or mahogany fixtures and imported chandeliers for the bar and dining room of the Grand Palace Hotel? Jews not only controlled the business, but in person guided the ox-drawn freight wagons that lumbered over the mountains or through the desert, carrying civilization as their cargo in 100-ton lots. Rackovsky and Rittmayer were a famous freighting team, as were the Kohn Brothers, who ran mule trains from Denver to Montana to Utah and Nevada; Hyman Goldberg, who served the railway construction gangs; Joseph Rosenwald, who freighted to Pike's Peak, and others. Even the firm of J. B. Doyle, whose huge warehouse in Denver was the hangout for such notables as Kit Carson and General Kearney, had as its silent partner and active spirit Fred Z. Solomon, who captained the wagons across the continent while the convivial Irishman entertained his worthies in style at home. "We are under new, repeated and continued obligations to the Brothers Solomon," Doyle acknowledged handsomely, "for sundry cans, bottles, baskets, and boxes of peaches, plums, Sweitzer cheeses, with which they are continually loading our tables." No more salt pork and corn meal.

THIS IS not the picture of the mining-camp Jew presented by contemporary observers from the East or by visiting journalists, who either ignore his existence or refer to him in the most derogatory terms. Borthwick's comment has already been noted, and J. Ross Browne, writing for *Harper's* magazine, was no less unkind to the Jewish merchants of Virginia City:

> The Jew clothing store presents the most marvelous fertility of invention. . . . Bills are posted all over the doorways, on the pavements, in the windows, and on the various articles of clothing hung up for sale: "NOW OR NEVER! *Cheapest clothes in the world!!* PANTS GIVEN AWAY!!! WALK IN GENTS. . . ." And so on without limit. New clothes and clothes doubtful are offered for sale at these prolific establishments, which are always selling off at cost or suicidal prices, yet never seem to be reduced in stock. I verily believe I saw hanging at the door of one of these shops the identical pair of stockings stolen from me several years ago at Strawberry.

The description has a familiar ring. There can be no doubt that some Jewish businesses in the

* Schlesinger was also the subject of a barrack-room ballad:

When the foe charged the breastworks
with the madness of despair,
And the bravest of souls were tested,
the little Jew was there.

† As a lesser contribution to the winning of the West, one might mention the introduction of levis and the ten-gallon hat—both brought in by the Jewish peddler.

** "The freighting business had grown to such important proportions that there was nearly as much excitement over suddenly acquired toll road fortunes as over the wonderful silver mines." Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

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West were conducted along the "drag 'em in" lines of Hester or Broome Street in New York City. Therein may lie an explanation of the neglect (perhaps out of mistaken kindness) of the pioneer Jew by writers of Western history and folklore. The writers recognized as Jewish only the cheapjack methods, and only the raucous hucksters as Jews. (Mark Twain, surely no anti-Semite, meeting Sutro for the first time, noted neither his Jewishness nor his achievements, but was struck solely by the man's lack of humor—"he did not mind a joke any more than a dead man would.")

The Jew's neighbors and fellow pioneers in the West were more generous. Place-names in the West are an acknowledgment of the peddler's pathfinding role: Lassen County; Castro County; Solomonville; Helene, Montana (after Helena Goldberg, if the story is to be believed); Mears Pass; Sutro Forest. Parenthetically, Ed Schieffelin gave Tombstone, which he founded, its ominous name. Western Jews (of the first generation) also held political office to a degree unprecedented anywhere else in the world. Solomon Heydenfeldt was chief justice of the California Supreme Court; Simon Bamburger was governor of Utah. Dodge City had three Jewish mayors, one of whom served five terms. Early state legislatures in the West abound with Jewish names.

The peddlers, to be sure, were a select group, more enterprising, more daring than the merchants who stuck close to the few urban centers in the West. But even the meanest hawker who did business in Sidney Town in San Francisco, harassed by criminal gangs from Australia (the Ducks) or from the Bowery (the Hounds), deserved more credit than was given him for courage in those rowdy and dangerous days. Rabbi Voorsanger, in a spirited reply to an anti-Semitic remark made by a member of the California State Legislature, put the case as follows:

> They [the Jews] came from all directions; they entered on every ship that touched the harbor, and their numbers increased when the Pacific Mail Line came twice monthly from the East. They came overland, driving their ox-teams, like the rest of the adventurers, braving the dangers of desert and floods, the raids of the Indians, and the attacks of desperados, and halted at various points, where they pitched their tents and went to work like brave men. They located in every mining town and, faithful to their wonted pursuits, started the commerce of the New World. They were careful, abstemious in the midst of success, saving in the midst of extravagance, for their ultimate object was to secure a future home for their familes.
>
> Their intimate connections with Eastern traders and mercantile houses enabled them to assist the mining populations in rapidly obtaining the comforts of Eastern civilization, and many a prosperous inland town owes its rise and present solidarity to the pluck and perseverance of the Hebrew merchants, who gave life to the places in which they were located, and fostered every new enterprise by personal encouragement and generous financial aid.

This lavish speech, delivered in the heat of controversy, is close to the sober truth.

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PORTRAIT OF A REVOLUTIONARY

Harold R. Isaacs

THE TREADS OF anti-colonialism have worn smooth with the hard running of the last decade or so. Only a few colonial dots remain now on the world's map and the only anti-colonial war still going on is taking place obscurely in remote Portuguese Angola. The fine, clear, simple passions and sympathies that anti-colonialism could arouse have been replaced by the more turgid manipulations of "non-alignment" and "neo-colonialism," and the power that everybody fought for, or had handed to them, has turned out in new nation after new nation to be one form or another of oligarchic, military, single-party, or one-man rule. Colonialism's Sauls have been succeeded by "freedom's" Davids. The prisons are fuller than they ever were, and nobody writes books in the jails run by Nkrumah, Sukarno, or Castro. Had he lived to end up—as he most probably would have—in one of Ben Bella's prisons, we would never have known what Frantz Fanon might have written as a sequel to *The Wretched of the Earth,* which first appeared in its original French in 1961, the year he died, while the Algerian war was still going on.* In this book, however, Fanon has left behind him a reminder of just how strong those anti-colonialist and counter-racist passions were and how complicatedly unappeased they still are. To the disenchanted who thought that the invisible men in all these places were pure-democrats-seekers-after-manhood and fighters-for-the-oppressed and are now disturbed, unhappy, and repelled by the lot of Ugly Asians and Ugly Africans who have become visible on all sides, Fanon also brings the sharp warning that they have not really seen anything yet.

Frantz Fanon was a black man born on Martinique who studied medicine and psychiatry in France. In 1951, when he was twenty-seven years old, he published a book called *Peau Noir Masques Blancs* ("Black Skin, White Masks"), in

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* Preface by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated from the French by Constance Farrington, Grove Press, 255 pp., $5.00.

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which he dealt with what it meant to be a black man in a white-dominated world, or more particularly a black man dominated by whites who were French. It used to be held by some (Frenchmen or Francophiles) that the French were really much more gentlemanly colonizers and rulers than any other Europeans. Did not black men sit in the French National Assembly? Did not French, or at least Parisian society, clutch so many of its exotically primitive children to its political, artistic, and individual male and female bosoms over the years? Did not French colonial policy aim to create small clusters of black, brown, and yellow Frenchmen to form colonial elites that would forever be France's own? It is a partial truth that the French kept a fuzzier kind of color line between themselves and their subjects, but the greater truth was that the French style of mastery—as Frantz Fanon was not the first to show—aroused a deeper and more virulent hatred in the mastered than could be found anywhere else in the colonial world. The sources of the difference between this aspect of the French and, say, the British colonial experience have never really been plumbed; if they could be, we would know much more than we know now about the links between culture and personality. There was clearly always more physical and psychic violence in French domination than in any other. It was no "accident" that the longest and most brutal wars for the maintenance of colonial power were fought by the French in their major colonies, Indochina and Algeria, and it is also no "accident" that a Frantz Fanon, a very French black man indeed, should have become an apostle of violence and proclaim anew the primeval doctrine that manhood is won only by the drawing of blood.

Fanon joined the Algerian rebel cause, serving as physician and psychiatrist and, as a writer, becoming also a chronicler and tribune of that long and bitter struggle. He identified himself wholly with it—referring in his writing repeatedly to "we Algerians." It was around his own perceptions of the heroic fighting phase of the Algerian war that he developed the notions and "theories" which he set down in his book, *Les damnés de la Terre,* which appeared not long before he was flown to Washington for treatment of a long-neglected cancer condition. It is this book that now appears in English translation and is presented by its publishers as a work that has become "a handbook for the revolutionary movement throughout the world." This may or may not be so—all kinds of revolutionary handbooks now fill the stalls from Nairobi to Santo Domingo to Hanoi—but it is a book to be noted, for Frantz Fanon was an uncommon man and there is much instruction in what he wrote, especially if one reads him with a feeling for his own place in our current history and not, like Jean-Paul Sartre, to snatch eagerly and cringingly at the violence Fanon so passionately espouses.

In his introduction, Sartre dances around Fanon like an excited small satyr, tremblingly taking the blows that Fanon offers as coming from the "Third World"—which remains as fictively elusive in his pages as the "First" and "Second" worlds—and writes about it all as though he were discovering the emotions of colonial nationalism for the first time in Fanon's book and finding in Fanon its first spokesman. Sartre, always the non-responsible fellow-traveler—he carried his pen like a spear along Stalin's French literary flank for years—now scurries alongside the more modish ranks of Maoist revolutionism or what might be described in somewhat fresher American terms as right-wing Malcolm X-ism. Sartre explodes his oral barrage at "Europe" but he seems to be straining mainly to relieve himself of the bulging revulsion he feels over what French culture revealed itself to be in the process of decolonization. The pleasure he gets out of Fanon's assault is positively orgasmic.

THIS assault—in which "Europe" is also an enlarged euphemism for "France"—comes out of the many layers of Fanon's own experience. The sources of his passion will be found in his earlier work, *Peau Noir Masques Blancs* (which Grove Press also promises to issue soon in English translation), written before he took on the role of pamphleteer-theoretician-of-the-revolution. He closed that work with a more personal kind of manifesto:

> I am not the slave of the slavery that dehumanized my fathers. . . . I am not a prisoner of history. I do not have to seek in it the meaning of my destiny. . . . In the world where I make my way, I create myself unendingly. . . . I am my own foundation. . . . I find myself in the world one day and I claim one right: to demand human behavior from others. . . . I do not want to become the victim of the ruse of a black world. My life does not have to be devoted to drawing up the balance of black assets. . . . If the white contests my humanity, I will show him by bringing to bear on his life all my weight as a man. . . .

He found the way to do this in Algeria, where the open violence of the war released all the pressures built up in him during his years on Martinique and in France, and brought him to the view that only by violence could a man purge himself of the debasement and indignity of colonial and racial subjection. For generations, he points out, the "settler" operated on the principle that the "native" could be dealt with only by force. Now, he goes on, it is the native who "has chosen the argument furnished by the settler. . . . It is the native who now affirms that the colonialist understands nothing but force." In the French colonial setting, and particularly in Algeria where the guardians of French culture turned out to be wanton murderers and sadistic torturers, this turnabout carried with it a strong sense of inescapable justice, and for Fanon it became the key

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to a better future. "Violence," he cries, "violence committed by the people, violence organized and educated by its leaders, makes it possible for the masses to understand social truths and gives the key to them." And the greatest of these "social truths" which only the people can discover and apply is: "The last shall be first."

BUT NOW Fanon, the black man seeking dignity, the psychiatrist sensitively touching upon the inwardness of individual experience, has become a man of action, a pamphleteer, agitator, and spinner of revolutionary strategy. Like so many other writers-turned-politicians and psychiatrists-turned-historians—all of a great variety of creeds, colors, and national origins—he takes off into a succession of wild and blurry yonders. Since he deeply needs to stand on his "own foundation" and to create himself unendingly, his ideas appear without reference to any sources or associations or past history; they all appear as fresh revelation churned out of his own mind by his own experience. He retreads much of the rocky and rubbly road of ideological controversy over the role of the "national bourgeoisie" in backward or colonial countries. He indicates at one point that he is aware that these arguments go back more than half a century among Marxists of all varieties, Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, Leninist-Trotskyists, Leninists-Stalinists, Leninists-Maoists, but he nowhere mentions any of them or refers to the issue in any other settings but the ones he gives it. His more or less conscious or unconscious borrowings are heaviest from Mao. Perhaps they can be better called affinities, especially with the early Mao, since Fanon really speaks out of what might be thought of as Algeria's Yenan period. Hence the inevitability and inescapability of armed violence as wielded by the armed masses, and essentially the armed rural masses; hence the prime role of the "peasantry" or the country people, in contrast to the corrupted town dwellers with their "deep distrust toward the people of the rural areas." For Fanon, the "national bourgeoisie" appears to include all European-trained civil servants and all other white-collar wearers, and even such "workers" as "tram conductors, taxi drivers, miners, dockers, interpreters, nurses, and so on" who because they occupy such a "privileged place" in the colonial system have to be included in "the 'bourgeois' fraction of the colonized people." This "bourgeoisie" is too tightly tied to the colonialists to carry out the tasks of the revolution. Only the city poor, the "lumpen-proletariat," can serve as allies of the revolutionary countryfolk in the making of the revolution. Only revolutionary leaders who leave the towns and return to the bosoms of the "people" out in the country will be capable of organizing the masses for the kind of true and virtuous violence that will bring about the emancipation of all and make "the last the first." All others, who remain in the corrupting and debilitating atmosphere of the towns, who keep their connections with the colonialists or even just stay to breathe the European-poisoned atmosphere, will never lead the "people" or, worse, will betray them. The people cannot trust politician-intellectuals morally or intellectually imprisoned by their European education, or soldier-politicians "cleverly handled by foreign experts." In the struggle for independence they will seek to avoid violence and will settle for crippling compromises that will keep them chained to the old masters. After independence, they will sell the people's birthright for whatever porridge the wily Europeans set before them. "Colonialism pulls the strings shamelessly," and soon these "leaders" are snarling at each other, reviving and utilizing regional, tribal, and racial animosities, and the dream of true freedom and unity is dimmed, subverted, and lost.

About all this Fanon writes without identifying any of his characters or settings. Once in a while, he cites an African name or place, and once or twice he seems to be alluding to China without naming it—"a gigantic and frenzied effort"—but what he does mostly is to describe Algeria as he sees it, again hardly ever naming it. Everything is described in general terms, universally applied, and in these terms he paints a whole world, his "Third World"—by which he means "Latin America, China, and Africa"—that is "rising like the tide to swallow up all Europe." It is all happening as a collision between "the settler" and "the native," all in the image of an Algeria in the midst of its war against the French, hence an Algeria idealized, romanticized, glorified. His villains are the "colonialists" and the "bourgeoisie" and his heroes are "the people"—the good, simple, humble, virtuous country folk, committing and sacrificing themselves on the altar of triumphant self-realization, and destined to win their way through to a great victory, provided they avoid all the pitfalls against which Fanon warns them and follow only the leaders who heed them and stay with them.

THERE IS APPEASEMENT in his passion and his violence for those who want to loose the storms they feel inside of them—the publisher's blurb quotes LeRoi Jones as urging "every black person in the world" to read Fanon's book and "every white person" to read Sartre's preface. Yet—and this must be especially unsettling to readers like Jones whom he otherwise delights—Fanon wants no part of any kind of counter-racism, no part of *négritude* (awkwardly translated in this book as "Negro-ism"), no part of a "black culture," no part of leaning on specious glorifications of the past, no part of adopting the white man's follies as his own. In this Fanon remains true to himself, which cuts him off rather sharply from a great many who will undoubtedly want to claim him as one of their own.

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As always, Fanon names no names and hides particulars behind his sweeping cloak of generalized descriptions. Thus the reader is left to provide his own cast of characters when Fanon speaks of leaders who "find nothing better to do than to erect grandiose buildings and lay out money on what are called prestige expenses" and engage in "scandalous enrichment" while the people "continue to die of starvation." Most sharply of all, he denounces the new leaders and their single-party machines as bringing on "the disaster of an anti-democratic regime depending upon force and intimidation." The party becomes "a means to private advancement . . . more and more clearly anti-democratic, an instrument of coercion." As for the "leaders":

> We have more than once drawn attention to the baleful influence frequently wielded by the leader. This is due to the fact that the party in certain districts is organized like a gang, with the toughest person at its head . . . and people have no hesitation in declaring, in a tone of slightly admiring complicity, that he strikes terror into his nearest collaborator. . . . An unceasing battle must be waged to prevent the party from ever becoming a willing tool in the hands of a leader. . . . The nation ought not to be something bossed by a Grand Panjandrum.

To be sure, Fanon lays all these evils at the feet of the "bourgeoisie" and the string-pulling colonialists and their secret agents, but his descriptions cover quite a lot of ground. The only individual he actually mentions is Youlou, the since-deposed leader of Congo Brazzaville, but one wonders how his reference to "Grand Panjandrums" is read by Kwame Nkrumah's ambassador, Quaison-Sackey, who is also quoted in the publisher's blurb as urging all to read Fanon who want to know "what it means to fight for freedom, equality, and dignity," or, for that matter, by admirers of Castro, Sukarno, or Mao Tse-tung, or whether Fanon would today apply his description to Ben Bella. It is not easy to play Fanon's game without a scorecard to tell you who the players are, and Fanon nowhere goes on to describe what kind of ideal regime he does want to grow out of his ideal revolution. The nearest he comes to it is a suggestion that the "party" stand apart from the "government," that it remain pure and dedicated by keeping its militants out of the seats of power and, in fact, out of the polluted cities altogether. They are to stay in the unpolluted countryside where they will remain the constant and vigilant instruments "through which the people exercise their authority and express their will." He wants the capital itself moved away from the cities and out into the hinterland, likewise to free it from the contamination of "bourgeois" and foreign villains who wait on all sides to trap the innocent and the unwary. Fanon never does say how he views "Third World" revolutionism as it now operates, say, in China or Cuba, and although he presumably admires Castro and Mao and is not calling *them* Grand Panjandrums, it is hard to see any resemblance between them and their regimes and the revolutionary dream world he talks of bringing into being.

FANON IS A good deal sharper and clearer, however, in his rejection of tribal or racial chauvinisms. "Racialism and hatred and resentment," he writes, "cannot sustain a war of liberation." In place after place, he says, "from nationalism we have passed to ultra-nationalism, to chauvinism, and finally to racism." African begins tearing at African all the more readily if he be of some other group, tribe, or nation. "We observe a permanent seesaw between African unity, which fades quicker and quicker into the mists of oblivion, and a heart-breaking return to chauvinism in its most bitter and detestable form." This again, of course, is a crime of the "national bourgeoisie," and everywhere that it has "shown itself incapable of extending its vision of the world sufficiently, we observe a falling back toward old tribal attitudes, and, furious and sick at heart, we perceive that race feeling in its most exacerbated form is triumphing."

But most stabbingly of all, Fanon takes note of the line drawn between black and non-black even in his "Third World" Africa. Needless to say, the wily colonialist is in on this, too, whipping up religious differences, and these differences bring on a "revival of the commonest racial feelings." Thus in "white"—i.e., Arab—Africa, pointed pride is taken in having "a thousand year old tradition of culture" while "Black Africa is looked on as a region that is inert, brutal, uncivilized, in a word, savage" and one gets "in certain regions of Africa . . . the loathsome idea derived from western culture that the black man is impervious to logic." In "white Africa" a black man "hears himself called a 'Negro' by the children in the streets," students from Black Africa suffer embarrassment, and in black Africa there are people who do not fear the colonialists so much as "those vandals of Arabs coming from the North." All this, too, is "bourgeois" and has to be overcome by true revolutionism, but Fanon does not say how. He expresses his fear that the "racialization of thought" represented by the idea of *négritude* will lead Africans and black men everywhere else "up a blind alley." He goes on to write, with painful and sympathetic sensitivity—for this problem is very much his own—of the "native intellectual" who desperately needs to find a "secure anchorage" for himself and who, "to escape from the supremacy of the white man's culture feels the need to turn backward toward his unknown roots and to lose himself at whatever cost in his own barbarous people." He is "terrified by the void" he finds there, but must still somehow "get away from the white culture," which drives him back

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on "emotional attitudes . . . exceptional sensitivity and susceptibility . . . [and] withdrawal." All of this brings him to "a reflex and contradiction which is muscular" and "muscular action must substitute itself for concepts." Fanon is writing here of the world of poetry, but he might just as well be describing his own effort in the world of political struggle, and his own substitution of the muscular outlet of violence for any other way of meeting the problems of change and growth. "It is not enough," he cries, "to try to get back to the people in that past out of which they have already emerged; rather we must join them in that fluctuating movement which they are just giving a shape to. . . . It is to this zone of occult [i.e. cloudy or unclear] instability where the people dwell that we must come."

But Fanon quickly leaves these deepest of his dilemmas, and propelled by his great angers, takes off again into the high orbit of his ultra-radical, ultra-romantic rhetoric. His signals get semi-incoherent or unreadable, his steeply-angled view of the earth takes him far, far away from the recognizable realities, and he heads for a landing, more probably "hard" than "soft" on some other planet where somehow man can start all over again. "Leave this Europe," he commands in his closing manifesto. "The European game has finally ended, we must find something different. We today can do everything so long as we do not imitate Europe, so long as we are not obsessed by the desire to catch up with Europe . . . she is running headlong into the abyss." America is Europe's child who imitated Europe so successfully that she became "a monster, in which all the faults, the sickness, and inhumanity of Europe have grown to appalling dimensions. . . . It is a question of the Third World starting a new history of Man."

This tempts one to reach for the analogy of the adolescent's need for severance and self-assertion, to discover what he himself really is, to escape becoming a carbon copy of father, to cut away, slashing and flailing as he goes, to make his own way, to be his own self, to make his own world. This is what has made heroes out of Sekou Touré, the only French African who said *no* to France, of Sukarno who shakes his little stick in the face of Western power, of Castro who defies towering America, and most of all of Mao, whose challenge to all other power is total and who is recreating Chinese power in an image all its own. It is true that the world deformed by Europe's rapacity nevertheless yearns after Europe's technology, but it yearns even more after the dream of a humane human society that also came out of the European experience. Men were asserting themselves and their power by rapacious violence long before the Europeans took their turn at the end of the long line of barbarians, enslavers, and dominators. But Europeans were the first to dream a libertarian, egalitarian dream and to try to translate it into social and political reality, and this, too, has been part of the European experience, and this part of the experience shaped the goals and the rhetoric of all the national self-reassertion that has been challenging European power in the last decades. Fanon is too modern and essentially too humane a man to want to regress all the way back to the non-European past; it is the libertarian, egalitarian dream he dreams and this dream also came out of the Europe from which he wants to sever himself and this is what he cannot do and this is what he cannot abide. Like the intellectuals he describes, the frustration becomes too great, he cracks into his own "emotional attitudes" and "extreme susceptibility" and makes his own "muscular response" in a high shrill summons to super-revolutionary violence and a fantasy of super-virtuous revolutionary emancipation.

THE RE-SHAPING OF our systems of power and of the human relationships they create is a process that has only just begun. A long agony stretches before us as they work themselves into their new forms. But this process will not much resemble the experience of parents and children living through the process of change and growth. Fanon, as ex-colonial subject and as psychiatrist, does not cast the colonialist in the role of father but rather as "a bloodthirsty and implacable stepmother" and this perhaps suggests why the parental metaphor cannot be carried very far. However deep and violent the parent-child relationship may become, there is love in it, and whatever else Western white men brought to their dominance over non-Western non-white men, it was not love, unless you use this word to describe what a man might feel for a useful animal, a slave, a creature over whom he exercises total control. The Fanons are the products of this experience, and it does not disappear with the stroke of a pen on a declaration of independence. Our sons and the sons of the Fanons will be living with the consequences and so will those who come after them, even to the third and fourth generations.

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CONTROVERSY

Urban Renewal

GEORGE M. RAYMOND
MALCOLM D. RIVKIN
HERBERT J. GANS

The following exchange was occasioned by HERBERT J. GANS'S *article, "The Failure of Urban Renewal," which appeared in the April* COMMENTARY. GEORGE M. RAYMOND *is chairman of the planning department of the school of Architecture, Pratt Institute; he has written numerous articles about city planning.* MALCOLM D. RIVKIN, *of Robert R. Nathan Associates, is the author of* Area Development for Growth—the Turkish Precedent. *Mr. Gans is an associate professor of sociology at Teachers College, Columbia University, and the author of* The Urban Villagers.

George M. Raymond: Recognizing that all urban slums should not necessarily be replaced by low-rent or subsidized middle-income housing in the same location (which is all that the Housing Act of 1937 permitted localities to do), Congress in 1949 enacted a statute designed to make it economically feasible for cities and private enterprise to re-use the cleared land for whatever purpose local governments felt to be in the best interest of their communities. Since it was clear that many relatively disadvantaged families would be displaced in this process, the new law required them to be rehoused in decent, safe, and sanitary dwellings within their means, anywhere in the locality within convenient distance of their places of employment.

The above describes those aspects of the federal urban renewal program that concern clearance and redevelopment. It is difficult to find any similarity between what this program actually is and what Herbert J. Gans has made it seem to be in his astoundingly ill-considered attack.

Mr. Gans begins by berating urban renewal for not having built as many dwelling units as it has demolished. As a close observer of urban renewal projects, however, he must be fully aware that any comparison between the number of apartments demolished and the number subsequently erected in the same areas is totally invalid and irrelevant. Let us see why:

(1) Many areas now occupied by slum housing are unfit for continued residential use (for reasons such as their being surrounded by industry, subject to flooding, etc.).

(2) Other areas are peculiarly suited to that expansion of schools and hospitals which is so essential to their ability to supply the services demanded by our growing population.

(3) Many slum areas tightly surround our cities' obsolete business districts, and are badly needed to facilitate the expansion of the latter.

(4) Slum housing frequently needs to be removed to make way for the new schools, parks, and playgrounds that are so essential to the upgrading of our cities' vast "gray areas."

As a result of such factors, the public interest more often than not requires that less land be devoted to residential use after rebuilding than before. Furthermore, existing housing has to be demolished at least two years before new housing becomes available for occupancy. Thus, any comparison between the number of units demolished and the number built at the time of any survey will necessarily *underestimate the program's potential for creating new housing.* Any fair observer, therefore, knows that the only valid comparison between the housing supply antedating renewal and that in existence subsequently, is one that includes all housing built in the community during that period, regardless of location, as well as *all housing that has become available to people in the same income bracket as those displaced, from whatever source* (such as the migration to the suburbs of upwardly mobile white families). In Brooklyn alone, it has been estimated that between 1950 and 1960 half-a-million white persons were replaced by an equal number of generally lower-income non-whites and Puerto Ricans. The units into which these newcomers moved represented a net addition to the housing supply available to lower-income minority families. Mr. Gans has failed to take any of these well-known facts into consideration.

Strangely enough, Mr. Gans admits that the data on which he relied were supplied by Martin Anderson, author of *The Federal Bulldozer,* and characterized by Mr. Gans as "an ultra-conservative economist and often irresponsible polemicist." How, then, can he de-

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fend his use of the slanted, incomplete, and poorly digested data from such a discredited source? The answer to this question is quite clear: were Mr. Gans to use reliable data, his case against urban renewal would collapse. Let me illustrate.

An incredibly large proportion of all families displaced by urban renewal are being relocated in decent, safe, and sanitary dwellings. (Admittedly, this was not the case with many families displaced by previous programs, which were not required by law to provide relocation housing.) While local public agencies had claimed that some 84 per cent of all families had been adequately rehoused, the studies cited by Mr. Gans maintained that as many as 70 per cent were merely rehoused in other slums. However, a recently completed impartial survey by the Bureau of the Census found that 94 per cent of those displaced families whose move could be traced (or more than 75 per cent of the total sample) were relocated in standard dwellings. This was accomplished even though 40 per cent of these families had an income of under $3,000! Thus it appears that the claims of local agencies were much closer to the truth than those of the detractors of urban renewal.

Mr. Gans cites a Chicago study to the effect that rents rose from 35 per cent of family income before relocation, to 46 per cent afterward. The above-mentioned Census survey, however, reported that the median proportion of income spent for rent rose by only 3 per cent, from 25 to 28 per cent. It must be noted that the Chicago study dealt with public housing, rather than urban renewal and relocation; in any event it was made in 1957, eight years ago, and long before the improved housing programs and relocation procedures —which Mr. Gans himself cites— could possibly have taken effect.

Mr. Gans accuses the program of having spent only *one-half of one per cent* (the italics are his) of all federal expenditures for urban renewal between 1949 and 1964 on the relocation of families and individuals, but he admits that the proportion rises to 2 per cent if direct relocation payments are included. One must question the basic relevance of these figures. The one-half of one per cent represents only the cost of the local public agencies' administration of relocation programs. It does not include any of the federal subsidies involved either in the construction and operation of low-rent public housing into which many families were relocated, or in the advance of below-market interest rate loans to private builders of middle-income housing. It also omits the non-federal subsidies offered by local communities in the form of tax abatement, social services, relocation bonuses, etc. In the aggregate, these expenditures represent many times the amount claimed by Mr. Gans to be the only public assistance extended to relocated families.

URBAN RENEWAL is of no assistance to cities, Mr. Gans suggests, because "the average project has taken twelve years to complete." What he fails to point out is that a project can be 99 per cent finished, and yet be carried on the books for years as incomplete. In New York City, this is the case with such projects as Lincoln Square or Penn Station South, which have been paying taxes for years. Furthermore, in many projects, the first building erected returns many times the taxes paid by the entire project area before renewal. (A recent example is the Medical Tower office building *which occupies only 2.5 acres* of a 35-acre renewal project in Norfolk, Virginia, *and which returns twice the amount of taxes previously paid by the entire area.*) Thus, even though only partially completed, a renewal project can begin to help the city meet not only the remaining cost of the project itself, but also its many other pressing obligations.

Mr. Gans accuses urban renewal of falling short of expectations because private investments, which were to exceed public expenditures by four times, have barely matched the latter. But here again, we are confronted with a comparison made at a time when the major portion of all public expenditures designed to prepare the site for private development has already been committed, while private investment in the new buildings is only beginning to be made. For an accurate picture of the position of private vs. public investment, one has to look at individual projects. Thus, in New Haven's Oak Street Project, *assessments* (which represent only a fraction of actual construction costs) have increased from $2 million to $16.6 million, while the total public cost has been only $5 million. (Incidentally, this project, which now pays eight times the taxes collected from the area before renewal, is still listed as "incomplete.") In Hartford, Connecticut, Constitution Plaza will be assessed at $46 million as against the previous $9 million; the total public cost is $10.4 million. Since these figures are very easy to obtain, it is strange that Mr. Gans relies on Anderson's admittedly biased data.

Between 1950 and 1960, Mr. Gans claims, "six million substandard dwellings disappeared—all without government action." The sad fact is that the decade began, and ended, with 4.1 million dilapidated units, and that some 15 million Americans continue to live in them. As a sociologist and planner, Mr. Gans should know full well that during this period the Bureau of the Census adopted a fundamental change in definitions relating to substandard housing, and that therefore his startling statistic is due to what can most charitably be described as mere sleight-of-hand, rather than to a dramatic conversion to the paths of righteousness by the nation's slum landlords.

SO MUCH FOR the shaky and sometimes obviously biased foundations of Mr. Gans's case against urban renewal. It is strange that he continues to beat the dead horse of the program as it was run in the 1950's, even though he recognizes that the many changes effected under the Kennedy and Johnson administrations have given it a new direction. He must surely know

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that the effect of new legislation on a program that takes years to mature will not be felt for four or five years. And yet, he makes no effort either to project the effect of these changes into the future, or to understand the extent to which they may vitiate much of his criticism. His constant use of data which, given his own questioning of the source, he must know to be untrue, disqualifies him as a dispassionate observer or objective scientist. For the true marks of a scientist are his ability to survive that "great tragedy of Science—the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact" (T. H. Huxley), and his readiness to build a more advanced hypothesis upon its ruins. By contrast, Mr. Gans seems to be unable to abandon discredited theories, even if he has to resort to outright distortion of facts in order to hold on to them.

Before turning to Mr. Gans's proposed solution to some of the most complex and danger-laden social problems of our time, let us examine the reasons for the difficulties in the path of urban renewal. Anyone who has ever tried to set an urban renewal project in motion knows that the main reason for its bogging down is the relocation problem. By this is meant not the absence of housing or of means to develop needed housing, but the totally unbending refusal of the white community to accept any Negro settlement in its midst. The task is further complicated by the fact that many sites which are proposed for the construction of new housing are not acceptable to the Negro leadership because these sites fail to further racial integration. Under these circumstances, the only dynamic force for at least some integration in housing is a community desire to undertake urban renewal. The community is motivated by the very reasons at which Mr. Gans is so prepared to sneer, including the addition of new tax revenues to its dwindling coffers, the revitalization of its downtown areas, and the halting of the exodus of middle-class whites to the suburbs. Many early projects, begun shortly after the enactment of the basic legislation in 1949, actually did concentrate on the worst slums, as Mr. Gans would have all of them do. But instead of achieving the results he desires, these projects remained vacant for years because sites still surrounded by slums do not attract private developers.

The second major source of opposition to urban renewal are the slumlords, who frequently hide behind the arguments so generously supplied by Gans, Anderson, et al. In many communities, large and small, the poor are now exploited to the point where the shacks in which they live bring 25 to 30 per cent net profit to the owners. No wonder, therefore, that these "real-estate investors" oppose the cities' efforts at slum-clearance.

IN THE light of these serious difficulties, how relevant are Mr. Gans's proposals? He would like all slum-clearance efforts to be stopped until the suburbs are ready to accept in their midst "groups of slum residents en masse," together with all the "new social institutions and community facilities [needed] to help the erstwhile slum-dweller feel comfortable in his new community." Somehow, he also expects to make it possible for these "erstwhile slum-dwellers" to be moved into their new environments without being labeled as poor—which can only be interpreted to mean that they will be discreetly provided with not only housing and furniture on a par with their middle-income neighbors, but also with a continuing income equal to theirs. Given this country's traditional economic stance, it is quite doubtful that our government is about to embrace the doctrine of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," which would have to provide the basis for any income policy whereby erstwhile slum-dwellers could be supplied with an instant middle-income. As for the chance of moving low-income Negroes into the suburbs, Mr. Gans himself recognizes that this would be a hundredfold more difficult than moving them into middle-income, white, city neighborhoods. Since even this, less difficult, objective has proven well-nigh impossible to accomplish, Mr. Gans's vision has all the marks of an unattainable utopia.

But the most incredible of Mr. Gans's proposals is that the federal government should accelerate the transformation of our cities into predominantly, or even exclusively, Negro enclaves. He even goes so far as to suggest that poor whites who wish to move from areas inhabited by Negroes should be given a subsidy to enable them to move to new housing on the city's outskirts! This proposal is based on the romantic notion that "nonwhite low-income people might feel more positive about a city in which they were the majority, for if they had the votes, municipal services would be more attuned to their priorities than is now the case." This presupposes that the City of the Poor will be governed by philosopher-kings, rather than by the kind of politician who usually rises to rule the poor and ignorant. After all, venal leadership of cities in which the poor or near-poor, of whatever color, are a majority is not a novelty on our political scene: Jersey City produced not Woodrow Wilson, but Frank Hague. The priorities under the latter's enlightened leadership did little for the poor—except, of course, for the well-publicized turkey on Thanksgiving.

CITIES DEPRIVED of their upper and middle classes, and thus composed chiefly of the poor, would inevitably entail a serious deterioration in the quality of our entire civilization, since it is the *cities*, not the suburbs, that have always carried and nurtured this precious, complex heritage. Mr. Gans's failure to grasp such a fundamental point leads him to proposals which are truly subversive, in the best sense of that word. In his legitimate concern with the problems of the poor, he is much too ready to sacrifice the city.

Furthermore, he himself admits that cities inhabited exclusively by the poor will not be able to raise the huge amounts of money required for necessary services. How realistic is it to believe that the

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federal government will then be ready to provide massive aid, considering that even now what is forthcoming from that source is a mere pittance when compared with the vastness of the need?

In Mr. Gans's vision of America's future city, the low-income Negroes will be able to occupy the housing in better neighborhoods vacated by all the whites and a large number of the "upwardly mobile," highly educated, and highly skilled Negroes, who will have moved to the suburbs. This process, he says, will leave so many vacant units in the old slum areas as to make it relatively easy and inexpensive to tear them down, and to turn these areas into "the hub[s] of . . . vast metropolitan complex[es] of urban neighborhoods, suburbs, and new towns. . . ." In theory, perhaps: but in real life one needs to ask a few additional questions. What would happen if the rate of new construction were to fail to keep pace with population growth? Or if the migration of the unassimilated poor to the city continued, or even increased? Would these factors not tend to keep the slums, by then fully segregated, occupied indefinitely? And at the end of the decades it would take for this process to consummate itself, what is to guarantee that the centers of cities would still be there to be salvaged? What assurance is there that the middle class, by then totally suburbanized, would continue to brave the daily trip across the angry, seething, indigent "black belt," rather than decentralize those functions which now make that trip, already excessively difficult, necessary?

As for the "hard-core," multi-problem families and socially deviant, self-destructive individuals —whose presence frequently holds up completion of renewal projects for many months, if not years, and which is, in part, responsible for the poor image of much public housing—Mr. Gans has an easy answer. For the mentally ill, the dope addict, the habitual prostitute, etc., he would either leave the existing slums, or set up "a new kind of public housing . . . quasi-communities . . . to provide at least decent shelter for those who cannot be helped . . . until we learn how to cure" their ills. This has often been advanced as the "halfway house": a settlement saturated with social services, from which families might be able to move to normal public housing if they could overcome their anti-social or self-destructive behavior. Up to now it has been rejected by those in positions of responsibility, not for lack of thought, but because it runs counter to our democratic ethos and because it much resembles the idea of "caring" for undesirables in concentration camps.

No REASONABLE person will resist any possible improvement of the renewal program. But notwithstanding the misleading appeal of Mr. Gans's oversimplified, hollow, and totally impractical arguments, his proposals do not amount to any program of action which lies in the realm of the possible. A clue to the nature of his confusion is furnished by his statement that "what poor people need most are decent incomes, proper jobs, better schools, and freedom from racial and class discrimination." "Indeed," he continues, "if the choice were between a program solely dedicated to rehousing, and a program that kept the low-income population in the city slums for another generation but provided for these needs, the latter would be preferable, for it would produce people who were able to leave the slums under their own steam." But unfortunately, the only choice open to us is between leaving the poor in their slums, and supplying some of them with decent housing in good neighborhoods. Dr. Robert C. Weaver, the nation's Housing Administrator and one of its foremost urban scholars, has observed that while it is true that good housing "is not itself a remedy for a family's ills . . . [it] does offer the environment in which many . . . family problems can be successfully treated." Besides, as Mr. Gans recognizes, the renewal program constantly brings problems out in the open which our society has previously been content to sweep under the rug. For example, much of the impetus for the war on poverty can be attributed to the difficulties discovered in the path of urban renewal. Also, as Mr. Gans himself points out, the construction activity which can be generated by housing and urban-renewal programs could well contribute to creating a level of employment which would include jobs for many of the unemployed poor.

Most tragically, Mr. Gans either does not know, or has forgotten, what slums are like, and what cruel effects they have on those who live in them. While doing his research for *The Urban Villagers,* he acted as a "participant observer." He may or may not have done the same in a New York City slum neighborhood. Dan Wakefield did, and this is how he described the vast gulf between the meaning of the slum to a participant observer and to a slum-dweller:

> I cannot know the slums or hate them as profoundly as Alicia does because I wasn't born there. I am able to hate them and know them in some small way because of the brief time I lived in Alicia's neighborhood. I cannot approach the abyss of her understanding because no matter what happened I knew I could always escape; I was only a visitor. There were times, though, when I tried with an effort of imagination to extend my experience to that of my neighbors. There were times when I came home tired, late at night, on 100th Street, and climbed the stairs and opened the door of my room and turned the light on and watched the sudden scurry of the cockroaches that moved on the paint-chipped kitchen wall like the scattered filings of a magnet controlled by some invisible force. I would close the door and take a deep breath of the stale, heavy air, and then suddenly I would remember that after all, this wasn't my real home—I would later move on to some clean, well-lighted place like the ones I had lived in before. But then I would close my eyes and concentrate and try to imagine that this was my home and would always be my home and that the clean, well-lighted places of the world were forever closed to me.

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Most of the time I could not believe it; I could feel nothing. Sometimes, though, for the briefest instant, I could catch a flicker of the nightmare that was the only reality for every other human being beneath that roof. I could feel the enclosure of the flaking walls and see through the window the blackened reflection of the tenement across the street that blocked out the world beyond. But it was only a glimpse.

The participant observer can afford to wait for the elimination of slums. For him there is less urgency about that than about trying to make the world fit his preconceptions. Unhappily, Mr. Gans's vision of a world where poor Negroes are welcomed to the suburbs is a mirage. Thousands of years ago, a world was envisioned in which "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid," but it has not yet come to pass.

Must we, then, have the slums always with us, as we seem fated to have the poor?

I do not mean to suggest that we should resign ourselves to the status quo, nor do I mean to deny that Mr. Gans is clearly motivated by a deep dedication to the cause of the downtrodden. As is well known from several millennia of experience, however, it takes more than dedication to help improve the condition of the poor. Certainly, two basic prerequisites are an ability to distinguish reality from wishful thinking, and a willingness —in the words of President Johnson—to "deal with the world as it is, if it is ever to be as we wish." That may be more difficult than spinning dreams of utopias, but it is essential if the necessary job is to be done.

Malcolm D. Rivkin: Herbert J. Gans is probably the most sensitive critic of urban renewal writing today. His measured analysis in COMMENTARY reflects intimate familiarity with the program and its problems. Unlike those critics who would scrap urban renewal, Mr. Gans sees a prospect for adapting the present machinery—with significant changes—in order to ameliorate severe social problems of contemporary urban society. His proposals for federal action are sound and realistic enough to be enacted by our urban-minded President and a cooperative Congress.

But Mr. Gans has oversimplified the solutions by seeking too hard for a *deus ex machina* in the form of federal intervention. Overstating the possibilities of the federal role in urban renewal, he diverts our attention from the real source of difficulty: the ruling elite of individual American cities. Basically, the city councils, planning boards, renewal authorities, and social institutions of our urban communities determine the kind of renewal that is effected. And regardless of any new federal legislation, these local authorities will continue to dominate the field. Mr. Gans, of course, recognizes local leadership as a problem, but he fails to emphasize the prime responsibility it bears. The following points must therefore be noted:

(1) The present urban-renewal legislation, even as it stands, is not bad legislation. It does not encourage segregation or the destruction of salvable minority-group housing. It may indeed place insufficient emphasis on rehabilitation, on combining better housing with better employment opportunities, and on other socially-motivated programs which I join Mr. Gans in desiring. But such projects can today be undertaken as part of the regular renewal activity, as special demonstration programs, or in combination with other federal and state aid programs that are already available to local municipalities. Renewal depends mainly on what the *community* wants. The present legislation is broad in concept. It does set guidelines, and its accompanying administrative regulations (often cumbersome, to be sure) do establish detailed technical criteria and standards, but these guidelines and standards are applied to projects initiated by the local communities themselves. HHFA has respected the existing division between federal and local powers to a degree not commonly appreciated by the critics of "growing federal control." Before a project even comes to the federal authorities for approval and allocation of funds, it has been drafted by local planners, approved by the City Council after public hearings, and endorsed as harmonious with community interests by a "representative" advisory committee of civic leaders. It is difficult if not impossible for the federal authorities to reject out of hand a technically sound proposal that has received full support from the official and articulate elements of the community—especially when the project violates no civil-rights or other law.

I remember the genesis of one particular project in a middle-sized New England city. A small three-acre parcel of land near a well-to-do residential area had been scheduled for clearance. The renewal planners and the City Council considered a number of alternative uses for the land. It could be employed for public housing, or a limited-dividend project for middle-income families, or a high-rise, high-rent development that would bring significant revenues to the city by way of property taxes and tenant purchasing power. The federal authorities would have approved any of the feasible projects. Much citizen activity was generated, and a heated debate ensued. Finally, the local planners and the City Council (after a public hearing) opted for the high-rent, high tax-paying alternative. As this was the local decision, endorsed by the community leadership, the project (which met all the necessary technical specifications) was approved by HHFA.

(2) Excellent, socially-motivated projects—stemming from local initiative and community leadership, not federal decree—have been accomplished under the present urban-renewal program. I am thinking particularly of New Haven, which—under the forceful guidance of Mayor Richard Lee—has both increased its tax base and provided stable middle- and lower-income housing. New Haven's techniques have included rehabilitation as well as new construction. It has

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pioneered in the use of rent subsidies under a demonstration grant from HHFA, and it has gone far toward using urban renewal as a means of fostering integrated neighborhoods. New Haven's success, although not complete, has occurred under the same federal legislation that has elsewhere led to excesses of clearance and luxury housing. But New Haven's leaders wanted something better for their city.

(3) Current federal activity (in the poverty program and area redevelopment) is placing more rather than less emphasis on local responsibility. This is a harbinger of things to come. The Office of Economic Opportunity requires locally staffed and planned Community Action Programs as the prerequisite for much of its assistance. Although it tries to secure the "involvement of the poor" in the framing of such programs, OEO can act only on plans produced by local agencies. Area development assistance efforts in Appalachia and elsewhere are based on the premise that the states or areas in question will themselves decide on what is needed. I do not believe that we can realistically expect any "new look" in urban renewal—no matter how enlightened it is at the federal level—to diverge from this increasing emphasis on local and state decision-making.

Nor can I agree with Mr. Gans that the carrot of heavy federal financial assistance will be so tempting that communities will lightly do away with long-held prejudices in order to collect large sums of "free" money. We must recognize that the alacrity with which local communities seize 90-10 federal highway funds for expressways is not due to the money's being there for the having, but rather to powerful pressure groups within these communities—from the average auto owner to the trucking associations—who want to drive on good roads. There must be such pressure from within. I agree completely with Mr. Gans on the need for new federal legislation and on its content, but unless community attitudes change, this legislation will not be worth the paper on which it is printed.

THE DIFFICULTY of producing this change constitutes the real roadblock to effective renewal, and leadership by federal example is at best a partial answer. At present, the fear of Negro movement into white neighborhoods is deep-rooted and strong among both suburbanites and well-to-do central city residents. Moreover, the continuing erosion of downtown tax bases and the crazy-quilt system of municipal revenue, make high tax-producing renewal projects of particular—and understandable—importance to city authorities. Until, however, integrated neighborhoods and good housing for the poor become local political issues of equal or greater significance than the tax base, very little change will occur —regardless of new federal laws. This does not mean the situation is hopeless. There are signs of growing articulateness in the Negro communities of Chicago, Washington, and other cities where Negro population and Negro incomes are both rising. This expression of concern will, one hopes, be channeled into a constructive force. The growing number of foundations and OEO-supported community action organizations, such as Community Progress in New Haven and the United Planning Organization in Washington, can certainly contribute to this process. By helping the poor to define their own needs and desires, these organizations can begin to express demands which political leaders will be unable to ignore. But the process will be slow and arduous.

One of the key forces for change is the urban university, and I am a bit surprised that it went unmentioned in Mr. Gans's otherwise comprehensive discussion. For universities—the Columbias, the Harvards, the George Washingtons, the Western Reserves—represent a major and too often aloof power in urban America. They are large landowners in the central cities, where their stake is already so great that they cannot move to suburban pastures along with the white middle class and the less heavily committed industries. They must, therefore, protect the physical and social characteristics of their surroundings. As the trainers of leadership for the Great Society, moreover, they have, or rather should have, a certain social conscience.

There are two ways in which the universities can act. First, as powerful institutions in their own communities they can press for socially responsible renewal programs, for integrated housing in middle-class areas, for an improvement in housing and job opportunities for the poor. Indeed, the universities, through skilled and willing faculty members, can provide a good deal of technical assistance to the community for performing the tasks necessary to achieve these objectives. Some schools have already accepted this role; others are as remiss as local government itself.

Secondly, the universities have a responsibility for training the next generation of urban administrators and politicians. It is up to the schools to provide leaders of higher quality and greater sensitivity than ever before. In the course of their university experience, students can be brought face to face with the problems confronting urban America and they can be provided with both the technical skills and the values required for equitable solutions. As a new breed of sensitive planner, politician, or engineer emerges to help guide the course of urban society, the prospects for change will become greater.

None of this will be easy; nor can these problems be solved overnight—if at all. We must call on every resource. But the final outcome, whatever it may be, will depend less on Congress and the HHFA than on the people and institutions of the cities themselves.

Herbert J. Gans: Professor Raymond's argument in support of present urban renewal policies is an extremely complex one, but it may be summarized as follows. Slums ought to be cleared to meet the need for new schools, hospitals, recreational facilities, and expanded business districts. On the one hand, urban renewal can proceed

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without replacing the cleared units, because of the white exodus to the suburbs, and because improved relocation procedures are providing enough better housing for displaced poor non-whites. On the other hand, urban renewal cannot proceed, because whites refuse to let non-whites move into their neighborhoods and relocation is therefore impossible. It is, however, subversive to help non-whites move into such neighborhoods, nor does the answer lie in public-housing projects, which are too much like concentration camps. Nevertheless, something ought to be done, for slums are extremely harmful to their occupants. The solution consists of "supplying some of [the slum-dwellers] with decent housing in good neighborhoods" which requires "the ability to distinguish reality from wishful thinking and a willingness . . . 'to deal with the world as it is' "—or as President Johnson says it is.

Since it is impossible to deal with such an argument, I will confine myself to comments on some of Mr. Raymond's individual charges. I did not say that urban renewal had to replace demolished low-cost housing in the same area; I merely said that in cities where such housing is in short supply, renewal ought to be halted—regardless of how many whites leave Brooklyn. Even though Mr. Raymond thinks it is more important to provide community facilities for gray areas and to build stores in downtown districts that already have too many vacancies, than it is to provide housing for displaced slum-dwellers, the latter do have to live somewhere.

Perhaps they could build shacks out of all the government reports which demonstrate the high quality of relocation procedures. The latest such document, just issued by the Bureau of the Census and cited by Mr. Raymond, may be impartial but it is also inconclusive. Unlike the studies I drew on, which describe what happened to *all* the residents of an urban renewal area after their displacement, the Census study only dealt with people who had actually been relocated by 132 local agencies during a three-month period in 1964. However, anyone who has ever worked in an urban-renewal agency knows that many slum-dwellers flee from a project area when renewal is announced; others leave before they can be interviewed by renewal officials; and yet others depart before they can be offered relocation aid. A high proportion of all these premature movers go to other slums. According to a report of the New York City Department of Relocation, for example, 47 per cent of the slum-dwellers in the urban-renewal area of the Upper West Side left between the early months of 1963, when the city took title to the area, and at the end of the same year, when it started relocation activities. The Census report, in other words, covers only a portion of those displaced. The premature flight of so many slum-dwellers is not entirely the fault of urban-renewal procedures, but it must be taken into account in any honest evaluation of relocation.

I did not—and still do not—question the possibility that in cities where inexpensive housing is plentiful, humane relocation is taking place. But we still need reliable studies to prove this, especially in the case of big cities. Moreover, there is a similar lack of evidence concerning the amount of rent increase paid by the relocatees.

If relocation is as beneficial as local and federal officials are constantly trying to prove, why are slum-dwellers—who live in blight and misery and who want better housing—so opposed to urban renewal? Is it because they are participant observers "who can afford to wait for the elimination of slums," or "socially deviant, self-destructive individuals" who enjoy holding up the completion of renewal projects? Or is it possibly because they have too many relatives and friends who have suffered from urban renewal?

AND, INDEED, how could it be otherwise, given the meager public-housing program, the shortage of other relocation housing, and the niggardly sums spent for relocation? Mr. Raymond seems pleased that fully 2 per cent of all federal renewal funds are allocated for relocation payments, but the fact is that 1.5 per cent of these funds is spent for payments to relocated *businesses*. Displaced residents, therefore, receive only one-half of one per cent, which is what I indicated in my article. Moreover, this figure refers to actual relocation payments by the federal government, and not to local administrative costs, as Mr. Raymond claims. The other benefits he mentions accrue to middle-income relocatees, and, according to the Census report cited above, the "many families" who move into public housing turn out to be exactly 13 per cent of all those people actually relocated by local agencies.

There have, of course, been some projects which have brought higher taxes to their cities, and I said as much. I also said that federal renewal and relocation policies had improved immeasurably since the end of the Eisenhower administration. But in too many cities local agencies are still proposing renewal projects which call for the displacement of large numbers of slum-dwellers into non-existent relocation housing, and—as Mr. Rivkin points out—the federal government cannot seem to stop them. I know of one Eastern city in which a luxury apartment house, built as part of an urban-renewal program, still stands almost half empty; nevertheless, there has recently been a proposal for a huge new upper-income project that will consume much of that city's federal quota of renewal funds for the next decade. In another city, rehabilitation is being used to help a Negro middle-class area oust its poor neighbors; and Columbia University has just persuaded New York City to approve a plan for the removal of many Negro and Puerto Rican residents—without adequate provision for their relocation.

If Mr. Raymond had read my article properly, he would have realized that I am quite aware of the obstacles to renewal created by white opposition to racial integration. If anything is to be done, then, about the slums occupied by

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non-whites, there are three possible courses of action: to rebuild within the present ghettos; to enable slum residents to move into better neighborhoods outside the ghetto, and into the suburbs as quickly as possible; or to continue the present renewal policy, which does nothing about the ghetto slums, and only lets a few upper-middle-income Negroes move into a handful of integrated projects built on renewal sites.

MR. RAYMOND opts for the third solution, and this suggests how much he is really concerned about the slum-dwellers, notwithstanding his quotation from Dan Wakefield. The first solution is bitterly opposed by many Negro leaders, and is in any case impossible at present because new housing cannot be built for ghetto residents until a massive rent subsidy scheme is created for the lowest-income groups, or until the public-housing program, now virtually moribund, is expanded. Since the ghetto's principal blight is overcrowding, new housing cannot be built there without relocation, and many of its occupants will have to be helped to move into other neighborhoods.

Not only does this solution require less rent subsidy than the plan to build new housing within old ghettos, but it is also practical, for it merely assists the natural ecological process by which poor people have always bettered their housing conditions. If it entails a further white exodus to the suburbs, many cities will, to be sure, become increasingly non-white, just as a century ago, they became increasingly non-Protestant—and without resulting in the end of democracy or any of the other catastrophes predicted at the time by Mr. Raymond's ideological ancestors. I am not, then, as skeptical as he is of the ability of the poor to choose their own political leaders if they have the power to do so. They will not choose philosopher-kings any more frequently than affluent voters will, and they will rarely choose patricians like Woodrow Wilson. Their politicians might be corrupt, but even corrupt politicians respond to their constituents' demands in order to get re-elected. And since federal politicians are similarly responsive to their constituents, I am sure that the federal government will not stop funneling funds into a city merely because its voters are predominantly poor.

This brings me to the real meaning of Mr. Raymond's solution. In proposing that slum clearance continue despite the difficulties of relocation, he is really maintaining that the most important task is to provide more urban facilities for the upper and middle classes, and that we should not worry too much about the poor since they have always been with us anyway. If the city is not rebuilt for the higher income groups, he argues, there will be "a serious deterioration in the quality of our entire civilization." In short, if the choice is between eliminating poverty and saving civilization, the latter comes first.

Now if this were really the choice, Mr. Raymond might have a point, although one could still argue that a civilization which allows poverty to continue in the midst of affluence is not the "precious heritage" he believes it to be. But this is *not* the choice, and Mr. Raymond is merely repeating another hoary 19th-century cliché. Culture (which is what Professor Raymond seems to mean by civilization) is not intrinsic to cities; it existed there in past centuries because the upper-income groups who supported it—and still support it—happened to live almost entirely in cities. Today this is no longer the case, for the affluent have been living in the suburbs for more than a generation. Thus, if Mr. Raymond were correct, we should now be in the midst of a serious cultural decline, but all evidence suggests the contrary. The only change I can see is that some culture is moving into the suburbs in order to be near its major supporters, and we are now witnessing the emergence of art galleries, theaters, and the like beyond the city limits. Yet no urban concert halls or museums have closed down, though their audiences are heavily suburban too.

MANY OF THOSE who create culture also live in the suburbs, and there is no evidence that their creativity is thereby impaired. Moreover, the artists who live in the handul of American cities where culture is actually being created (Manhattan, Boston, Chicago, and a few others) seem to be highly productive even though their neighbors are poor and non-white in an increasing number of cases. Manhattan, a world capital rather than the typical American city I was considering, is in no danger of becoming a community of poverty-stricken non-whites. Yet even if it were, I would wager that culture would continue to flourish there, partly because the creators of culture are often poor themselves, but mainly because culture is not so fragile as to be destroyed by residential change. Moreover, if we decided to give poor non-whites an even break, they might even contribute to the creation of better culture and a better civilization.

Mr. Raymond's difficulty is that of the city planner who thinks of the city as a collection of buildings, facilities, and gray areas, but not as a place where people live. What is worse, he only wants to plan for buildings and facilities that are used by upper- and middle-income groups; ignoring the needs of the poor, he is ready to support plans that perpetuate, in Michael Harrington's inimitable phrase, "socialism for the rich and private enterprise for the poor."

One could, of course, simply attribute my disagreement with Mr. Raymond to our opposing views of priorities for governmental action; he favors the rich, and I the poor in what is for all practical purposes a latter-day class struggle. Ironically enough, however, since poverty and discrimination are the primary causes of what is wrong with our cities even by Mr. Raymond's city-planning standards, his proposal to build for the affluent cannot even achieve his own goals. After all, slums exist because too many people cannot afford or cannot get into decent housing. Urban facilities and services are so unsatisfactory because the cities must spend huge sums for welfare and

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for the protection of property and people against the crime, addiction, and mental illness which are ultimately also produced by poverty and discrimination. Replacing the buildings of the city without solving the problems of their present occupants is thus a spurious proposal. This is why a serious poverty program not only has priority over urban renewal, but why it is also the most effective method of achieving the civilized and beautiful cities that Mr. Raymond, and I, and everyone else desire.

Consequently, his petulant rejection of my proposals as at best utopian and romantic is self-defeating. So, too, is his unwillingness to accept criticism of urban renewal: if it had not been for earlier critics, we might still be saddled with the urban-renewal procedures of the 1950's. His argument is also ultimately irrelevant, for whether he likes it or not, the federal government will eventually have to adopt a rehousing program. I thought I had made it perfectly clear that the change of policy will be difficult and slow, but this does not mean that our facing up to the problem now is either impractical or subversive. Rather, it is the indispensable prerequisite of proper planning.

This is also the crux of my answer to Mr. Rivkin's thoughtful remarks. He is absolutely right, of course, to suggest that the current inadequacies of urban renewal stem principally from local community decisions, and more specifically, from the failure of downtown business and real-estate interests to realize that they must use their power to improve the lot—and the purchasing power—of the low-income population, instead of continuing with useless attempts to lure the middle class back to the city.

It is also true that local autonomy in the expenditure of federal funds is not likely to decrease, although I am not as content with this trend as Mr. Rivkin seems to be. The "downtown influentials" are seldom wise enough to plan beyond their own immediate interests, and until a systematic benefit-cost analysis is made of the New Haven renewal and poverty programs, I am not sure that we can use even that city as a model of local enlightenment. Although its programs are probably the best in the country, there is some evidence that they do not provide much help to the poverty-stricken, and that they are not good enough to cope with New Haven's basic problems.

I BELIEVE THAT the only solution to the present impasse is more federal intervention, and since this cannot be achieved by federal control of local programs, it must be effected by the expenditure of more federal funds. Of course, federal subsidies are now accepted because of local demands and pressures for them, but the availability of new funds would create new local demands. For example, a major impetus for New York's Lower Manhattan Expressway came from the unions who want the jobs that new construction will generate. If a massive federal rehousing program were instituted, and if it were to include proper incentives for both urban and suburban demands, local support for the program would be created. Such support would not develop overnight, but if there is no new federal spending it will not develop at all.

I agree with Mr. Rivkin that local urban-renewal decisions will improve as Negro voters become more influential in city politics; even now they have exercised their power to bring the program to a virtual standstill in some cities. This is of no help either to themselves or to the cities in which they live, but only a rehousing program will enroll their support in the future. I am not as sanguine as Mr. Rivkin, however, about the contribution of the urban universities. They are, among other things, real-estate operations, and when it comes to moving poor residents out of university neighborhoods, they act with the same ruthlessness as other real-estate operations. They are justifiably concerned with expanding their campuses, but they also believe, and unjustifiably so, that crime and blight can be dealt with by moving out as many low-income residents as possible, however law-abiding they may be. In this process, they pay little attention to relocation needs.

Nor am I as hopeful as Mr. Rivkin that the urban university will train the next generation of urban politicians and officials to be aware of the real problems of the cities. They will do a much better job than in the past, because they did almost nothing in the past. But up to now, much of the improvement in urban planning and research programs has been generated by funds from federal agencies and foundations, and by the greater concern with social justice and social science among the new generation of students in the field of city planning. Meanwhile, too many professors are still advocating architectural solutions that benefit mainly the upper-income groups, and Professor Raymond's remarks provide depressing evidence that progress is likely to be slow.

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LEARNING THE ROPES

How Children Fail. By John Holt. *Pitman. 181 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by George Dennison

For several months now a public-spirited poster has been displayed in the New York City subway trains, simply a line of type: "I quit school when I were in the sixth grade." Many rebuttals have been scrawled on the poster, expressing by and large a much finer sense of the dilemma. "You was a smart boy, I staid on thru collidge."—obviously the work of a teacher; and "I was pregnant"—the work of a student.

This brief dialogue states the leading positions. Officialdom is appalled at the dropouts and urges the students to stay; the earnest teachers are appalled because those who stay learn nothing; and the crisis-ridden students say simply, "Life itself makes very little sense, and least of all in school."

The first fruits of the present widespread concern have been either propagandistic or methodological, an enormous pile-up of professionalism and blind expediency: teaching machines, television, tape-recorders, and fantastically refined curricula, as if sheer quantity could make up for what is missing. But in the meantime several excellent books have appeared, asking deeper questions and treating the problems of school as being intrinsically continuous with the problems of society. The tendency among educators is to label these radical diagnoses *utopian*. Sometimes this means nothing more than "hard to achieve." Frequently it means that the Libertarian-Utopian tradition is visible in the far background. But to categorize like this in terms of the tradition is to ignore two crucial things, both pragmatic. The first is the modern evidence of psychoanalysis, which in effect has converted certain of the 19th-century utopian ideas into fields of scientific inquiry. This great mass of evidence, relating growth and behavior to environmental causes, passes unnoticed when we construct the chilling environments of our schools. The second reservoir of evidence—not yet so large as that of psychoanalysis, but directly to the point—is the brief history of libertarian education: the remarkable experiences of Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana, the free school communities of A. S. Neill and Homer Lane, the "organic" teaching methods of Sylvia Ashton-Warner.

Such experiments seem utopian if we measure them against the present disposition of vested interests—i.e., "hard to achieve"—but the fact remains that every word written by these authors refers to accomplished facts. From the point of view of pedagogy itself, the record is impressively one of success. John Holt's recent book, *How Children Fail,* speaks largely in support of this tradition, though for the most part it is a finely observed record of just the opposite, that is, of the dreadful failure of our conventional procedures. Holt's material, like Ashton-Warner's, is drawn entirely from classroom events, and he stresses the fact that the schools involved are "good" schools, not poor ones, which is an important point, for he takes pains to show that many successful students, by any serious standard, must be considered failures. Just as the familiar dropouts have collapsed into failure and isolation, many honor winners have collapsed into success. Their expertise consists of the passing of tests, and they are separated, as by a veil, from the reality behind the symbols they have learned to manipulate.

At the heart of Holt's book is an estimation of the ordinary powers with which each child begins his life:

> These quiet summer days I spend many hours watching this baby. What comes across most vividly is that she is a kind of scientist. She is always observing and experimenting . . . soaking up experience and trying to make sense out of it, trying to find how things around her behave, and trying to make them behave as she wants them to. . . . In the face of what looks like unbroken failure, she is so persistent [that] it is hard to credit the popular notion that without outside rewards and penalties children will not learn. . . . Her learning gives her great satisfaction, whether anyone else notices it or not.

Holt proceeds, then, to analyze the events of the classroom, showing step by step, with persuasively concrete detail, how our present methods defeat and finally eradicate the curiosity, delight, and patience observable in infants. This is a valuable record for parents and is indispensable to teachers. Holt's *way* of observing might be taken as a pattern by everyone who faces a room full of students. What does he look *for*? And what does he look *at*? The student, of course—faces, gestures, wiggling (or the lack of it), eyes, breathing—so that patterns emerge and the teacher is in touch with a whole process, either of failure or of understanding. This is tantamount to rescuing the person hidden behind the artifact called "student." And this person, Holt points out, is reacting first of all to the coercion, ultimately *physical,* which causes him to be present in the room, the seat, the order, on the hour and the day determined by distant administrators; he must listen when told to listen, and leave when told to leave; secondly, he is responding to the pressures of a company of peers, not under conditions of peerage, but of arti-

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ficially induced competition, artificial threats, rewards, and punishments; and finally, he is brought into relation with a teacher whose words he cannot help but interpret according to the real power structure of the school. These are words which, unlike those heard anywhere else, have *only* an ulterior meaning: forthcoming tests, grades, comparisons with one's neighbors, threats, bribes. The result is confusion, boredom, fear, apathy—or a docility which in defeat of the spirit settles for the letter. It is not hard to see that under these conditions there is a genuine survival value in the strategy of failure.

THE MAIN body of Holt's book consists of entries from his teaching journal and is divided into four sections. The first, called "Strategy," describes the crisis-behavior of the classroom, the various survival techniques of the children. Some behave like the good soldier Schweik, others adapt themselves to the unremitting answer-hunt, having come to see that answers, not understanding, receive the rewards. These children look for clues in the face, the voice, and the gestures of the teacher. Still others retreat so frequently to the world of daydreams that they themselves lose track of their condition and are under the impression that they are thinking. The behavior described in this section answers both the *why* and the *how* of the following question: "Why should a boy or girl, who under some circumstances is witty, observant, imaginative, analytical, in a word *intelligent,* come into the classroom and, as if by magic, turn into a complete dolt?"

The second part of the book is called "Fear and Failure." "What is most surprising of all," writes Holt, "is how much fear there is in school. Why is so little said about it? Perhaps most people do not recognize fear in children when they see it." Here he shows how the strategies of the children are perforce self-protective, and are aimed at avoiding "trouble, embarrassment, punishment, disapproval, or loss of status." The centers of pressure are threefold: teachers, classmates, parents. Every maneuver becomes a gamble, a "front," or a dodge. "We have two problems, not one: to stop children from being afraid, and then to break them of the bad thinking habits into which their fears have driven them." (My own experience as a teacher is that when fear is removed, the bad habits fall of themselves. Habits, even bad ones, are immediately functional, not remotely functional. They are elements in some present structure of experience and cannot survive of themselves once the total structure has been changed.)

In the next section, "Real Learning," Holt gives a touching example of this important event. He observed an invited educator demonstrating the Cuisenaire rods to a class of severely retarded children. These rods—of various lengths and colors—can be manipulated in such a way as to exemplify the basic facts of arithmetic. There was no question here of testing, no need even to perform. The usual jollities of breaking the ice were dispensed with. The demonstrator manipulated the rods and invited the students to do the same. They were curious, and though they were confused they soon found that confusion was permissible, and that no one rushed them, or flooded them with explanations, or interfered by "encouraging" them. For these retarded children the experience of understanding (an increment of real power) is unthinkably difficult and precious. "Then as I watched," writes Holt, "the dark-haired boy *saw*! . . . for the first time, his hand visibly shaking with excitement, he reached without trial and error for the right rod. . . . The tongue going round in the mouth, and the hand clawing away at the leg under the table doubled their pace. When the time came to turn the rods over and fill the other empty space, he was almost too excited to pick up the rod he wanted but he got it in. 'It fits! It fits!' he said, and held up the rods for all of us to see. Many of us were moved to tears by his excitement and joy, and by our realization of the great leap of the mind he had just taken."

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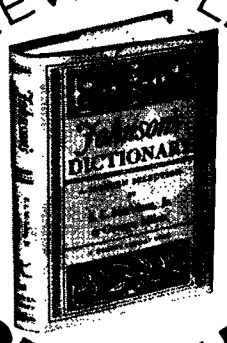
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indictment of compulsion, and of grading, and of artificial divisions of subject matter, and of teaching methods which do more harm than good. But here, as elsewhere, the most rewarding thing is Holt's sensitive understanding of what the children themselves are experiencing. It is a rare teacher indeed who can intuit the whole structure of half-thoughts, guesses, errors, and emotions which block the natural flow of understanding. Holt's descriptions of these life-dilemmas are wonderfully clear. Most important, they constitute a usable and transmissible wisdom, badly needed today.

The fact that this book confines itself largely to the classroom, prompts me to suggest that two other books be read in conjunction with it. One of these is A. S. Neill's *The Free Child* (Herbert Jenkins: London), which gives a far better picture of the man, the ideas, and the Summerhill experiment than does the more recently published *Summerhill*, which is something of a pastiche, and which, though useful enough, omits too much of vital interest. The value of *The Free Child*, in relation to Holt's book, is that it describes an experiment undertaken to cure precisely the ills we are familiar with. The other book—and it cannot be too highly recommended—is Paul Goodman's *Compulsory Mis-Education*. Everyone who is concerned with educational reform knows that the problems of the classroom are profoundly interwoven with the political, economic, and cultural facts of our lives. Goodman spells these out as no one else has done.

KEDUSHAH AND KAVOD

ANCIENT JEWISH PHILOSOPHY. By ISRAEL I. EFROS. *Wayne State University Press. 199 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by MARVIN FOX

WITH THE general claim that there are important philosophic ideas in the Bible and rabbinic literature, one can hardly take serious issue any longer. As Professor Efros correctly notes, "The very first verse of Genesis contains a whole philosophy: there is a God and a world which He created, and the world is not God and God is not the world." But he did not write this book merely to reopen an old argument—one which in my opinion has been adequately closed for all time. His significant contribution consists of an original and illuminating account of biblical and rabbinic metaphysics, which he then uses as the basis for a philosophy of biblical ethics. He presents a convincing case for the view that a large part of the literature of Jewish antiquity is intelligible only in the light of these metaphysical constructs, though not without making the necessary distinction between them and the systematic philosophies of classical Greece—for in the Bible "philosophy" is implicit rather than explicit, presupposed rather than worked out openly and in detail.

Professor Efros maintains that early Jewish thought was unique among ancient philosophies. On the one hand, there were the various pagan cultures which conceived of a single world order jointly inhabited by the gods and man; on the other hand, there were the Greeks in whose dualistic metaphysics only one dimension of being represented true reality, while the other was merely a pale copy of it. The Platonic Ideas, moreover, "were completely inert," even as the Aristotelian concept of pure Form was "entirely inactive—a pagan god contemplating eternally its own navel." Only in the Bible were the worlds of God and man held to be equally real, with no impassible barriers separating them from one another.

The metaphysical basis for this unity, according to Dr. Efros, resides in two principles which underlie all ancient Hebraic thought. They are the principle of Holiness (*kedushah*), representing the tendency of God to withdraw from the world; and the principle of Glory (*kavod*), representing His involvement in the world. Wherever we find instances in the Bible of the spiritualization of the divine, of God being made morally or metaphysically Other, the principle of Holiness is manifest; when the emphasis is upon the nearness of God, upon His love for man and for the

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world, then the principle of Glory predominates.

Throughout the Bible and the Talmud, according to Dr. Efros, there is to be discerned a process of constant alternation between these two poles which he traces from the prophets through the Apocrypha, the Wisdom literature, the Tannaitic writings and the Amoraic tradition. There is greater emphasis now upon one, now upon the other, of the two principles—depending upon the period and the writer in question—but neither is ever lost sight of entirely. Thus, Dr. Efros finds that pre-exilic prophecy, for example, at first placed primary stress on the concept of Holiness, but tended, as it developed, to give ever more place to the concept of Glory; post-exilic thought, on the other hand, reversed the process, stressing more and more the transcendence of God.

It should be noted, however, that in Dr. Efros's reading, *kedushah* and *kavod* are not mutually exclusive, nor are they simply to be equated with the conventional theological categories of the transcendence and immanence of God. For these very categories—fixed and unalterable as they are—already presuppose an irreconcilable duality: a philosophic system that invokes them places God either outside the world or else identifies Him with the world. The greatness of biblical religion, however, lies in its ability to reconcile these polarities. The God of the Bible is prior to and independent of the world He created, yet He enters that world and affects its history; He is a unique being, yet man is created in His image; He is absolutely independent, yet He is constantly in search of man. By declaring God and man to be in a state of permanent interaction, by seeing the world as a stage on which is played out the drama of God's search for man and man's search for God, by giving priority to becoming rather than being, Hebraic thought succeeds in transcending the fixed categories of classical philosophy and traditional theology.

The conviction that man in relation to God is more than just a rational animal is, of course, a central element of Hebrew religious thought. Though logic cannot cope with it, and reason cannot comprehend it, God enters into history and engages man. *Homo religiosus,* at least in the Hebraic version, lives in a condition of love and tension with a God who cannot be apprehended by the intellect alone. These insights are not new but we are nonetheless indebted to Dr. Efros for rediscovering them and recalling them to our attention—so much so that his tendency, on occasion, to weaken his own case by overstating it, seems all the more regrettable.

AN EXAMPLE of such overstatement is to be found in his treatment of the prophetic writings. While it would have been sufficient for his own thesis merely to show that certain prophets *tended* to view God primarily under the aspect of *kedushah,* while others *tended* toward the aspect of *kavod,* Dr. Efros insists upon assigning to the various prophets an exclusive commitment to one or the other "school"—going far beyond the verifiable evidence in order to do so. Notwithstanding the fact that there is a very wide range of opinion (even among those who accept the claims of biblical criticism) about how the received text of the Old Testament should be emended, Dr. Efros freely reinterprets or eliminates passages that would get in the way of his attempt to establish the terminological consistency of the prophetic writings. To Dr. Efros, for example, Isaiah is a leading protagonist of the Holiness school; hence, whenever Isaiah uses the term *kavod,* or one related to it, Dr. Efros assures us either that the passage in question is an interpolation from some unknown prophet or that it is "generally regarded as belonging to Deutero-Isaiah." Similarly, he tells us that though Hosea belongs to the school of Glory, he "uses the term *kadosh,* but in the sense which converts it to the idea of *kavod.*" This would seem to show that the prophets did not employ these terms with perfect consistency. Indeed, we need only recall that the Targum paraphrases and interprets Isaiah's "holy, holy, holy" to mean, "Holy in the highest heav-

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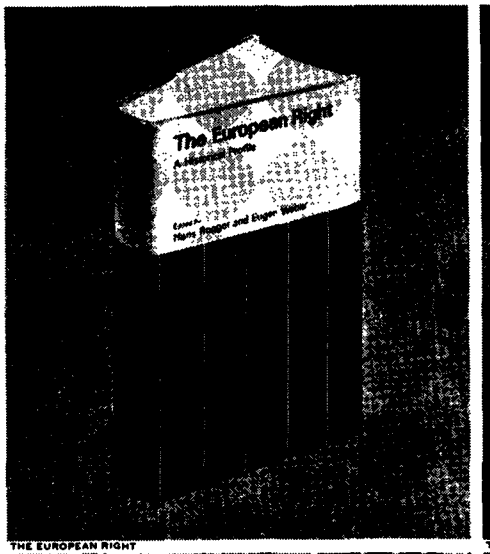

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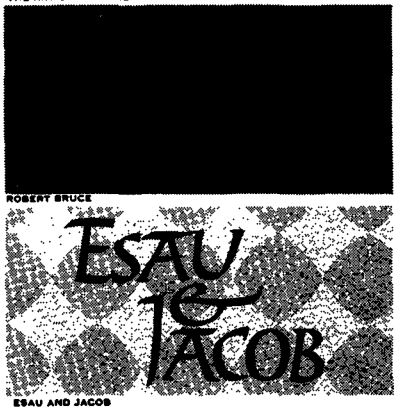

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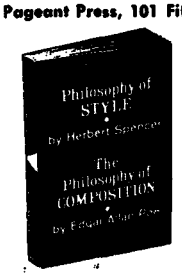

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ens . . . holy upon earth the work of His might, holy for endless ages is the Lord of hosts," to realize that in the Book of Isaiah also the terms *kadosh* and *kavod* overlap much more than Dr. Efros allows for.

In the second part of the book, Dr. Efros presents a theory of biblical ethics wherein the tensions involved in his version of Judaic metaphysics are finally resolved. It is through man's moral self-realization, the author holds, that he becomes divine and the divine is concretized in him. In the moral moment, God and man—beings that are metaphysically distinct—become one, as ethics supersedes ontology.

Viewed in this way, morality is self-imposed—not a matter of submission to an externally imposed law, but an attempt on the part of man to discover the meaning of his own existence. True morality is not obedience to God, but rather the expression of man's divinity: "This infinite morality, moreover, does not force itself upon us from the outside. It enters into the depths and speaks to us from there, immanently: 'Thus said the Lord,' my voice is your voice, the voice of your depths, my command is your command. It is not I who makes the laws you are to obey: you yourself are the legislator. . . ."

GIVEN THIS conception of the moral life, it follows that there can be no fixed moral rules, nor even any general principles to guide us in the making of moral decisions, for each situation is unique and man must find the answer to his moral perplexities within himself. As he confronts the moment of decision, he responds in his own way to its particular demands. Thus, true morality, according to Dr. Efros, is creative—to bind man by rules would mean to restrict what could be called his "moral creativity."

It is here that I must raise strong objections to Dr. Efros's views. Whatever judgment one may make of this ethical theory *per se*, it seems impossible to take it seriously as an account of biblical ethics. Dr. Efros himself observes that the first verse of Genesis proclaims that "the world is not God, and God is not the world," to which might be added the corollary that man is not God and God is not man. The Decalogue begins with the proclamation that God is the Lord of History, that He alone is worthy of adoration, and He alone is the source of every commandment addressed to man. "Thus said the Lord," declares the Bible, not "Thus says man to himself." Biblical morality, in other words—and I think that this matter cannot be stressed sufficiently—is based on God's commandments, not man's intuitions. Man is enjoined to *imitate* God, not to *become* God—a form of self-idolatry repugnant to biblical theology no less than to biblical morality.

If there is no fixed standard of moral right, how does Dr. Efros account for the conception of sin or moral error? What becomes of all the prophetic denunciations of the Jewish people for their moral failures? And if Dr. Efros were to temper his claims with the assurance that the moral insight each man finds in himself always corresponds to the moral law of the Bible, he would merely have trivialized the notions of moral intuition and moral creativity. Since there is no evidence of the existence of universal moral intuitions, he would be forced to distinguish between true and false self-realization. *True* self-realization would then be revealed as according with certain prior moral principles, which only brings us right back to a source of morality external to ourselves.

FINALLY, one must protest against Dr. Efros's exclusive identification of the ethical with the Divine and his consequent reduction of religion solely to its ethical component. What can he possibly mean when he speaks of the "biblical I Am, who is sheer Ethics," or affirms that "God is ethics itself"? How can he purport to represent this as a biblical view? Goodness is an attribute of God, but the biblical God is not identical with His goodness, and it is assuredly not the case that, in the Bible, "ethics . . . is itself conceived as the Deity." The rebuttal to that argument, in fact, is to be found in the very passage in Exodus which

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Efros cites only partially: Moses, having pleaded for full knowledge of God, is denied his wish, whereupon he asks, "Show me. . . Thy glory (*kavod*)." To this God answers, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee," but He adds the admonition that "Man shall not see me and live." The passage is to be interpreted as meaning that it is enough for Moses if he grasps God's self-manifestation in the world, if he sees in history the evidences of divine mercy and goodness. The Bible explicitly denies, however, that this goodness is identical with the whole of God's nature, for the God of the Bible transcends the world. Curiously, in asserting as he does that God and ethics are synonymous, Dr. Efros has turned away from his own hard-fought distinction between Holiness and Glory.

Finally, I must protest the carelessness of the book's production. There are a great many typographical errors, many of the sources cited in the text are wrong, the footnotes are completely chaotic. The notes to Chapter 6, in particular, are out of order, misnumbered and misplaced. In a scholarly work, such lapses are well-nigh inexcusable.

CONSCIENCE AND RELIGION

IN SOLITARY WITNESS: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FRANZ JÄGERSTÄTTER. By GORDON ZAHN. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 277 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by J. F. POWERS

FRANZ JÄGERSTÄTTER was an Austrian peasant. He was born in the village of St. Radegund, not far from Braunau, where Hitler was born. An illegitimate child, he grew up to be something of a wild one (the first to own a motorcycle in the area), and was perhaps himself the father of an illegitimate child. Then he changed. He married a silent woman, became sexton of the village church, had three children. In St. Radegund, he was the only one to vote against the *Anschluss* in 1938, to oppose the Nazis openly thereafter, and to refuse to serve in the armed forces. On August 9, 1943, in Berlin, he was beheaded.

Professor Zahn, a Catholic and a pacifist, first heard of Jägerstätter in 1956, while doing research for an earlier book, *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars.* In 1961, on a grant from the Penrose Fund of the American Philosophical Society, Professor Zahn spent the summer in St. Radegund questioning the villagers.

What sort of person was this man Jägerstätter? Before his marriage in 1936, his interests and accomplishments were those of a convivial young man of his time and place. He was fond of girls, dancing, card-playing, and distinguished himself in the gang wars against his counterparts from neighboring villages. After the *Anschluss,* he avoided the inns but he did not hide his convictions. He refused to contribute to the Nazi charities, which were many and unremitting. Jägerstätter: "I believe the German people were never so deeply involved in the works of Christian charity or so ready to contribute as they are to-

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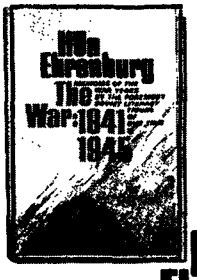

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day to the Nazis." He also refused to accept government compensation for hailstorm damage to his crops. To the greeting "Heil Hitler!" his response was "Pfui Hitler!" He remained a good friend to many in the village. He was a good husband and father. He was a good farmer.

What was the basis for his refusal to serve and where did he get the ideas which cost him his life? His wife was overly religious, and had obviously been an influence on him, but she had done all she could to save him. His cousin, with whom he'd had long discussions, was one of Jehovah's Witnesses, the only non-Catholic for miles around, but when *his* hour came he joined up. Pastor Karobath, the parish priest, who had lost a foot in the first war, held some views that did not appeal to his flock even in peace-time, and so he had been transferred for the duration, but he had advised Franz to serve. Likewise Father Fürthauer, who had quietly submitted a sample of Franz's writing to a specialist in Vienna. Although the specialist pronounced Franz sane, and there was no very disturbing evidence to the contrary, the feeling in the village was that Franz must be touched in the head, *g'spinnt*. What else?

What was the attitude of the people of the community toward him and his stand at the time? Since it was almost certain that he would be executed, there was no question of cowardice. The idea of country ran a bad third to the ideas of family and farm, and the villagers could sympathize with deserters—they had concealed "one of ours" toward the end of the war. A local official did say he thought Franz's refusal carried with it the implication that those who served were "dumbbells," but what most people felt was not resentment but regret. Jägerstätter: "Again and again, people stress the obligations of conscience as they concern my wife and children. But I cannot believe that, just because one has a wife and children, he is free to offend God by lying (not to mention all the other things he would be called upon to do)."

What do the people of the community think about the whole affair today? Franz's widow and children honor his memory. Pastor Karobath, restored to St. Radegund, thinks he has the remains of a martyr-saint in his cemetery and vigorously says so. In his sermons in church and in the inn across the road, he speaks with the double authority conferred upon him by his position and by his missing foot. While some of the villagers are willing to accept the possibility that Franz might someday be formally acknowledged a saint, this possibility is not considered at all incompatible with the community's general disapproval of his action. "The peasant community expects a priest to restrict himself to 'purely theological' affairs and not to meddle in more worldly matters," Professor Zahn writes. "Although Jägerstätter's rejection of military service was to him (and to the pastor) essentially a 'theological' matter, the community . . . is more inclined to place it in a political context, as an action challenging the virtually unquestioned obligation of the loyal citizen to 'do his duty' when the nation finds itself involved in a war. Thus, for a pastor to maintain that the man who did question that obligation, and did go on to reject the 'duty' it would have imposed, is really the only one in the whole community who recognized and performed his true *Christian* duty is regarded by many, if not all, of the Radegunders as a clear-cut case of 'meddling.' "

Was that, then, the best the Radegunders could do when they put their minds to the questions raised and incarnated in their midst by Franz Jägerstätter? If so, it is easier to understand the problems of the German hierarchy (whose miserable words and acts Professor Zahn recorded in *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars*), but harder not to despair.

FEW CATHOLICS in other countries have been up to those questions—very few in America, Professor Zahn says—with respect to nuclear war. Meanwhile, back at the seminary, the old shell game goes on but with a new pea. "No matter how brilliantly the moral-theologian-cum-strategists may perform in charting the course of hypothetical fleets at sea or armies locked in combat in remote and uninhabited desert

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reaches, the weapons they so studiously avoid condemning *in toto* are being built and designed for the same criminal use that once earned a Herod the ignominy that has not diminished in the course of two millennia."

Jägerstätter examined Hitler's wars by the dim light of the Church's teaching on "just war," and decided that they were unjust. Pastor Taimer, of Ach, agreed, and described Franz's position as sound (but advised him to serve).

The accepted theory calls for the good citizen to go along with the secular authority, and to be assured that this authority is responsible before God for its acts. In the Middle Ages, the theory presupposed serfs and a Christian Prince. With Hitler in the role of Christian Prince, the theory left much to be desired, and yet it was used and it worked.

But not on Jägerstätter: "For how can we tell whether the person on whom we wish to shove the responsibility might not have a totally different outlook on the whole situation from ours and regard as a probable good something that we consider evil? . . . It is quite possible that in the judgment of God such a person in high position might bear a lesser responsibility than perfectly ordinary individuals among the common people."

SINCE Rome has traditionally had nothing to say about the justness or unjustness of a war, leaving this to the consciences of the antagonists, few of the faithful now look to the Church for guidance in the matter. And yet the impression remains that war is not beyond the moral jurisdiction of the Church, and could, conceivably, be the subject of censure, like divorce, contraception, and books. Hitler's wars (and Mussolini's African campaign before) show how far the Church can go to accommodate some of her members, and incidentally herself. That many more people haven't been scandalized by the Church's passivity may show the wisdom of her policy *as policy*, but it also shows what—how little—the Church militant means to most people. It also suggests why this is so.

Nevertheless, Professor Zahn believes that the Church alone among the institutions of society has the

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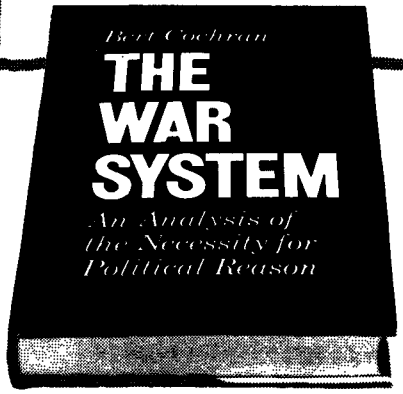

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potential to counteract the force of the secular authority. What hope he has for the *individual* is in the Church. But since the Church has so often run with the hounds, it is a forlorn hope, really only a wish. There are too many people with the best and the worst of intentions (as in the Third Reich) who are anxious and able to keep such potential as the Church has from being put to the test.

In 1943, the Bishop of Linz was wary of the Gestapo when Jägerstätter came to see him, but reviewing the case in 1946, with the situation normal, he had this to say: "I consider the greater heroes to be those exemplary Catholic men, seminarians, priests, and heads of families who fought and died in heroic fulfillment of duty and in the firm conviction that they were fulfilling the will of God at their post just as the Christian soldiers in the armies of the heathen emperor had done." The Bishop believed that the case had to be presented to the people in a framework of fundamental Catholic morality "if it is not to create confusion and disturb consciences."

What nobody in this book seemed to understand at the time, perhaps not even Jägerstätter, was that *he* believed in God and the hereafter as others didn't—and could afford to live and die as others couldn't.

In Solitary Witness was conceived as a study of "social control and deviance" and so there is a certain amount of sociological to and fro in it. But Professor Zahn is an able writer and so, to judge by his letters and little essays, was Franz Jägerstätter. This is a good book about a great subject.

POLITICS WITHOUT PAIN

LOVE AND REVOLUTION: MY JOURNEY THROUGH AN EPOCH. By MAX EASTMAN. *Random House. 665 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by HILTON KRAMER

THE HISTORY of American radicalism in this century has been rich in personalities but poor in ideas. It has produced brilliant journalists but no first-rate radical thinker. Though at times the sole repository of humane conscience in the face of appalling events, it has nonetheless failed for the most part to transform its own moral and political consciousness into a viable body of thought. Rhetoric and reportage, rather than an analysis of fundamentals, have been—until lately, anyway—its forte. It has thus bequeathed to the present generation not an intellectual tradition that illuminates current problems but a collection of case histories—some heroic, some comic, some only dismal—that dramatize the past without wholly redeeming it.

Of these histories, Max Eastman's is in some respects the most dismaying. For the generation that came of age around the time of the First World War, he was a figure of some importance—the Socialist, free-thinking editor of *The Masses* who moved with equal ease in the worlds of radical politics and bohemian letters, an intellectual with a philosophic education who seemed determined to *live* his ideas, and to do so with an appealing gusto, as well as preach them. He was a prompt enthusiast of the Russian Revolution, and went to the Soviet Union in the early 20's where he observed the Revolution at first-hand, learned Russian, became something of an expert on Marxism and the Bolshevik regime, and established those contacts—most notably, with Trotsky—which were afterward to play so critical a role when left-wing opinion was hardening around the Stalinist line. Had Max Eastman died or lapsed into silence around 1930, his stature would undoubtedly loom larger than it does today.

Even then, of course, one would have been obliged to overlook his purely literary pretensions—a fardel of philistine pieties, facile appeals to "science," and genteel-romantic rhetoric ludicrously outdated by the actual literary achievements of his time. To this day, apparently, Mr. Eastman believes the whole modern movement to be a mistake, if not a hoax, and in this new volume of memoirs he comes perilously close to suggesting—he never comes right out and says it—that the New Criticism was as wicked in upholding the values of modern poetry as left-wing ideologues were

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in suppressing the truth about the Stalinist terror. His harangues against the poets who have changed the whole course of literature in this century—and not only the poets: he is equally condescending to Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Joyce—are no better, really, than those of the party bureaucrats he scores so freely.

Now this attitude toward modern poetry was something more than a failure of taste, just as Mr. Eastman's interminable crowing about his brisk and unabated love life is something more than vainglory. Both habits of mind, already dominant in several earlier books, and pervasive in *Love and Revolution,* are indicative of their author's chronic inability to look beneath the surface of any experience—whether personal, literary, or political—for the complexities that may actually determine its course. Apropos some particularly foolish remarks about William Empson, Mr. Eastman declares: "To me ambiguities are not beautiful . . . [and] I also think that ambiguities are not *good. . . .*" This assertion, astonishing enough in a writer who prides himself on a mastery of dialectical modes of thought, is a perfect index to Mr. Eastman's sensibility and therefore sheds a certain light on his political career as well.

WHAT, IN EFFECT, that career came to was the search for a politics without pain. Needless to say, the Russian Revolution was not well constituted for ministering to such a quest, and yet, by his own account, Mr. Eastman managed to sustain this innocent pastime with remarkable tenacity even in the midst of Lenin's decline and the struggle for power precipitated by his death. "That winter of 1922-23 was one of the happiest in my life, although there were no outstanding events in it," he writes, and without the least trace of irony or self-consciousness. For Mr. Eastman, not only then but even now, there appears to be nothing amiss in blandly recording the fact that "there were no outstanding events" in the life of this American radical, resident in Russia and about to undertake a biography of Leon Trotsky, during that critical winter of the Revolution. And one soon learns to recognize, in reading *Love and Revolution,* that for Mr. Eastman it was quite literally true that the events of the Revolution were not experienced as events in his own life; that his personal adventure in Russia was of another sort—an historical romance in which the real face of power, when finally and unavoidably confronted, was bound to come as a distinct and alienating shock.

The shock, when it came, was all the greater, of course, because of Mr. Eastman's attachment to Trotsky, the principal victim of the power struggle that followed Lenin's death. And it was his closeness to Trotsky that placed him in a position to play a historic role himself by writing, in 1925, a short book called *Since Lenin Died,* which announced for the first time the existence of Lenin's "Testament" and included excerpts "which," as Mr. Eastman says, "Trotsky had whispered to me." The book was, quite properly, an international sensation, and it launched Mr. Eastman on his

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career as a Trotskyite spokesman and thus as a public antagonist of the Stalinist regime.

History has duly honored Mr. Eastman for his work in exposing the mendacity of Stalin and his followers. If *Love and Revolution* adds little to our knowledge of that work, it nonetheless provides an interesting résumé of the polemical battles which attended it, and the book is at its best, I think, in recounting the events immediately connected with his own exposure of the Stalin myth.

WHY, THEN, has Mr. Eastman's stature so markedly diminished in the years since these anti-Stalinist exposures performed a real service? Why is it that a book like *Love and Revolution* leaves one, for the most part, with an impression of irrelevance and unreality? The truth seems to be that for Mr. Eastman the romance of politics really began with the Russian Revolution, and ended, once and for all, with the campaign against Stalin. When the Stalinist serpent succeeded in robbing him of his innocence, his retreat—not only from Marxism and then Socialism, but from politics as such—was but a short step. One looks in vain in this book for an intelligent discussion of anything that has befallen the world for the past quarter-century. Into that void Mr. Eastman can only reassert his disputation of Marxian dialectics, having long ago lost all sense of the historical forces that gave rise to Marxist activism in the first place. He has thus remained, far more deeply than he appears to realize, in the grip of the very myths he ostensibly refutes. Where in the minds of certain Marxian ideologues the real world of events has been displaced by the putative gyrations of the dialectic, in Mr. Eastman's mind the political world has virtually disappeared in the momentum of his anti-dialectics. In the same way that his attack on modern poetry had exposed a terrible yearning for the simplistic sentiments of his youth, so his arid preoccupation with the "failure" of Socialism has proved to be only a device for ignoring what was actually happening in the world around him. All in all, a dismal fate for a man once greeted in the capitals of the world as the shining knight of American radicalism.

THE ART OF THE CAPER

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY. By JOHN GOSLING and DENNIS CRAIG. *Bobbs-Merrill. 178 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by HAROLD STEINBERG

THE CAPER is everywhere: in the movies (a well-heeled, sporting gang on the Riviera lifts a masterpiece), in the New York *Daily News* (a lonely woman is defrauded of her life's savings by a man posing as a CIA agent), in the New York *Times* (a huge Wall Street brokerage goes under at the hands of an obscure mastermind in New Jersey). It is a secret art form that dazzles by its beauty as a game, by all the equipment that goes with it—the trench coats, plans, clocks, safes, tools, disguises, masks. There are the days of anxious waiting and reconnoitering around the bank or the jewelry store, those cloudy days, when everything is safe because nothing has happened yet; the great penthouse apartment where the mastermind lives with his mistress, his good books, his brandy, his distaste for violence; there are the small portents of danger (the girl, one of the lieutenants, simple greed); and the place itself—large, shadowy, warm, welcoming, and dangerous; then there is the getaway, the painful departure from the place, from each other; there is that certain failure—we knew they were doomed, but maybe just this once they would get away.

The caper is Aesop, dressed in a Burberry, tooling around in a Jag, imposing order, teaching a lesson. Greed or extravagance in splitting up the loot are frequently precursors of the Fall; excessive ambition (the biggest haul, the most magnificent gems, so brilliant and famous that everybody knows them) is sure to lead to destruction; the smallest detail (a cat's tail tripping the alarm, a whiff of perfume) can upset all the skill, planning, timing, preparation, rehearsal, and work that have gone into the caper. Thus in *Rififi*, every precise step having been carried out with the reverence of a prayer, the caper is finally thrown into violence, confusion, defeat for the love of a kidnapped child and by the lust of a predatory mob (the haul was so large and tempting that it was bound to invite disaster).

Here is Specs O'Keefe talking about the Brinks job. "The first thing we had to do, just inside the now closed door was to take off our chauffeur caps and put on the masks. They were like skin rubber, fitted tight over our heads. . . . I thought they were the masks of movie actors—John Barrymore or somebody. . . . When all the masks were on we put our caps back on and started up the stairway to the second floor. Key No. 2 led us through the door at the top. Key No. 3 led us into the office area. It was dark . . . ," etc. through the many rooms to the vault and finally, "Key No. 4 let us into where we wanted to be. Where we had to be. It took us about twenty minutes. . . . There was no elation in the truck. We had been through this routine so many times that, suddenly, there was no kick—just a little satisfaction, I guess, that the getaway had been so clean." *Omnia animales post* caper *tristes sunt.* The caper was over, the plans discharged "so clean," but the haul was like ashes, about a million and a half dollars in burden and trouble.

The Great Train Robbery by John Gosling and Dennis Craig never takes us inside the caper the way *The Men Who Robbed Brinks* by O'Keefe and Bob Considine does, nor is it as detailed, clear, or complete. In fact, *The Great Train Robbery* is much too hastily put together to do justice to one of the greatest capers of all time, if it is to be judged by haul alone—more than seven million dollars, taken from a British mail train on August 8, 1963.

THE BRITISH JOB was neither as intricate as the Brinks caper nor as difficult (the special security cars were in the repair shop). Even so, the book, which apparently was written in less time than it took to plan the job, ought to have shown the same respect and concern for style and detail that the caper itself has. Gosling and Craig fail to make us live through

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the caper with the characters. We never get to know any of them well enough to tell them apart, and we have to listen to one of the authors, Gosling, formerly a Detective Superintendent at the Yard, hold forth with stories about himself in the third person, about his far-flung contacts in the underworld where he's known as "the Yokel" ("a nickname," Gosling says, "which reflected his massive and ruddy complexion and not any slowness of wit").

Twelve members of the British train caper were caught and convicted, about two million was found, but the rest—some five million—disappeared without a trace. Here Gosling has some sharp speculations about the planning of the caper and the disposal of the loot, which make up to some extent for his failure to convey the sense of place so necessary to the appreciation of a caper.

His idea is that most of the loot left England as planned, in diplomatic pouches, if you please, headed for one of those small, new countries to finance the modern equivalent of a Five Year Plan, with dividends to come in regularly for the mastermind echelon. If this is true, then these caper artists succeeded in making one of those rare breakthroughs which overturn the usual pattern of punishment and reward. Getting rid of the haul became a caper in itself, in effect taking the form of a bridge from outside the law (the hold-up) to action within the law (foreign investment). Gosling also believes that a London airport job about nine months earlier financed the big caper and assured each man enough money to tide him over during the planning stage and keep him out of trouble until the train robbery took place. To make the matter fitting and complete, the airport job was pulled by men who wore London's archetypical business uniform, the bowlers and tightly furled umbrellas of the City. What began as business *bouffe* ended as business triumphant. Plotted on a graph (which one of the masterminds may well have done), the progression of the train job resembles the course of the bell-shaped curve of normal distribution—from small job ascending to

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large caper and then sloping off to gradual rewards from the established order, nice dividends for normal living. The masterpiece shows the way for lesser works: follow nature, render unto Caesar, have your fun, and then leave everything as you found it. The twelve who didn't follow the rules got theirs, thirty years in the clink, which set up an international clamor at the injustice of it all.

A MASTERPIECE illuminates, of course, but a caper *manqué* does too. One afternoon on West 46th Street in New York City, a gang dressed in police uniforms robs a jewelry store. So far so good: nobody's hurt, they've got the stuff. Quickly they pile into a panel truck, but the driver can't get it started—clutch trouble or the shift won't engage in first. They need a push desperately, so they turn to a gang of construction workers who are not especially exultant volunteers when it comes to pushing a truck full of cops. At this point, the whole thing gets very fishy—the "cops" start running off in every direction. Now the construction men come over to the truck. They find the loot and, embarking on a doomed sub-caper of their own, they proceed to hide it at the construction site. Several floors above the action, a girl who had been watching the whole scene from her office window gives it all away to the real cops, who recover the loot and arrest the gang and the sub-caperers, thus teaching the former to "plan ahead" and the latter not to try to benefit from other people's misfortune.

All this really happened, though it does sound somewhat like *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, a chronicle of mishaps and ineptitudes taking off from the clean form of *Rififi*. When the caper goes awry, the environment hits back fast, and suddenly all the hazards, kept at bay by some degree of planning, spring to life as if an alarm had been rung. In fact, the environment is really the star of the caper, even more than the mastermind. A movie like *The Maltese Falcon*, which might be taken for a caper, is not one at all, since there is no plan, only an intricate plot. In the caper, the job and the plan come first (cf. *The League of Gentlemen*, *The Asphalt Jungle*, the Brinks job, and *The Lavender Hill Mob*).

Work, foresight, prudence, skill, persistence—the middle-class virtues—are the qualities that make a caper which, like the novel, is a middle-class form. It was magnificently right for the money in the British train job to go back into investment, this time overseas, following the classic route of capitalism. The caper holds the mirror up to the middle class and the images rebound so quickly and truly that art and life become one. The caper, finally, is a test of middle-class virtue thrown into action under pressure where it usually fails in the end, as character and other forces upset its neat and rational order.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

GEORGE DENNISON, *a playwright and critic, teaches in an experimental school for problem children.*

MARVIN FOX, *a frequent contributor, is a member of the philosophy department at Ohio State.*

J. F. POWERS, *a new contributor, is the well-known writer of fiction.*

HILTON KRAMER'S *essay, "How Good Is Israeli Art?," appeared in our February issue.*

HAROLD STEINBERG, *another new contributor, is on the staff of the American Jewish Committee.*

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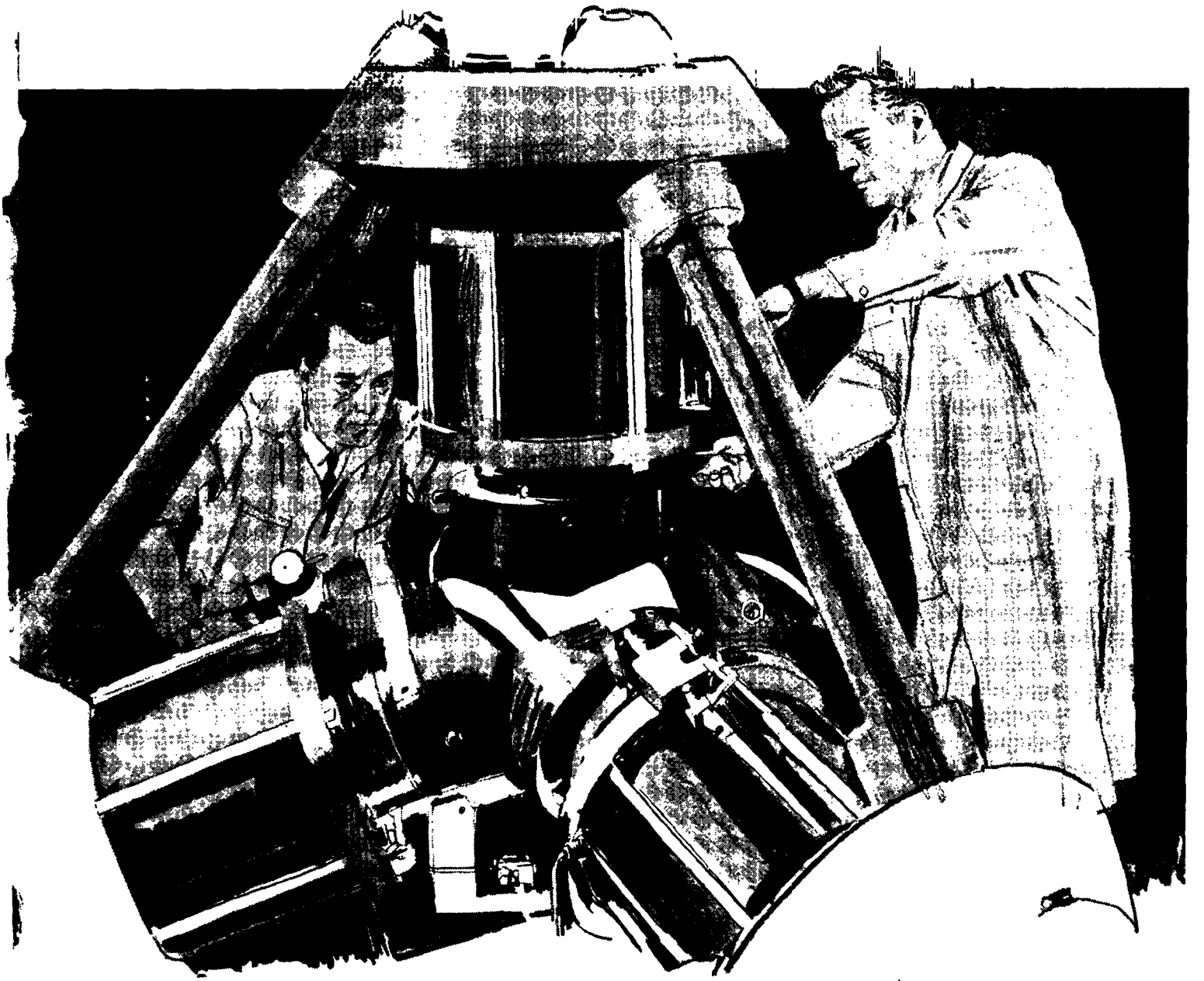

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